THE LARGEST SELLING FIFTY CENT MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD · THIS PRINTING 675,000

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JULY, 1943
FATHERS' DAY ISSUE

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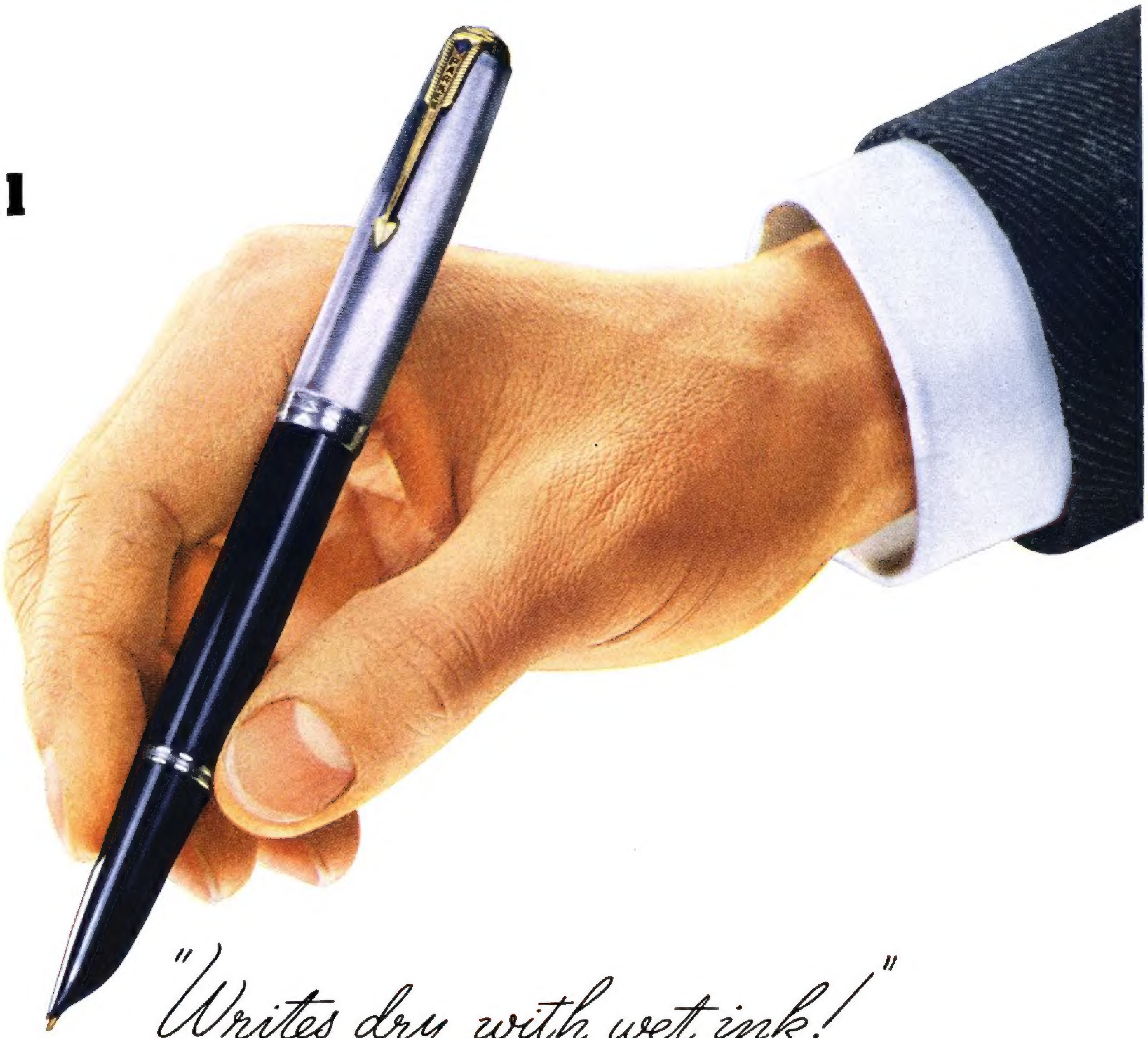
INDEX N PAGE 5
ADV. IND ON PAGE 168

FICTION · SPORTS · HUMOR
CLOTHES · ART · CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
CANADIAN PRICE FIFTY-FIVE CENTS

"I'll wait until you have this pen!"



"Writes dry with wet ink!"

ALREADY his fingers have known the *feel* of its cool barrel. His eyes have appraised the lustrous gleam and the clipper lines of the new Parker "51". Perhaps a trial has proven to him the smooth, velvet glide of its "torpedo" point, which starts with hair-trigger speed.

Like thousands of eager Americans, his heart is set on *this* pen alone.

But we must state that there will not be enough "51's" to go around this year. Government orders have curtailed *all* pen production. In addition, Parker voluntarily restricted its own output of fine pens even before Pearl Harbor.

For months our engineers and craftsmen have been turning their rare skill—developed through the creation of the Parker "51"—to vital war assignments. Increasing quantities of such precision military devices as fuzes, primers and detonator caps carry our answer to the enemies of a free America.

This is one reason why we have never been able to supply new Parker "51" pens to all who want them . . . and why those we *can* produce today must be rationed among our dealers.

If your wartime work calls for a new pen—if you are writing letters of splendid encouragement to some spunky lad in the armed service—then make a reservation for a Parker "51" at your dealer's. (Yes, you may have to wait!)

Yet, we feel sure you'll find possible delay worthwhile once you've handled the brilliant "51". Especially so, when you realize that this is the *only* pen capable of using the magic new Parker "51" ink. *It dries as you write!* You need no blotter. Naturally, the Parker "51" can be used with *any* ink, if you so desire—but you won't "so desire."

Colors most available are Black, Blue-Cedar, Dove Gray. $12.50 and $15.00. Pencils to match, $5.00 and $7.50. World-famous Parker Vacumatic pens, $8.75. Pencils, $4.00.

◆ *GUARANTEED BY LIFE CONTRACT! Parker's Blue Diamond on the pen is our contract unconditionally guaranteeing service for the owner's life, without cost other than 35¢ charge for postage, insurance, and handling, if pen is not intentionally damaged and is returned complete to:*

The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada

PARKER "51"

COPR. 1943, THE PARKER PEN COMPANY

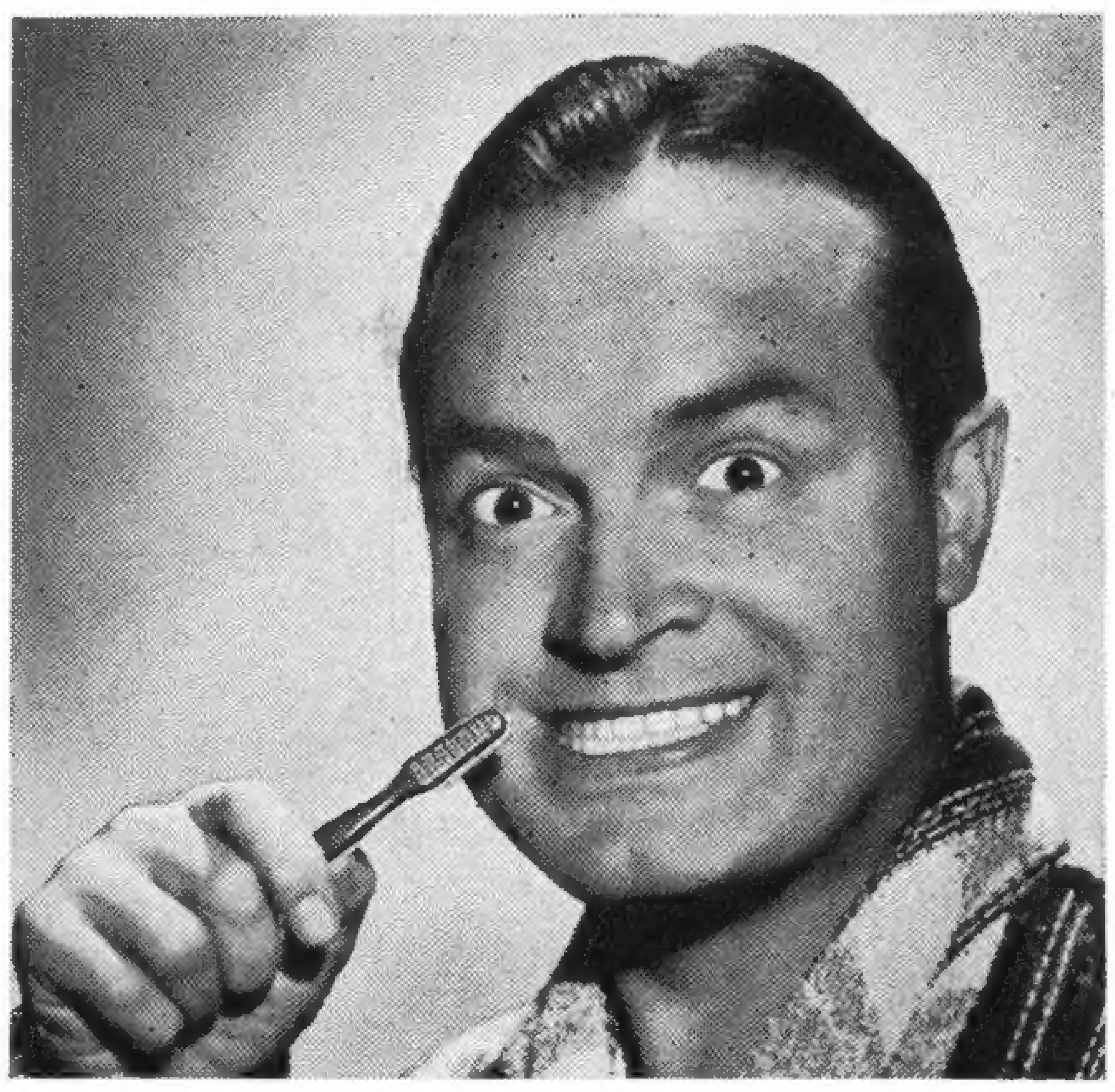
The art of making a date

by Bob Hope

1. It's easy to make a date. If you're a man, the logical thing to do is to make it with a girl. So first, call the most beautiful girl you know. Then, if you have another nickel, call one who will go out with you. When she answers, speak to her in a voice that's inviting and pleasant . . . like the swell, cool taste of Pepsodent.

2. At her house, ring the front doorbell. Then rush around and catch her escaping by the rear door. Once I caught nine fellows dashing out. From the way their teeth flashed in the dark, I guess they just dropped by to use my girl's Pepsodent. In fact, I'm sure of it. One fellow had a brush.

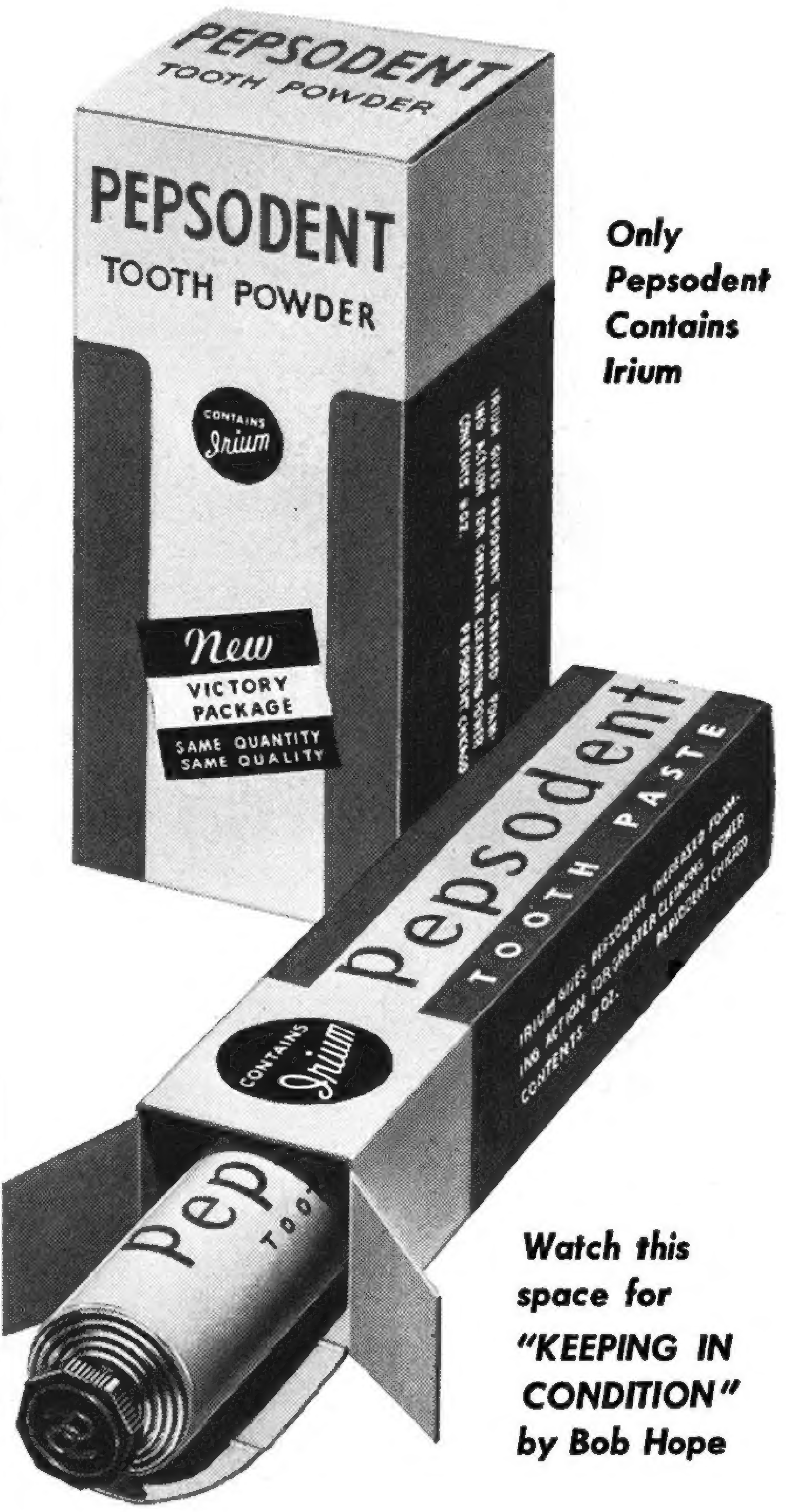
3. Now, it's not patriotic to go driving in the car. That wastes gasoline. Also, there might be a blackout. So the best thing to do is turn out the lights and sit in the dark, praising Pepsodent for making her teeth so bright. Then all you have to do is come in on the beam, and you'll never miss her kisser.



4. Later, if your shoes will stand it, go for a walk. And tilt your hat at a rakish angle. This makes you look debonair. It also blocks her view of all the smiling soldiers and sailors you pass. Their smiles have plenty of "come-on" these days, because they're buying and using more Pepsodent than any other brand.

5. Always look neat. If you have a two-pants suit, wear the least shiny pair *outside.* Shiny teeth are okay, though . . because you'll rate better with a sparkle on your teeth. So before going out, brush with Pepsodent to put a gleam in your smile. Naturally, later on, you can move the gleam up to your eye.

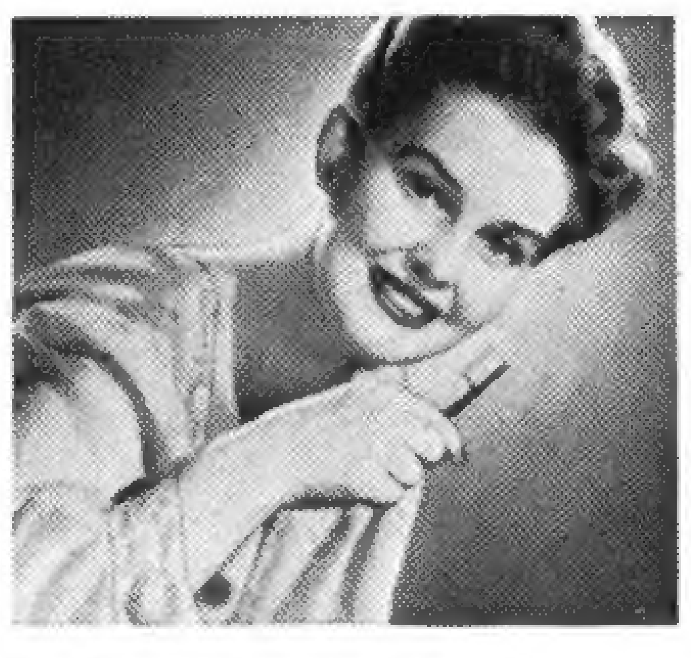
See you Tuesday Night on NBC



Only Pepsodent Contains Irium

Remember . . . DON'T WASTE PEPSODENT

Help save enough for others, and there will be enough for you.



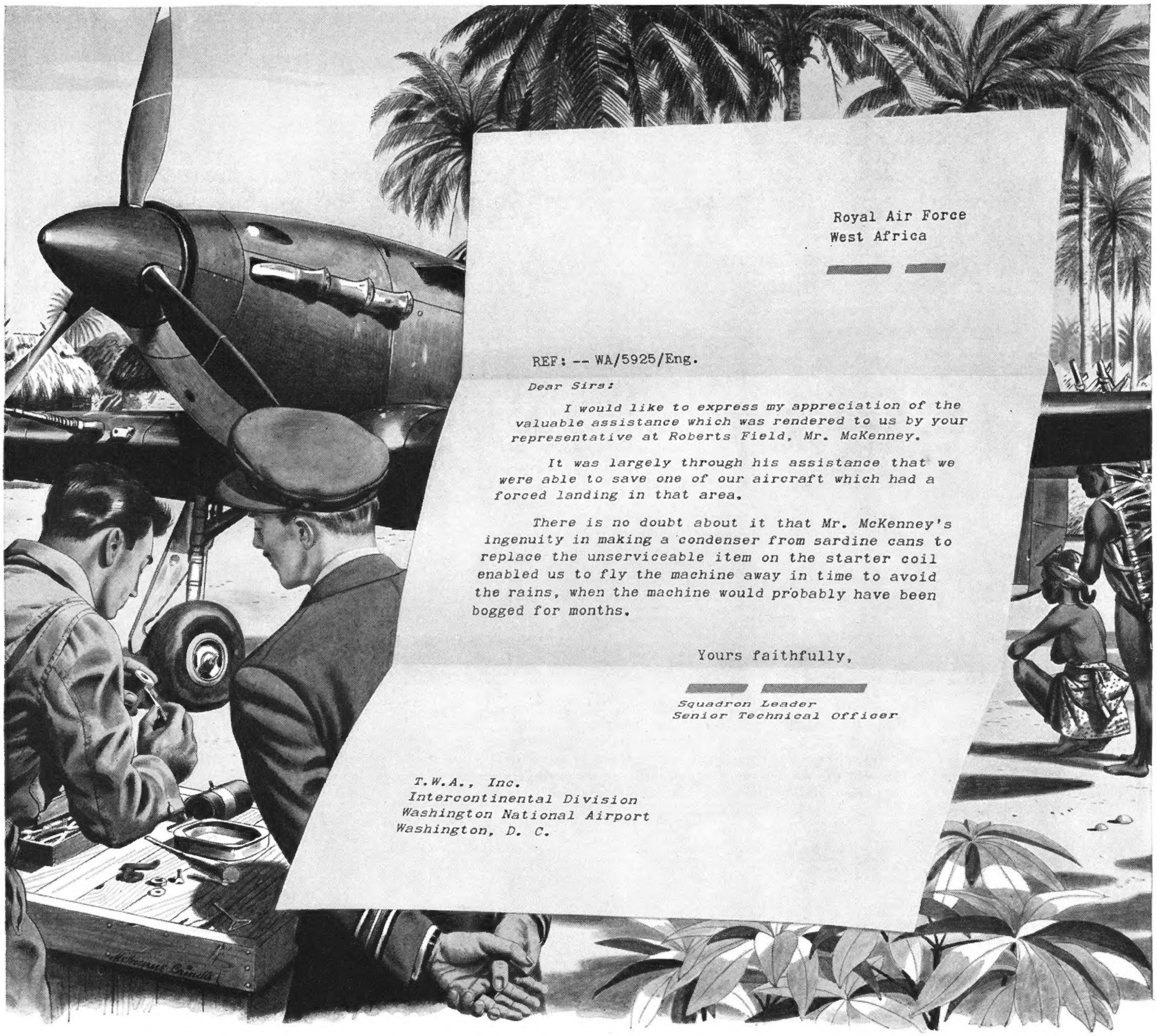
1. Measure out ¾-in. of Paste on brush. It's plenty. Always squeeze and roll tube from the bottom.

2. Pour Pepsodent Powder in your hand, not on your brush. Use only a spot the size of a nickel. It's enough.

3. Moisten brush before applying Paste. Dab (don't rub) moistened brush in Powder to pick it up.

4. Pepsodent with Irium is so safe, so effective... ***It takes Only a Little to make Your Teeth Brighter.***

Watch this space for "KEEPING IN CONDITION" by Bob Hope



Royal Air Force
West Africa

[redacted]

REF: -- WA/5925/Eng.

Dear Sirs:

I would like to express my appreciation of the valuable assistance which was rendered to us by your representative at Roberts Field, Mr. McKenney.

It was largely through his assistance that we were able to save one of our aircraft which had a forced landing in that area.

There is no doubt about it that Mr. McKenney's ingenuity in making a condenser from sardine cans to replace the unserviceable item on the starter coil enabled us to fly the machine away in time to avoid the rains, when the machine would probably have been bogged for months.

Yours faithfully,

[redacted]

Squadron Leader
Senior Technical Officer

T.W.A., Inc.
Intercontinental Division
Washington National Airport
Washington, D. C.

SARDINE CANS
SAVE AIRPLANE

Charles McKenney, whose improvised condenser saved an R. A. F. warplane in Africa, has been with TWA 6 years. At the age of 28, he is an alert, competent artisan who typifies the resourcefulness and performance of the hundreds of TWA personnel located in far-flung outposts of the world. These men help to serve the logistic requirements of our armed forces through Army Air Transport Command projects assigned to TWA.

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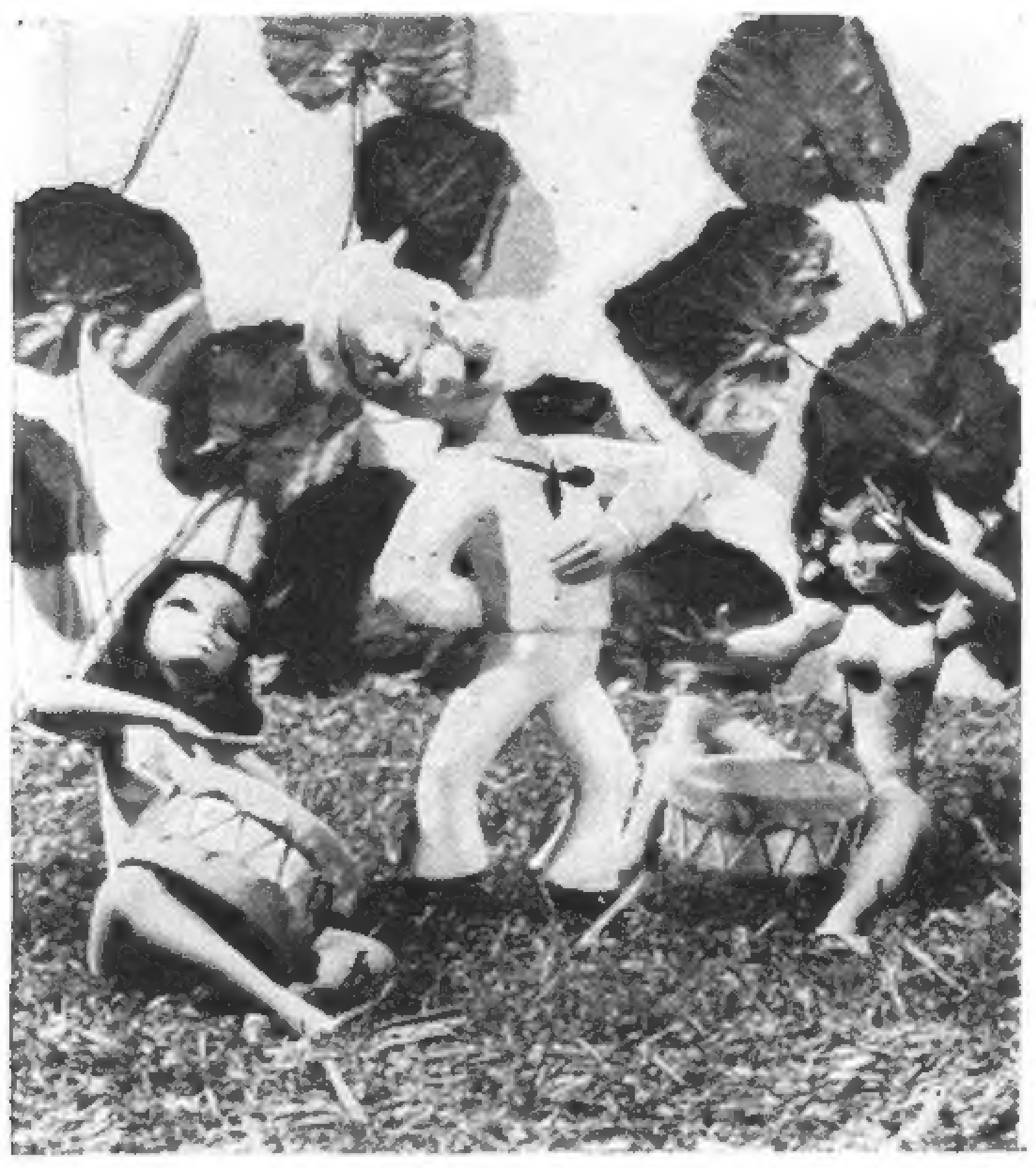

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1943

Page

ARTICLES

The Rows Grow Longer . . . *The Father of the author never learned to read; yet he inspired his son with a deep thirst for knowledge* . . . . Jesse Stuart 31
Exploit of a Pharmacist's Mate . . *Dossier on the painting by John Falter, called* Submarine Appendectomy, *commemorating a heroic deed* . . . . . . Paul Gallico 34 ℞
Underpassing the Wolfpack . . *Simon Lake advocates submersible freighters to solve the U-boat menace, for submarines can't fight submarines.* John Edwin Hogg 39 ℞
The Shootingest Nation Wins . . *Planes and tanks are important in modern warfare; still it's the men inside them who hit or miss the target* . . . . . . Jack O'Connor 47
Myself and the Movies . . . . *The truth was, the American novelist's "clash" with Hollywood was only a slight difference of opinion* . . . . Theodore Dreiser 50
Front Seat in an Army Bomber . . *Once the target is reached, that Hell from Heaven man, the bombardier, is master of the plane* . . . . Lt. Donald Lee Arlen 56
Storm Over Shangri-La . . . . *As Tibet guards the back door to China, India and Russia, all eyes watch the Lama priests ruling this wonderland* . . . . Irving Wallace 62
Please Pardon My Scream . . *Since horror is the people's choice, the accommodating networks give us nightly doses of sadistic melodrama* . . . Richard G. Hubler 72

DEPARTMENTS

Correspondence: The Sound and the Fury . . *de gustibus* 10
Contributors: Backstage with Esquire . . *Recent intelligence* 20
Potpourri: Ad Libbing with Esquire . . *Miscellany for a scrapbook* . . . . Bruce Patterson 78
The Lively Arts: The Great American Face . . *Bogart ain't pretty but he's typical* . . . . Gilbert Seldes 80
Theatre: First Nights & Passing Judgments . . *How to write snappy criticism* . . . . George Jean Nathan 88
Books: Five-Minute Shelf . . *Sinclair Lewis in the groove again* . . . . William Lyon Phelps 92
Edibles: Man the Kitchenette . . *The Admiral sets a good table* . . . . Iles Brody 95
Wearables: Father Takes a Bow . . *Suggesting apparel gifts for June 20th* . . . . O. E. Schoeffler 98
Potables: Foam on the Range . . *All honor to beer's real creator* . . . . Lawton Mackall 103

FICTION

A Show for the *Abelard* . . . *There were times after Pearl Harbor when the ship's captain longed for battle, but this was different* . . . . Richard Sale 32
Citations for Father and Son . . *He hadn't been able to stop them and now the whole nation would see pictures of David with his Dad* . . . . Harlan Ware 40 ℞
The Freeing of Yovan . . . . . *He could not go to the mountains to join Mihailovich because of Kossara but the blood of battle came to him* . . . . Max Brand 48 ℞
Cossacks Defend the Don . . *The old men and boys who fought the glorious fight against Nazi attackers proved that free men, Cossacks, never die* . . . . . . Stuart Cloete 53
The Duel with Doremus Abel . . *When Doremus fired, word got around among the Confeds that Old Scratch had come to fight for the Union* . . Robert Wallace 64
The Downfall of Innocence . . *She was beautiful, self-assured and unblemished, she had not yet known treachery or the cynicism that follows* . . . . . . Budd Schulberg 69

PERSONALITIES

Two-Fisted Fighting Man . . *Bernard Baruch's intense patriotism is a good thing for America since he exerts a mysterious, worldwide power* . . . . . Struthers Burt 42
Simplicity's Godchild . . . . . *Concluding the profile of Lt. William Eddy, chief radio matèriel screening officer for the U. S. Navy* . . . . Earl Selby 85
Artist from Spain . . . . *Cugat's paintings show his sympathy for far terrains* . . . . . Harry Salpeter 91

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Cover Design . . . . *That old black magic* . . . . *Modeled by* L. S. Soderstrom
The Submarine Appendectomy . . . . *Painted especially for Esquire by* John Falter 35
The Varga Girl . . . . *Hail and Farewell!* . . . . *Verse by* Phil Stack; *Painting by* Varga 37
Glories of the United Nations . . *The Norwegian Girl* . . . . *Painting by* William Pachner 46
American Beauties, Western Style . . *Margaret Hayes* . . . . *Color Photograph by* Hurrell 51
The Esquire Canteen . . . . . *Versailles dance team* . . . . *Color Photograph by* Anton Bruehl 52
Lesson of the P-39 . . . . *For Hitler's children* . . . . *Painting by* Alexander Leydenfrost 57
Planes of the Last War . . . . *An historical scrapbook* . . . . *Drawings by* Paul C. Maxwell 58
American Beauties, Eastern Style . . *Blanche Grady* . . . . *Color Photograph by* William Ritter 60
Among Hollywood's Nebulae . . *June Harris* . . . . *Color Photograph by* Henry Waxman 73
Forth with July . . . . *Wartime trivia* . . . . *Drawings by* Irving Roir 74
Broadway for the Boys . . . By Jupiter . . . . *Photograph by* Jon Abbot 76
Afternoon of a Marine . . . . *How to be a lady killer* . . . . *Color Photograph by* Erwin Blumenfeld 81
The Norwegian Elkhound . . *Erstwhile hunter turned war dog* . . . . *Color Photograph by* Henry Waxman 84
Exploits of Esky . . . . *Little Man, What Now* . . . *Pictured by* E. Simms Campbell; *Storied by* Beep 86
A Group of Five Paintings . . *From the Gallery of Modern Art, New York City* . . . . *by* F. Coradal-Cugat 90
The Belles of Vertès . . . . . . *Frivolity in Fashions* . . . . *Drawings by* Marcel Vertès 120
Father's Day June 20th . . . *Featuring appropriate gifts for fathers in service, outdoors, at work and at home* . . . . . *Color Photography by* Howard S. Redell 132
Graduation at Fort Schuyler . . *With incidental apparel notes* . . . . *Painting by* Leslie Saalburg 144

SPORTS

Swimming for Your Life . . . *Every American boy should be able to pass this swim test* . . . . . C. L. Sawin 54 ℞
Charity Is the Winner . . . . *The career of a White Sox shortshop turned priest* . . . . Mark Cox 61
The Esquire Sports Poll . . . *Favoring aid for high school athletics* . . . . . . Herb Graffis & Ralph Cannon 70
Pugs Never Die of Old Age . . *Because the occupational disease of boxing is death* . . . Sigmund Sameth 77
ABC's for Golfers . . . . *Form is a simple matter of freedom, balance and control* . . . . . . David Emory 115

BRIEFS

The Legions of Stranger Stars . . *Revelation through a telescope* . . . . Philip Atlee 82
The Non-Murder Mystery . . *A new twist for old detective stories* . . . . Parke Cummings 83
The Sporting Scene . . . . *The glad boy looks at wartime rationing* . . . . Herb Graffis 108
Soldiers Must Sing . . . . *It's as spontaneous as beefing and writing home* . . . . . Sgt. Gerald R. Dillon 118
Fabulous Flinger . . . . *Of the legendary Negro pitcher, Satchel Paige* . . . . Bill Bryson 123
Bait Casting at Sea . . . . *Light tackle makes salt water fishing more fun* . . . . Hart Stilwell 124
The Lost Sportsmen . . . . . . *Lamenting war's disastrous effect on sports* . . . . Ben Wahrman 125
The Boykin Spaniel . . . . . . *Tracing the history of a line of fanatical retrievers* . . . . Jack Foster 127
How Far to Whose What Line? . . *Proposal for the football rules committee* . . . . . . Worthen C. Cornish 128
Stars in Service . . . . *Concerning athletes in the war news* . . . . Ralph Cannon 136
The Foolhardy Courage of Milk . . *Recounting his struggle with a wounded lion* . . Comdr. Attilio Gatti 145

TRENDS IN DRESS

Clothes and Accessories, *sketched by* Hughes, Fellows, Pachner and Saalburg . . . . *beginning on* 100

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TIME: The Future, Exact Date Unknown.
SCENE: A Directors' Room. The Chairman
Is Addressing the Board.

"We Had Faith In America"

"Before we adjourn there is one more matter which I believe calls for remark and so, to begin, I take you back many months ago to a day in this very room.

"Our country was in its initial phase of the war and pressing frantically for total preparedness. At the time of that meeting sixty per cent of our plant capacity, as I recall, was already in the process of conversion to production for our armed forces. Furthermore, we knew it wouldn't be very long before every machine we operated, every ounce of material we owned and would get, and every single man of us would be dedicated to the defeat of the enemy. And both in our hearts and minds we were proud and eager to go all out for winning the war!

* * *

"On that same day we had an item to consider, amounting to a million and one-half dollars. This item was our advertising appropriation.

"But why advertise? A short while back our company counted its customers by the hundreds of thousands. Now, a short while ahead we would be a company having but ONE customer—the United States Government.

"What would we have to advertise and to whom could we advertise when we had nothing to sell? Thus argued the logic of practical minds and dollars-and-cents reasoning.

"However, I am thankful to say, we did not follow the counsels of our logic. Out of the storm of that meeting—which I shall not review here—came the calm of determination which took counsel of faith and vision.

"We had faith in America. We had faith in a future we could not foresee. We had faith in ourselves. So we made a contract with destiny. We did not cut our advertising a penny.

"In saying we made a contract with destiny I am not striving for dramatic statement. I am only trying to express the truth with realistic exactness.

"At no time during the war did we stop or even diminish our advertising. That was our commitment in our contract with destiny. And we kept it.

"We inventoried our skills, our imagination, our ideals, our projects in development as against the peace to come. And of these we told the public simply and with restraint. In this manner our own beliefs and hopes became a part of the nation's beliefs and hopes awaiting only the peace that would bring full and actual realization.

* * *

"So now, taking *postwar* accounting, let us see how destiny kept *its* portion of the contract. I give you this report:

"Numerous business concerns are uncertain about ways and means in meeting their postwar problems.

"We are not uncertain and hesitant. We are able to plan a bold schedule of peacetime production, because both immediate demand and potential demand for our products are greater than we ever enjoyed.

"Everywhere our sales-representatives go they receive respectful and interested welcome and we are expanding our sales organization and reopening our branch offices. Everywhere our name upon the products we make is accepted as a standard of high value.

"We meet the new era with the feeling of security and the assurance of broadened success. Moreover, I am glad to say, we shall be able to do our share in mobilizing our demobilized fighting men for peaceful industry.

"We had faith and vision. And now we harvest our reward."

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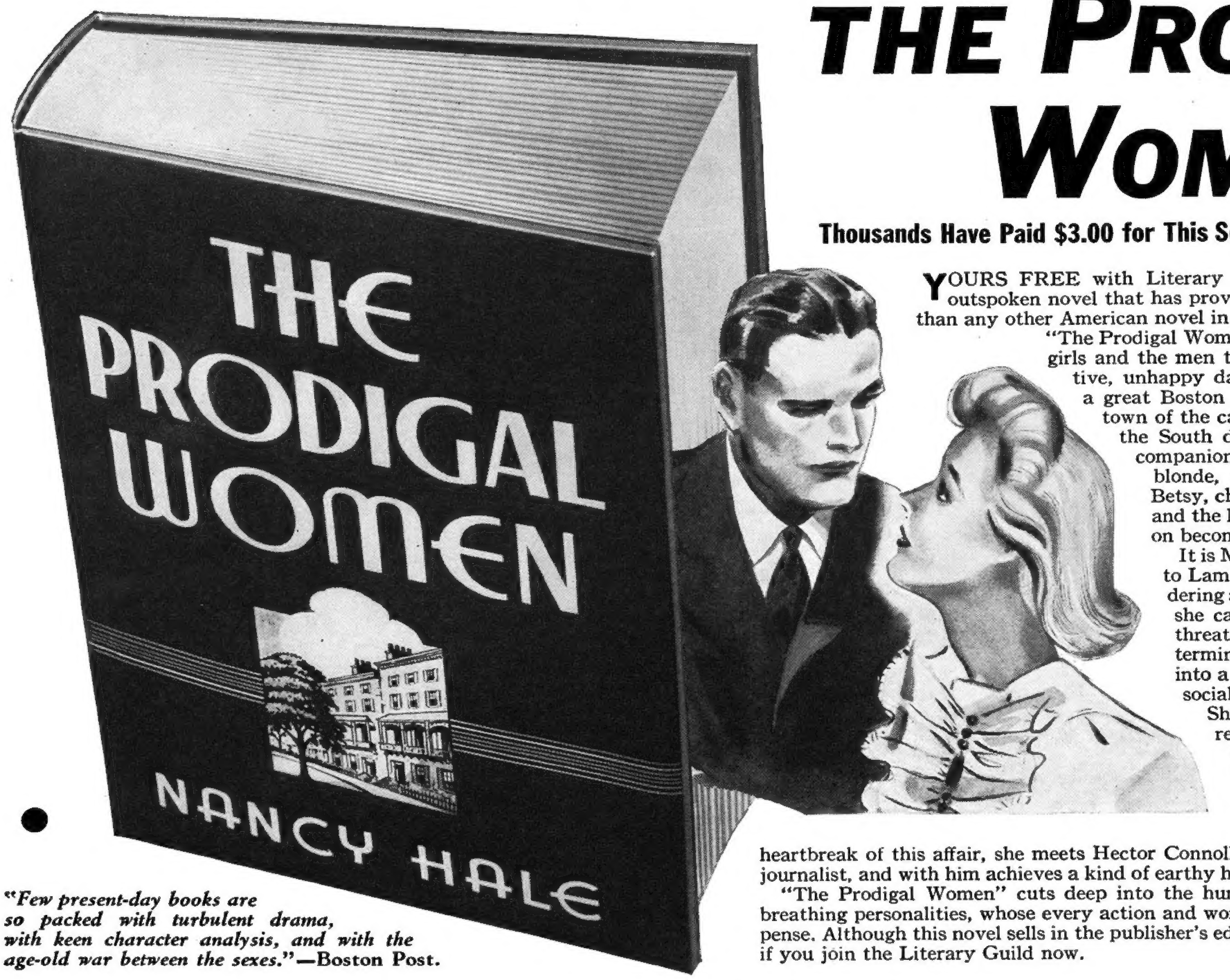

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It is Maizie who marries first. Her marriage to Lambert Rudd, magnetic, profane, philandering artist, becomes a living hell from which she cannot cut herself loose, even when it threatens her sanity and her life. Leda, determined and ambitious, walks open-eyed into a loveless marriage with a wealthy and socially prominent young Boston physician. Shocking to her, as the years go by, is the realization that she wants Maizie's husband with a madness she never knew before. And Betsy, the youngest, carefree and loving a good time, is first snared by the dancing feet of the erotic, jazz-mad Oren Garth. After the heartbreak of this affair, she meets Hector Connolly, tempestuous, brooding, New York journalist, and with him achieves a kind of earthy happiness that is denied the other girls.

"The Prodigal Women" cuts deep into the human heart. Its characters are living, breathing personalities, whose every action and word you will follow with breathless suspense. Although this novel sells in the publisher's edition for $3, you may have a copy free if you join the Literary Guild now.

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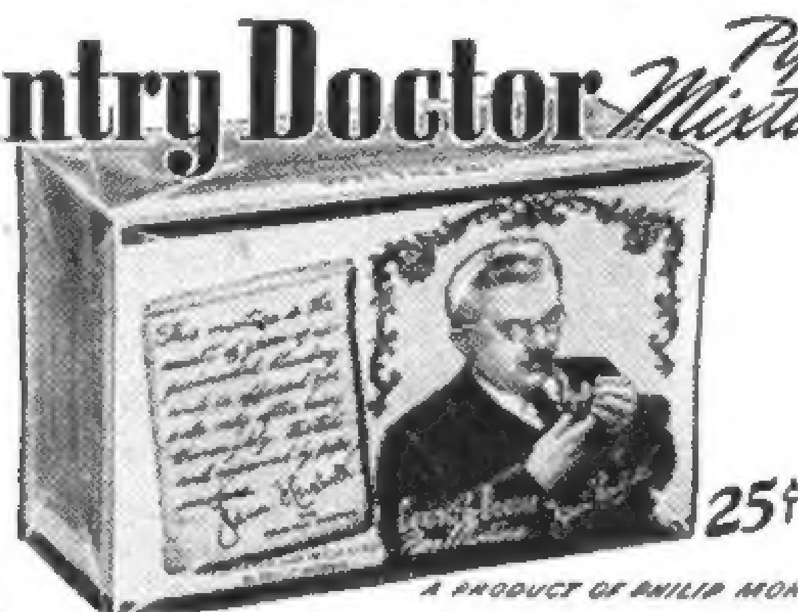
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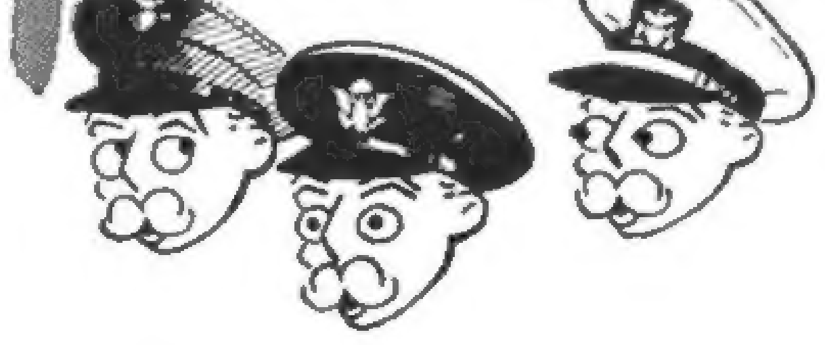
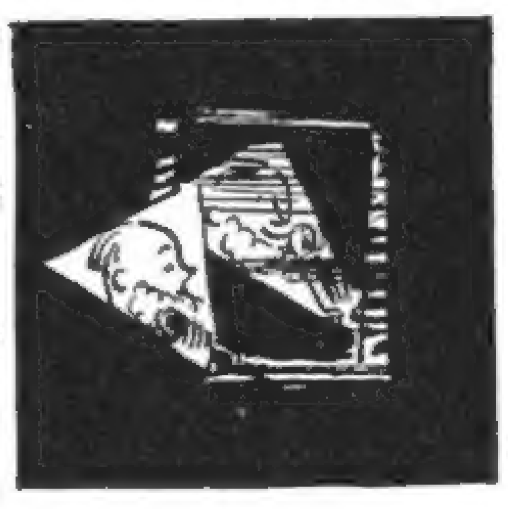
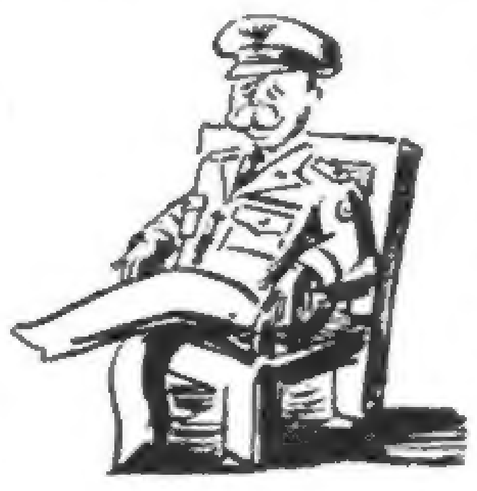
Talking Shop with Esquire



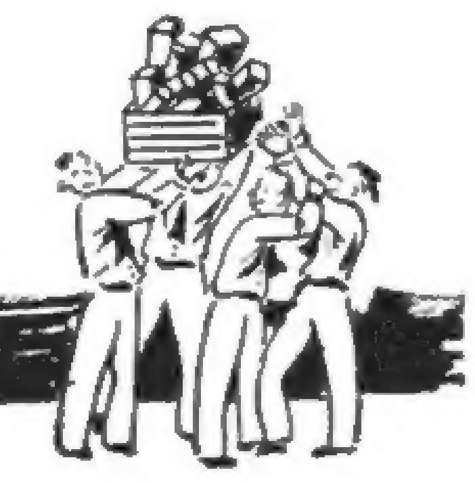
STRICTLY *NON* — G. I. Here it is fellows, by popular request . . . a shopping page just for Uncle Sam's Service Men. Every month you'll find here items current and choice . . . catering to the outer and inner man, gifts for those on the home front, various bits of advice and information. Write to us, tell us what you'd like to buy . . . what sort of dope you want to hear. RANGER, at your service.



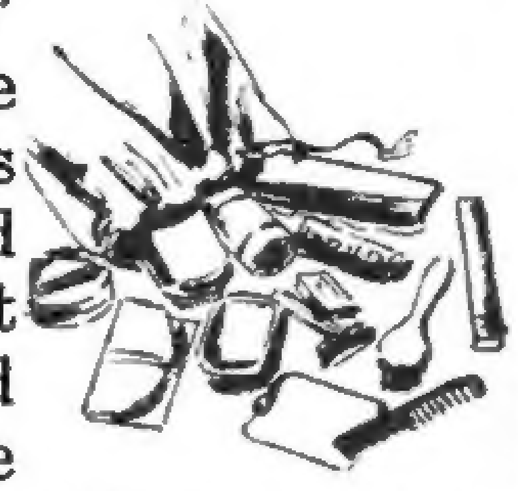
PRETTY WELL LIT. Here's the answer to a close shave in a blackout. A tiny battery in the handle lights up your razor so that you get sufficient light to do the job well. This little wonder is part of the trappings of a compact cowhide utility kit (4"x6") which also holds a comb, easeled metal mirror, toothbrush with handle case, nail file, shave stick, liquid dentifrice. The center pocket is of waterproof oiled silk.



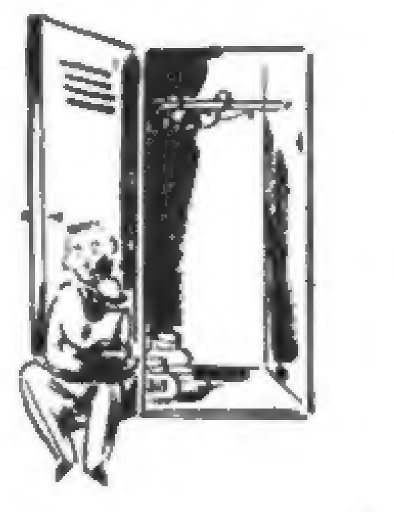
R.H.I.P. If you're up in the star or eagle class, you deserve an officer's chair, the type that British and American army officers have been using for years. The chair is compact, strong and comfortable with a folding wooden frame that is quickly assembled, and khaki canvas seat and back. Whole chair complete in a cloth carrying bag measures 29"x6" in diameter and weighs but 8½ lbs.



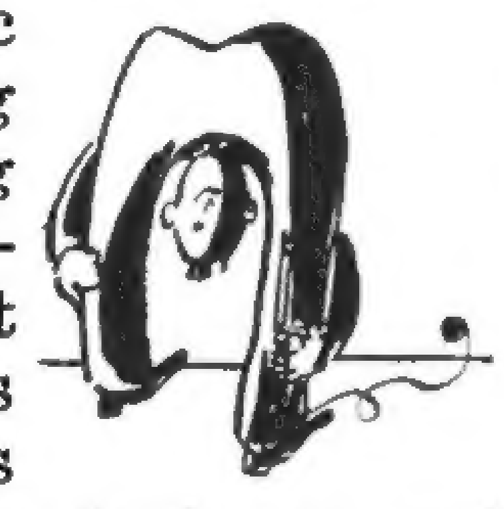
CAVIAR FOR THE CADET. From OCS in Virginia, Cadet Ralph Loewy writes: "You can keep your fitted kits and writing cases . . . send me something different to eat . . . caviar or rare old cheddar." A firm in New York is doing a land office business on ready-boxed delicacies for uniformed gourmets. One of their more elaborate kits contains 17 packages, jars of jams and jellies, hors d'oeuvre crackers, caviar, novelty spreads such as anchovy, smoked ham and yep, even cheddar, olives, cookies, etc.



THE DUFFLE BAG DELUXE can really take it! The top part is made of fine tackle twill, the kind that you find in officers' raincoats. The bottom and sides are reinforced with soft, pliant leather. And that's not all. The spacious interior holds a complete sew kit with scissors, plus 12 toilet articles and a separate matching bag to hold the shoe shine kit. Khaki or navy.



JAM SESSION. After a strictly "slum" diet, it satisfies a chap's sweet tooth to dig into the jam jar. California orange marmalade, made of tangy Seville bitter oranges; black plum, pineapple with mint, boysenberry and other oddments. Jars small enough to hide in your locker for safe keeping.



PRESS YOUR PANTS, SIR? Want to put a sharp edged crease in your trousers at a minute's notice? Meet the electric presser consisting of two pressing blades and a handle. You just clamp the blades on your trousers and move the gadget up and down. Requires no wet cloth, pressure or ironing board and the blades slide so easily you can even press your pants *on* you. As the presser only weighs 10 lbs. you can carry it around with you . . . operates on any current. P.S. The presser can also be used for ties and coat collars.

Ranger

SERVICE MEN: THIS IS YOUR PAGE

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

MARYLAND'S AMBASSADOR OF GOOD CHEER

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NEW *Vertes* **CUSTOM SCARFS**

Irresistible gifts for ladies fair . . . huge, brilliant scarfs designed by **VERTES** and gorgeously printed by **WESLEY SIMPSON** in a riot of colors *fast* and *washable!* Worn as turbans, shawls, bandanas, sashes, etc. Beautifully packaged. Postpaid in U. S. A. $3.95

Specify design. Poppies and Leaves illustrated; others: Bluebirds, Pigtails.

RABSONS 111 W. 52nd ST. DEPT. 101, N. Y. C.

HOLLYWOOD STAIN POLISH

Hollywood
BOOTMAKERS *Stain* POLISH
as advertised in Esquire

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Gives your shoes a rich hand-rubbed custom finish, plus a high gloss, as featured by America's leading shoe stores. Available in Antique Walnut, Antique Redwood, Dark Brown, Tan and Black. ✶ Sold by **Flagg Bros.** (stores in principal cities), other leading shoe and dept. stores. If dealer does not carry **Hollywood**, send **$1.50** for complete set of Hollywood Polishes, sent postpaid. Unconditionally guaranteed.

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To New Members of the Detective Book Club

"The slickest, most fearsome and generally gol-dingdest thriller in a month of Sundays!"

WILL CUPPY
N.Y. Herald-Tribune

The Shudders

WHO WAS HE—THIS FIEND WHO KILLED FOR THE SHEER SPORT OF KILLING?

"HE stole Marcella Kingsley from me—the only thing I have loved in this life. She is in another man's arms *tonight*—and I only minutes from the electric chair.

"I want Marcella punished, Mr. Colt. I want revenge. For this man is much more a criminal than I am. His crimes are murder. Murder for sport. *Murder upon murder upon murder!*

"*My* little murder was the bungled plot of an amateur. But *this* man has a way of murdering that is new. He scorns knife or gun or poison . . . and no fancy death rays, either. Just a little trick, as commonplace as it is deadly. *And it leaves no trace.* Cut any one of his victims up—as they'll be cutting *me* in the next half hour—and you'll find nothing. And by the way, Mr. Colt—*YOU are on his list!*"

Thus spoke Jeremy Taylor, in the death house, to Inspector Thatcher Colt, the man who sent him there.

Immediately after Taylor's execution, the hunt started for the mystery killer. Months went by. Then one day the warden burst into Colt's office, panting that he had found a clew—and then slumped dead at Colt's feet!

Like a pistol shot, two men hopped a cab to the address the warden had given. And shortly, in strutted an oily-looking charlatan in elegant white gloves—a treacherous note of sympathy in his voice—announcing that one of the detectives sent to fetch him had been strangely stricken in the cab on the way to Headquarters, and lay on a slab in Bellevue that very minute!

The man fairly exuded death at every pore—yet they could pin nothing on him! And Colt seemed to be next in his line of victims.

There's a high-powered climax to THE SHUDDERS that will glue you to your chair. If you can start page 281 without peeking onto 282, you're practically shock-proof. Dr. William Lyon Phelps (and you know what a dyed-in-the-wool mystery fan *he* is) said, "A rip-snorter—a genuine thriller from first page to last!"

THE SHUDDERS is the brand-newest Thatcher Colt mystery by Anthony Abbot, selling everywhere for $2.00. But we want to send you a FREE copy of it—to show you the kind of detective stories you receive from the Detective Book Club!

How This Club Brings You The Best Mysteries

Each month this Club offers to its members THREE modern detective books—*for the usual price of only ONE!* And EACH of the three is a *complete, full-length novel.*

Do you realize that about 300 new detective books are published every year? You can't read them all. It's hard to find the best. But if a mystery is by an author like Agatha Christie, Erle Stanley Gardner, Rex Stout, R. Austin Freeman, Frank Gruber, or Frances and Richard Lockridge, it's *sure* to be good! All of *these* and many other famous writers have had their books selected by the DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB.

The selections of the Club are ALL books that sell everywhere for $2.00 each. Yet, as a member of the Club, you get *three* of them (a $6.00 value) for only $1.89! You do not have to take a volume a month—you may accept as few as four during the whole year and still save two-thirds the usual price on those you purchase.

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(1) Every month you are offered the cream of the finest modern detective books—by the best authors. (2) You save two-thirds the usual cost. (3) Your books are delivered right to your door. Each book is *fresh, clean, unopened.* It will be right at your elbow whenever you are in the mood, to read as *leisurely as you please.* (4) You will receive volumes so well printed, so attractively bound, that month by month they will grow into a handsome library of masterpieces of modern detective fiction.

Mail Coupon Now For Your Free Book

By accepting this FREE copy of *The Shudders* NOW, as a Charter Membership Gift from the Club, you will *not* be obligated to take every month's selection during the next 12 months. You may take as few as four during that time. You may cancel your membership *whenever you wish.* A description of the *next* month's selections will be sent you with each month's book, and you may reject in advance any volume you do not want.

You need send no money with the Reservation Coupon. ASSURE yourself of the privileges now being offered to Charter Members. To get this spine-chilling mystery hit, THE SHUDDERS, absolutely free, AND the current triple selection, address the coupon at *once* to:

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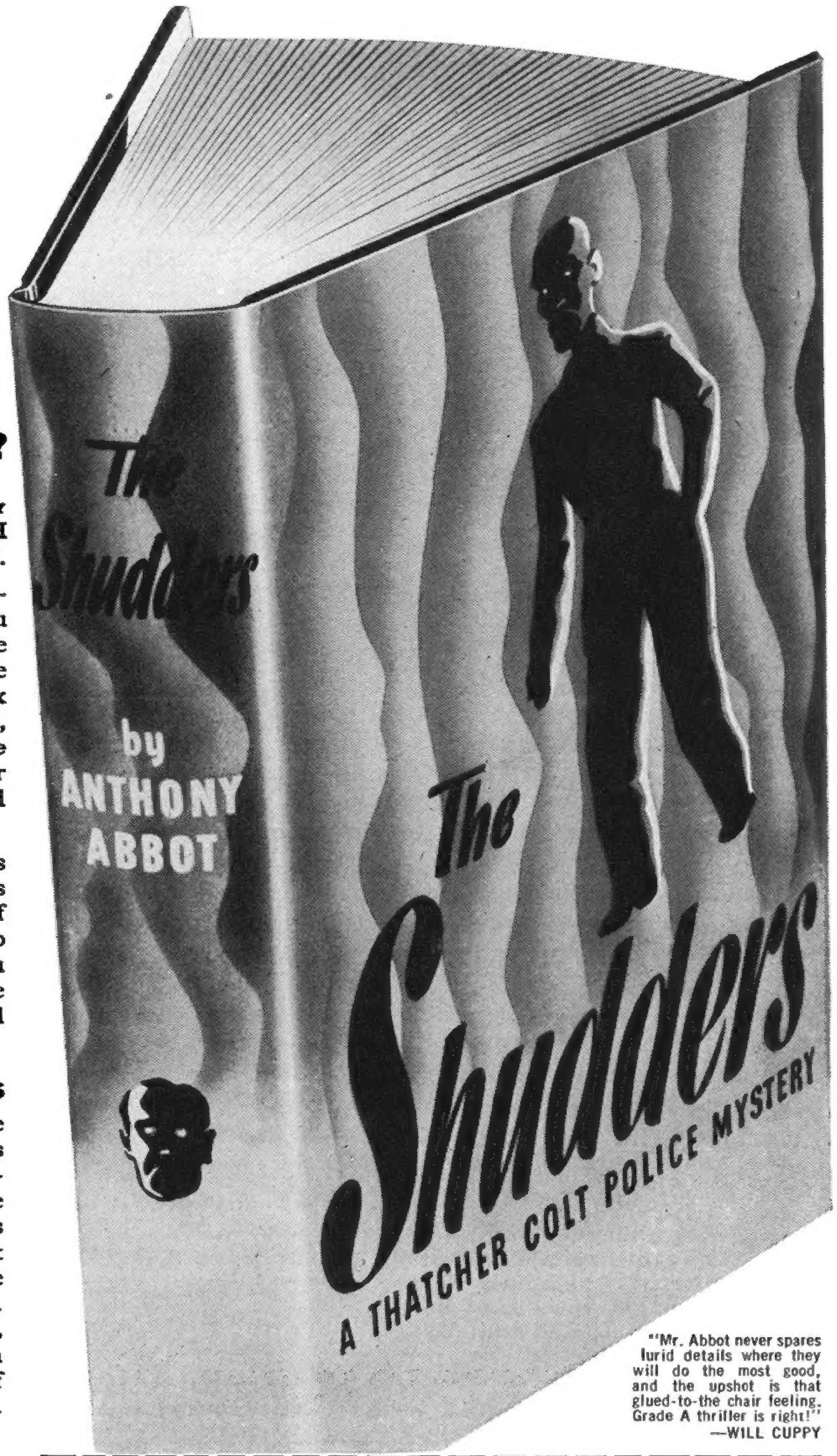

"Mr. Abbot never spares lurid details where they will do the most good, and the upshot is that glued-to-the chair feeling. Grade A thriller is right!" —WILL CUPPY

SEND NO MONEY

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330 West 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member and send me, FREE, "The Shudders," by Anthony Abbot. Also send the current triple volume, containing three complete detective books.

This does not obligate me to take every monthly triple volume during the next 12 months; I may take as few as four during this period, if I so wish.

It is also understood that I will receive an advance description of all forthcoming selections and that I may reject in advance any volumes that I do not wish to own. I need send no money now, but for each volume I accept I will send you only $1.89, plus a few cents postage, as complete payment, within one week after I receive my book.

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

CURTAIN CALL FOR STRUTHERS BURT

I am an avid reader of magazine articles, current novels and the daily newspaper but I have never been inclined to write to an author or an editor until reading Struthers Burt's *Our Weight in Wild Cats* in the May issue of Esquire. I'm just a common everyday American with a family, a defense job and a helluva lot of faith in the good old U.S.A., and I have just discovered what has been the trouble with me since Pearl Harbor—I've just been down in the dumps from hearing so much about defeat, racketeering labor, corrupt management, "brass hats," submarine warfare, governmental confusion and regimentation.

Under this whiplash of pessimistic comment I worked myself into physical and mental collapse and now that I have a little time to look around me, I find that the expounders of the complacency doctrines are in reality the ones least conscious of the true state of affairs.

It is impossible in a few words to express the flood of thought that this article brings forth, but thank God in any case for writers with the vision of Mr. Burt. Let's have some more in the same vein. If possible will you please send me another copy of page 154 so that this article may be posted where it can do some real good.

Since I have taken the trouble to write, I might say that no publication that I know of can compare with Esquire for real honest to goodness interest, covering all subjects dear to the hearts of American men.

Sincerely,

Belmont, Mass. R. K. de l'Etoile

COMPLAINT ON A VARGA CURVE

While looking through your April, 1943 issue, I came across a drawing by Varga. Now, I think he is one swell artist and he really can paint girls. My big beef is that he is not careful about details. I am speaking of the bugle or trumpet in the girl's hand. There is a straight tube from the mouthpiece to the bell of the horn. The curved parts, underneath, should be connected; but on the drawing they are just an ornament. Now, what I have written above most likely sounds like a crank but I have been working as a machinist and draftsman, and I notice things like that. So I just had to drop a line.

Sincerely,

John D. Phelan

Q.U.T.C., Camp Perry, Ohio

LITTLE IDEA WITH A BIG POTENTIAL

Here is a little idea that perhaps you would like to help sponsor in your publication.

The camps throughout the United States need the kind of books that soldiers like to read. Instead of giving the soldiers old, discarded books—many of them of the type in which they are not at all interested and many of them that have been in homes since "1898" or so—why wouldn't it be a good idea for a group of citizens in each town to form the "Victory Monthly Book Club"? Each member would give written permission to his regular department store or book store to charge the member's account with a book each month on an automatic basis for the duration—no book to exceed $1.00 per month in price, and the type of books chosen to be selected by the Local USO or the Victory Book Campaign.

I believe that workers could be recruited through the cooperation of the American Women's Volunteer Service. They would go to the homes in the better neighborhoods, where people are financially able to contribute $12.00 a year, payable at $1.00 a month, without missing the money.

If this idea could take hold, I feel confident that countless thousands of members of this group would be contributing fresh, clean, new books that would give the soldiers the type of entertainment and reading that they should have.

Yours for Victory,

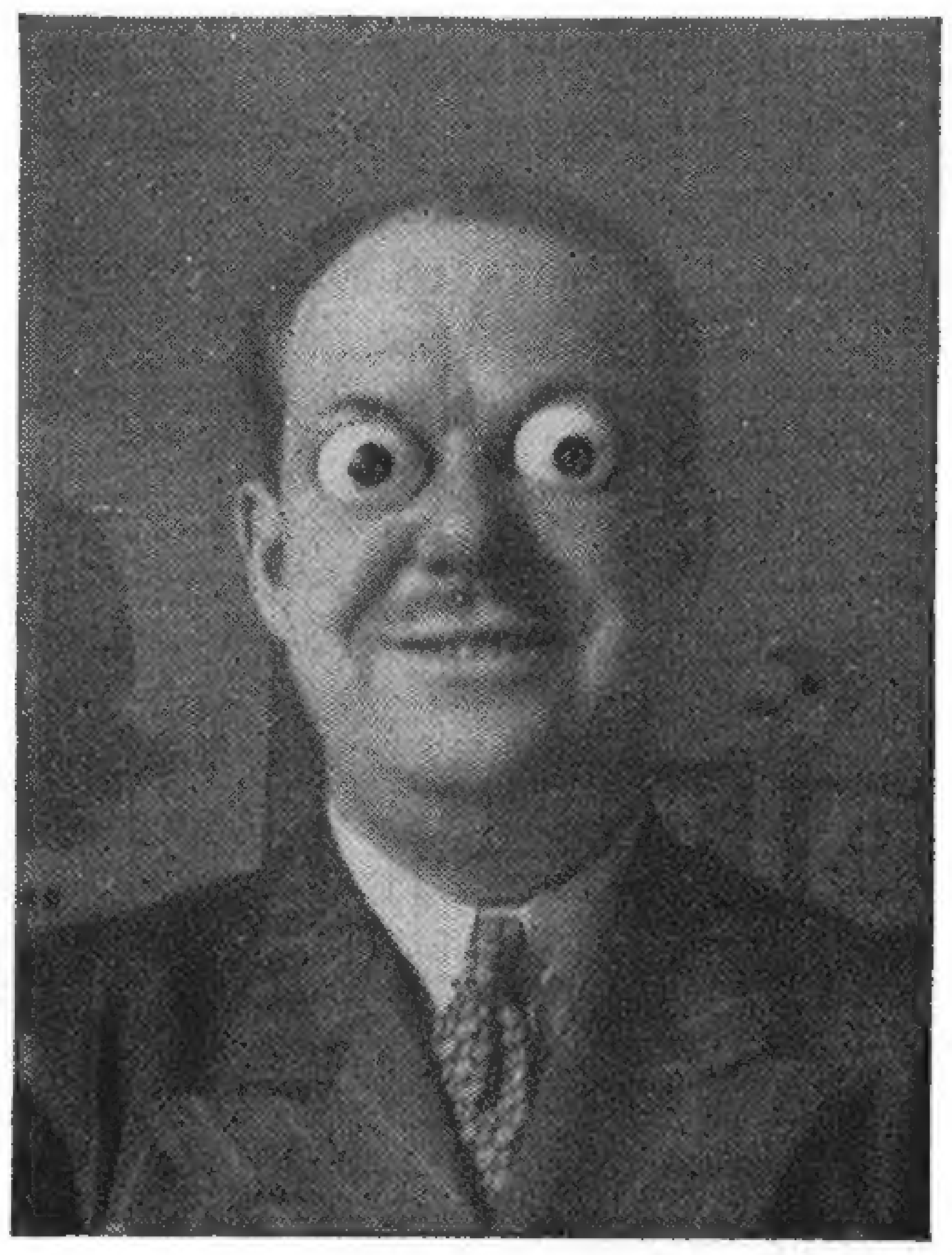
Detroit, Mich. Leonard N. Simons

FINDING YOUR FUN IN ESKY'S EYES

Attached please find a couple of snaps we took in the office one day.

Thought you would be interested in seeing the unusual effect these "Esquire Eyes" give.

It all happened one night we were playing table tennis and a ball hit me in the eye and stuck there. So I cut the ball in half, bored a couple of holes in the center, put some black paint around the holes, and here's the result.



They look even worse behind "cheeters."

Hope you get as much fun out of them as I did.

Cordially,

Toronto, Ont., Canada. Leo W. Foy

SERIOUS FLAW IN OUR DERBY ARTICLE

It amazed me, upon perusal of an article in "Esquire" magazine, to note a typographical error. It surprised me due to the fact that your mag is usually impeccably correctin its English usage and grammar.

The misprint (?) I refer to is from *Wartime Kentucky Derby* by Robert Saunders Dowst, page 167, fifth column of the May, 1943 issue. Tch! Tch! Tch!

Very truly yours,

Pvt. L. J. Charnas

Seymour, Ind.

P.S.—"Quote"—"I can't get away from this *cold* as the probable winner, possibly by lengths, possibly..............."

Editor's Note: *How do you like that? We give you the first three horses, win, place and show, and all you have to say is Tch, Tch, Tch.*

IN AND OUT OF ESQ WITH JESSE STUART

As soon as Esquire arrives, I look to see if Jesse Stuart is there.

If he is I look like this———→ ☺

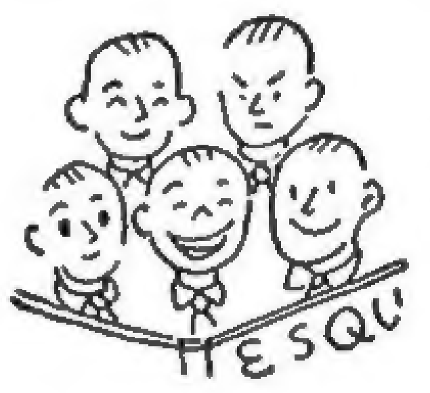
but if he isn't, I look like this→ ☹

Sincerely,

Detroit, Mich. Ella Ladd

UPS AND DOWNS AMONG THE MARINES

This is the composite opinion of a group of marines "shooting the breeze" around the radio shack. The "Esky" comic strip cartoon isn't as good as was expected—we kind a like Sergeant Smoot, Corky Smith, and Corp. Ortwingle and would like to have 'em come out here. They're true types and true to type alright but there are a lot of types—*The Belles of Vertès* have given us a feature to dislike more than Salvador Dali. We don't like his women and it's a cryin' shame that such slop should be bound with the efforts of Varga and Hurrell—*Ad Libbing* is the nuts. We like it a lot—Leyden Frost rates high for aircraft paintings. They're as real as reveille—*These Four Virtues* struck us right. We'd like more like that. All in all, 'sa fine goot megazine and makes a swell "Bunky"—Sopac Gyrenes.



c/o Fleet P.O.
San Francisco, Calif.

TAKEN UNDER ADVISEMENT

May a mere woman make a suggestion?

I enjoy Esquire so much that I feel selfish unless I pass it on, preferably to some one in the service.

Since Esquire varies somewhat in weight from month to month it would facilitate mailing if you were to insert (on the index page perhaps or even on the wrapper) a statement giving the second rate postage for that particular issue.

One could read the magazine, slip it back into the wrapper, affix the proper postage and send it on its way to some serviceman. This would eliminate a trip to the P.O. and more issues of Esquire would reach our boys.

Very truly yours,

Mrs. Ruby Wilfong

Juniata, Altoona

GOOD NEWS FOR DJANGO FANS

I have just finished reading Robert Goffin's highly commendable article in your February issue, and in view of the fact that he has made a very grave error in it, I would like to take the opportunity of correcting any false impressions caused by this error.

Django Reinhardt is not dead! He is as alive and strumming as ever he was. Circumstances arising from the fall of France have entailed a temporary separation from his side-kick, Stephane Grappelly.

Django is in the south of France and can be heard regularly over French radio—usually on a Friday night. He is accompanied by a group similar to the pre-war Hot Club Quintette with the difference of Grappelly's absence being filled by a clarinet player. Grappelly is in England. He broadcasts every Sunday evening at 6:30 p.m., and frequently at other odd moments.

Both musicians have lost none of their sparkle as the idea of Reinhardt's non-existence seems prevalent in your country, I would strongly advise you to make the true facts known to a sadly misinformed public.

Sincerely,

Percy Brazil

Pollok Shields, Glasgow, Scotland

A CHEER FOR THE ABCD

This is the first time I've ever addressed a letter to your column, but after a gander at the May issue I just had to take time out for a little pat on the back.

First, the new abcd stock paper—old man, you really have something there. Why didn't you think of it before? It enables one to have the same big magazine without so much weight and bulk—a definite improvement in the writer's opinion.

Next the article, *The Savage Beast in Us*, by Paul Gallico. It's soon time someone speaks out for the males. I heartily agree with Mr. Gallico.

It certainly gripes me the way some birds throw rocks at you because of this or that department in your magazine. Here's the way I look at it. Some one enjoys some of your articles and features but not everyone likes each and every feature. For instance, I just loathe the way you take up space with sports articles, because they just don't interest me. But, I know you have to cater to the sports fans, too. So, I'm willing to pay my half buck just for a peek at the Hurrells and Vargas.

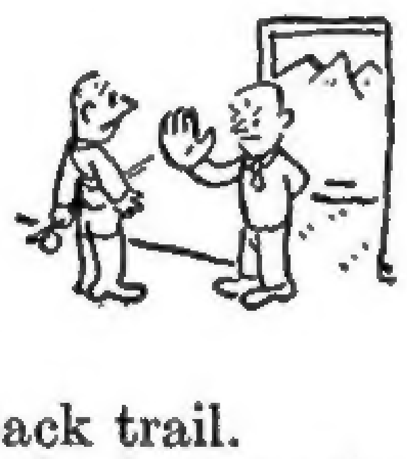
Sincerely yours,

Paradise, Pa. Fred Appel

DOWN—ZERN

I have read Mr. Zern's article in the May issue of Esquire.

I feel sorry for him, for he has never entered into the inner doors of a trouter's paradise and there is not much hope of his ever passing through the pearly gates leading to this paradise, for his trend of thought has him running the back trail.



His ingenious ridicule is amusing and displays considerable talent. It is not likely any of the "true in heart" trouters will attempt to even let him view the promised land, feeling he would be a disturbing factor if inducted into the realm of the anointed.

Very truly yours,

Ashland, Va. M. D. Hart

UP—ZERN

This guy Ed Zern knows his stuff about trout. Take it from someone who has spent his fishing time in the Sierra Madre Mountains in Chihuahua, Mexico, that trout fishing is not a sport, but work, when you are hungry, and crave a change of diet, from venison or wild turkey.

All you need there is twenty feet of any kind of line, a medium hook, and a willow pole.

Mr. Zern should write an article entitled: "Trout Fishing is for Hungry People."

Let's hear from him again.

J. F. McCall, MoM 2-c

U. S. Navy, Portsmouth, Va.

The smartest dog in the world

WE'VE NEVER HEARD of a dog who actually did this, but . . .

Our idea of the smartest pup in the world would be one who could carry his master's cocktail invitations to neighbors' homes.

All he'd have to do would be to carry four red roses—and wag his tail.

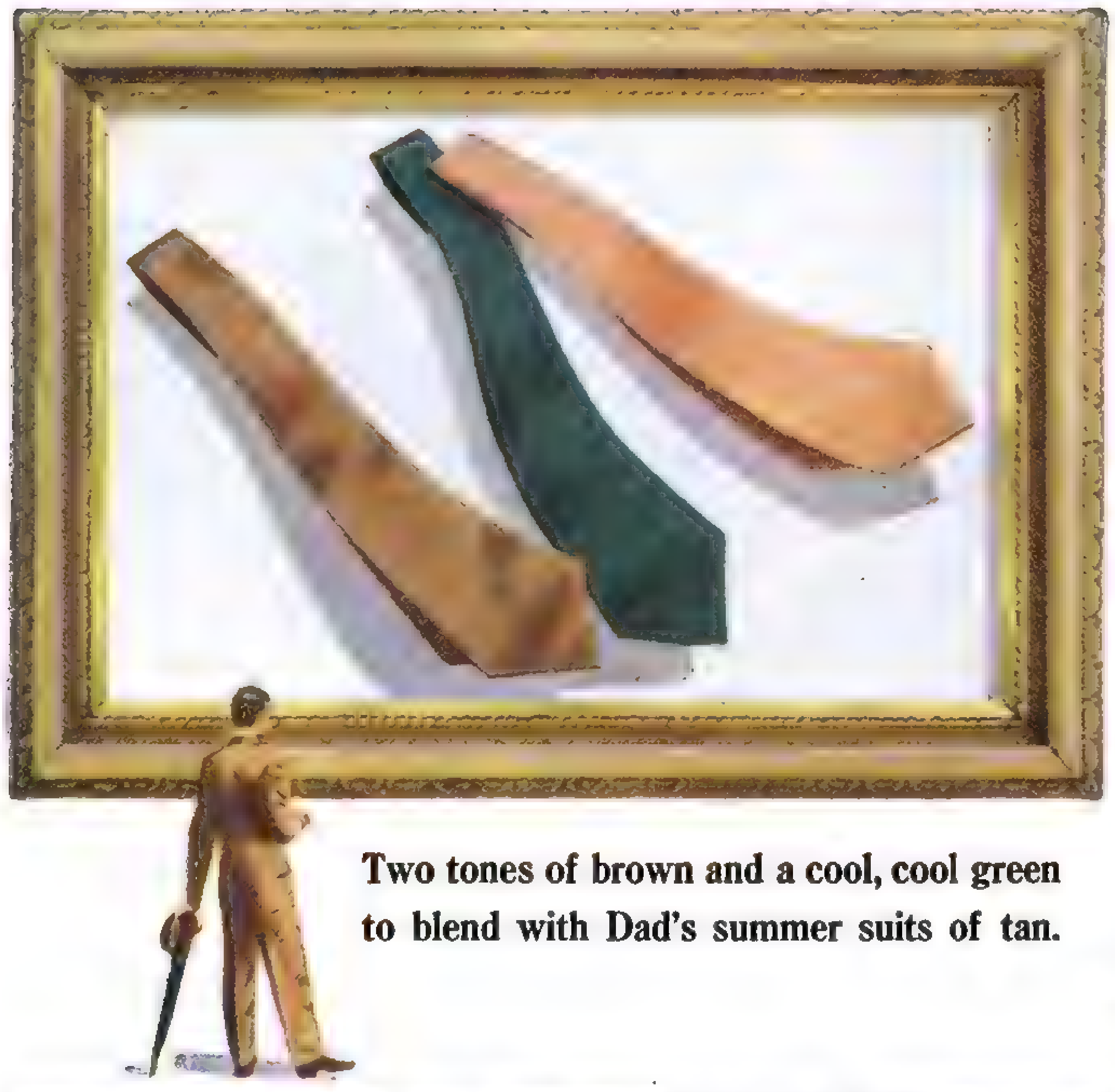
The neighbors—if they're the kind of friends we think they are—would know this meant: "Come on over for cocktails—magnificent, soul-satisfying cocktails made with the world's most glorious whiskey . . . Four Roses!"

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof • *Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore*

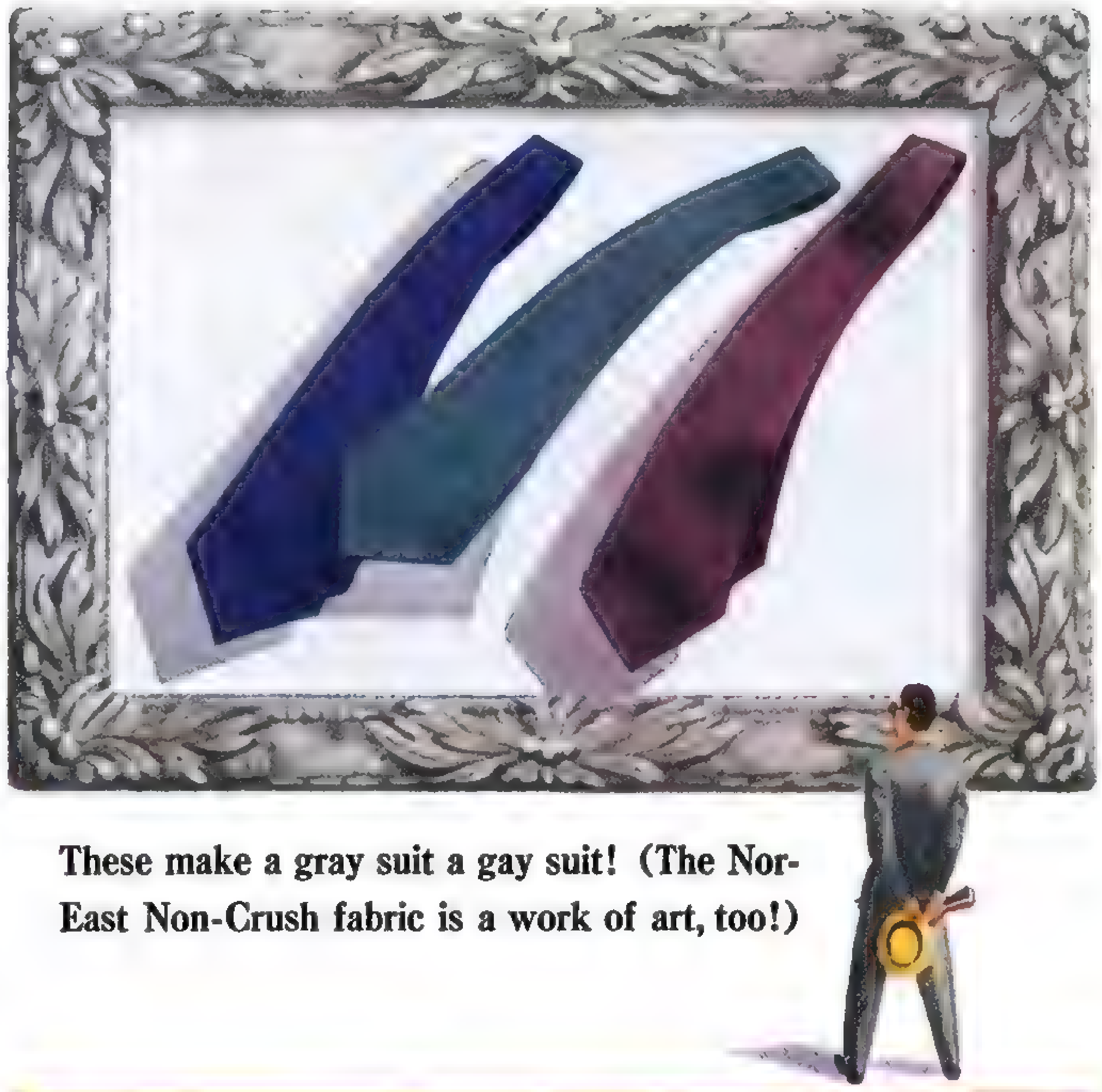
FOUR ROSES

Masterpieces from the Wembley Collection

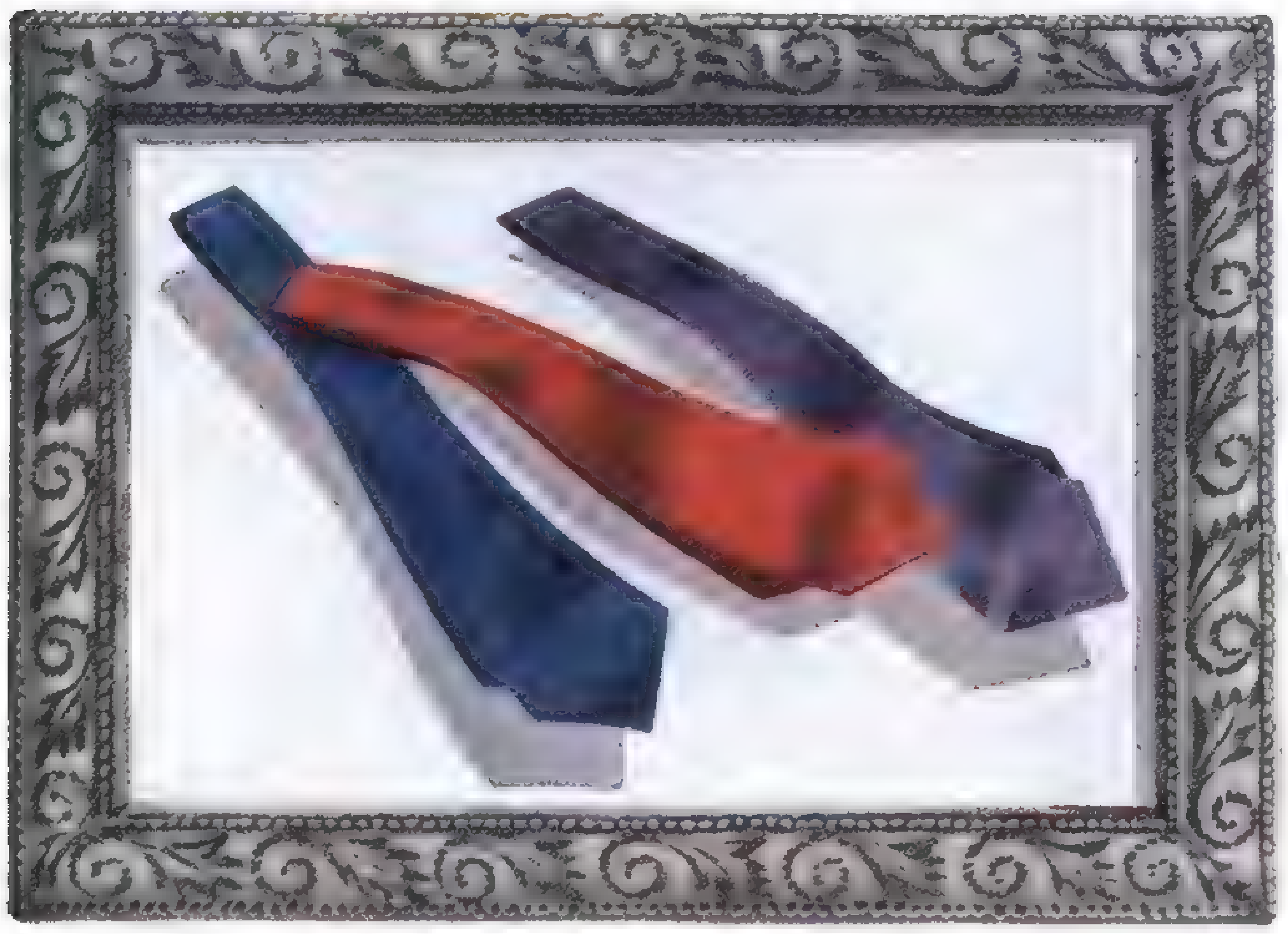
(Choose these for Father's Day....they're Dad's favorites *every* day)



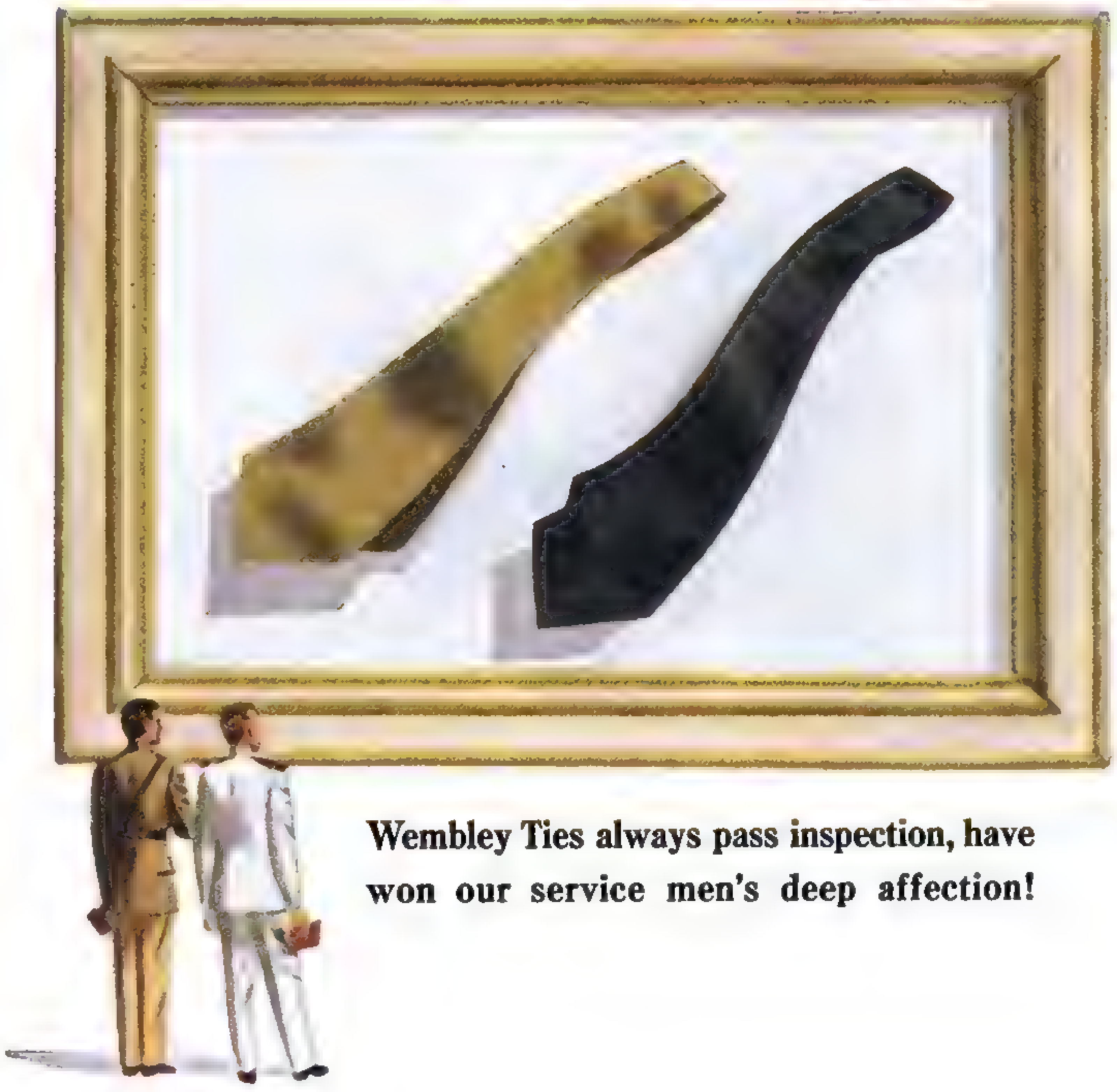
Two tones of brown and a cool, cool green to blend with Dad's summer suits of tan.



These make a gray suit a gay suit! (The Nor-East Non-Crush fabric is a work of art, too!)



Rich colors of an Old Master—and how smartly they'll brighten Dad's suit of blue!



Wembley Ties always pass inspection, have won our service men's deep affection!

Wembley Ties

MADE OF PRIESTLEY'S NOR-EAST NON-CRUSH FABRIC

Priced One Dollar

Wembley Ties tell Dad of your love—and your thoughtfulness in choosing his own true favorites. Their imported Nor-East *Non-Crush* fabric is resilient. It resists wrinkles, ties easily and drapes smartly time after time.

P. S. Buy a War Bond from your retailer for Father's Day, too!

CRUSH IT! TWIST IT! KNOT IT! NOT A WRINKLE!

Wembley
made of Priestley's
NOR-EAST
NON-CRUSH
imported fabric

COPYRIGHT 1943, WEMBLEY, INC., NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EDITORIAL: Major and minor notes for Father's Day 1943 and 1963

This is written on Mother's Day to be read on or about Father's Day, so it seems a peculiarly appropriate time to quote a soldier's letter to his father and mother. Nothing that we have seen in print has seemed half as effective as this, in sounding precisely the right note for both those days in this year.

"Sometimes I think it would be a good thing for everyone to get into a foxhole and be shot at and see the other men die because no one can appreciate the value of the things we are fighting for until he sees how much it costs in blood and sweat.

"And it's worth every drop of both from all of us.

"Sometimes I wonder how you two feel about the whole thing. I wonder if you feel cheated because your son is taken away from you for a while. I wonder how you'd feel if anything should happen to me. I wonder if you feel wronged in any way by the hardships you have had to face because of this war.

"If you do feel wronged or cheated, you ought not to be. I certainly don't want you to feel that way.

"This war is a just war against the powers of evil and I'm glad to have a ball-carrying part in it. I surely hope that you two are proud and glad because of what your son has been privileged to do. If anything should happen to me, I'd want your pride in your sacrifice to dim and render insignificant your grief.

"Loads of love to the two dearest, sweetest people on earth."

* * *

At this writing the air is full of good news from Northern Africa, where brilliant victories have been scored by British, French and American troops. The fact that all three of those nationalities were in at the Tunisian kill lends added lustre to the steadily brightening hopes for a happy post-war world.

While this war is on, it is the fighting that counts more than the talking. There's been some very ugly talk, about the Russians and about the French, and all sorts of innuendo about the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of putting one world together again after the past decade of fascist efforts to kick the world to pieces. But if the Russians and the French will both fight as they are fighting now, erasing with actions all past misunderstandings of their attitude toward the nations now without the law, then their possession of a place of honor at the table of the coming peace ought to be assured.

All sorts of odd proposals for the post-war period are being made these days, not the screwiest of which was the suggestion of a Chicago publisher that England, Scotland and Wales line up behind Oklahoma and Hawaii for their places in the order of admission into the United States. And all sorts of conferences are being held, not the least effectual of which was the inconclusive palaver about refugees that was recently held on an Atlantic island.

So we feel free and uninhibited about making one more proposal for the post-war period. It's a Father's Day proposal. Maybe for next year, or at any rate for the year after. And it's a proposal on behalf of France.

We propose that enough refugees with male children from one to five years of age be moved to France to make up for the gap in the French population that will have been made by the German action in holding two million French prisoners since 1940.

The one thing that cannot otherwise be given back to France, when the time comes to attempt to rebuild the areas ruined by the Nazis, is the fatherhood that would have been achieved by those two million men in the last three years. Because of the enforced absence of all these potential fathers, France will be suffering a lack of young men coming of age in 1960 to 1964.

Surely no better fate could be asked for the uprooted families than life in what was, and surely will be again, one of the most highly civilized nations on earth. Nor could they play any finer role than that of protecting France from another recurrence of that weakening of her fibre of manhood, and consequent dearth of dependable leadership, which became evident in 1936 to 1940 and undoubtedly reflected her undue share of the losses of young men in 1914 to 1918.

We set this down, in all seriousness, as a pertinent proposal for Father's Day. If we are all to become, with Mr. Willkie, citizens of One World, then any aspect of future world health that has a bearing on the possibility of future wars is worth engaging some share of our post-war planning now, and this proposal is a lot less far-fetched than it might seem at first blush.

* * *

Accustomed as we are to beating the drum for Father's Day, we regret that the current excess demand for copies of Esquire, coupled with the current excessive costs of labor and materials, make it impossible for us to continue for this year our past practice of making a sort of "little Christmas" out of the occasion, with special gift rates for Father's Day subscriptions. However, the only special rate that can be allowed this year is the Servicemen's Discount, for fathers in the armed forces.

But if you want to remember the day fittingly, you will find no lack of suggestions in the pages of this issue, both in the advertisements and on pages 98, 132, 133.

And if you're looking for the biggest bargain of all, don't overlook War Bonds. ⋕

A NOTE ON FATHER'S DAY

Each June, for the past five years, Esquire has been beating the drum to honor Dad on Father's Day.

And, one of the nicest things about past Father's Days, from a publishing standpoint, is that they've always offered us a chance to give your Dads a year of Esquire at a special Father's Day gift rate. However, this year, as with so many other things, wartime restrictions have increased production costs (paper, metals, inks). And that means that we (and you) will have to forego that special rate for the duration. In fact, we're pretty thankful that we can bring you Esquire at the same pre-wartime rate in spite of those increased costs. (At last count, 54 other magazines had been forced to raise their regular rates.)

But this doesn't mean that we're forsaking the drum beating for Father's Day. This year his holiday falls on June 20th and we'll be greeting it with our habitual hullabaloo. With the load Dad is carrying this year... raising crops, carrying the gun, and making the stuff guns fire . . . he's deserving of an "E" on his day.

For those who want to remember Dad on June 20th with Esquire, our circulation department has had the consideration to bind an order blank into this issue. But that's as far as they could go, under this year's abnormal circumstances. For, with one exception, even Father's Day gift subscriptions must go through this year at the regular rate.

However, for those fathers in the armed services, we've tossed all the savings we could scrape together into one big pot and have come out with a special military rate of $3.50. Since they're the ones who need Esquire most, theirs should be all the concessions.

So, despite paper cuts, manpower shortages, and wartime curtailments, we're still cheering for DAD.

ADVICE TO EXPECTANT FATHERS-
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PAUL "Hillbilly" WEBB
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KEEP 'EM FLYIN'
or GRAN'PAPPY tells all!!
$1.50
Not a father lost since publication!

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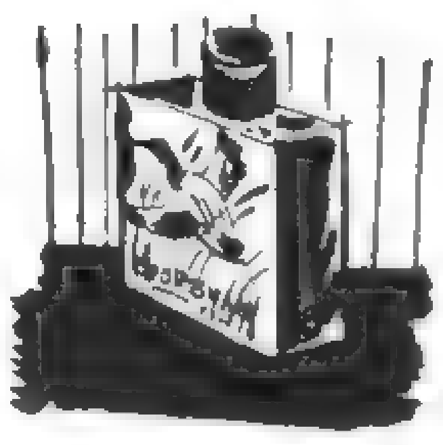
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS

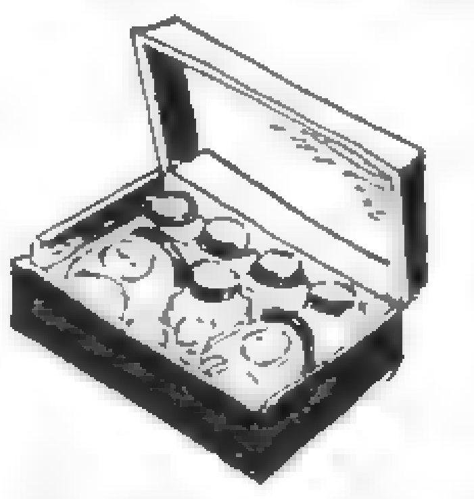
Talking Shop with Esquire

DAD'S AS VAIN AS THEY COME . . . and likes rows of handsome toiletry bottles as well as the next one. If he's a devotée of the Great Outdoors, give him a refresher set called "Sportsman" composed of a man sized cake of soap and a bottle of shaving lotion or cologne done up in wood capped crystal bottles with full color 3rd dimension reproductions of sports paintings of mallard ducks, muskies, thoroughbreds, etc. Another pippin of a Gentleman's Bouquet with a 10 goal rating for utility comes in a porcelain flacon embossed with polo scenes. Favorite scents in this are Stick and Ball or Boots and Saddle. If Dad has an eye for color, get him "For Men Only," a series of lotions, toilet water and colognes with jacket coverings of bright colored felt, navy, khaki or tan.



SHIRT WITH SHIELDS. If Dad is a good healthy citizen, he probably works up quite a glow on his rounds on the links. Excellent for such athletic endeavors is a California sports shirt with a patented under arm or sweat shield built right into the garment.

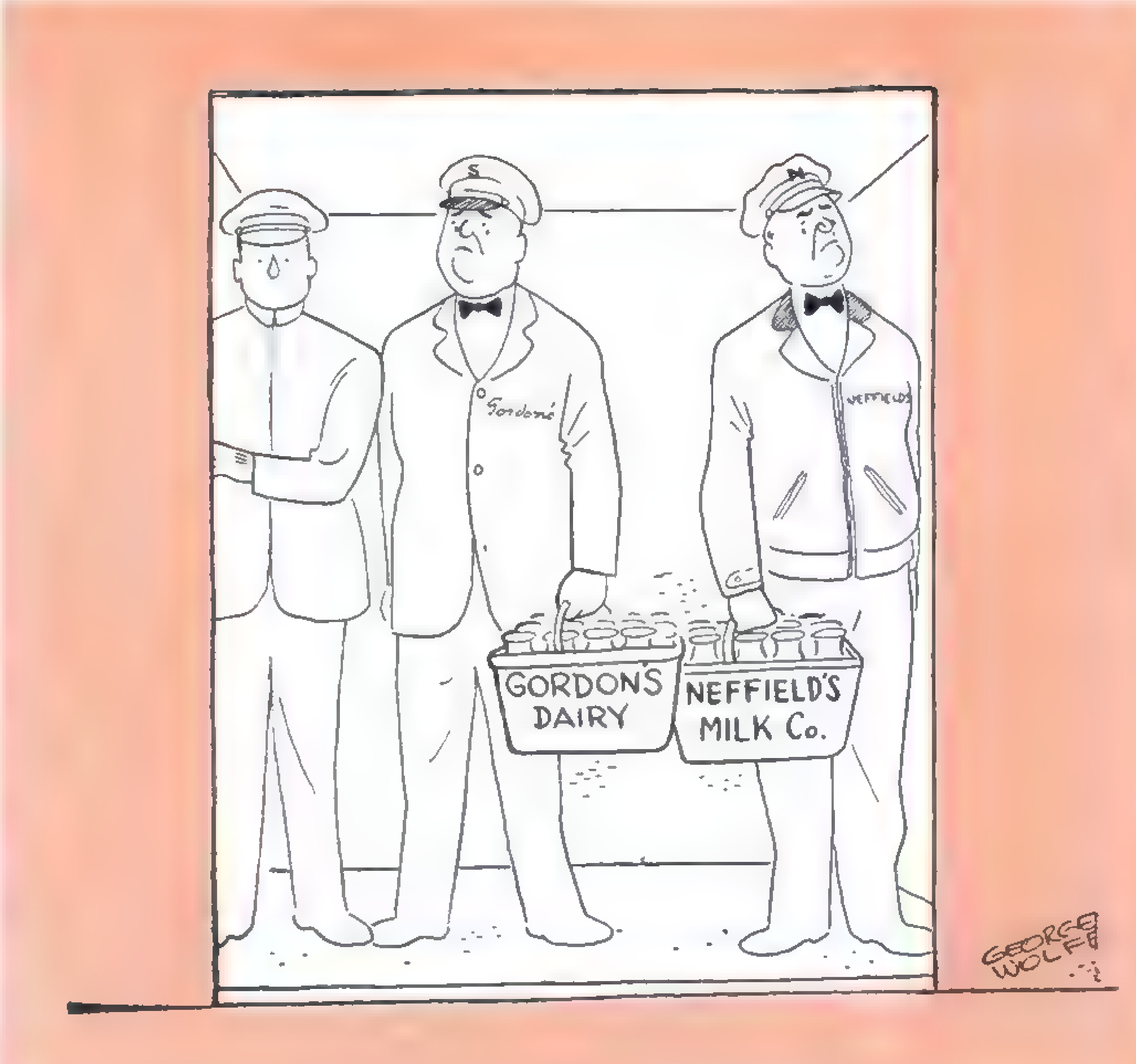
HAPPY BLENDING. If the "Govner" considers himself a pipe connoisseur, let him play around with a handsome chest filled with seven glass jars of choice and rare tobaccos. He can follow the booklet that goes with the kit, "Secret of Blending Pipe Tobacco" with numerous simple formulas, or go hog wild mixing exotic brews. There's a measuring jigger and an oil silk tobacco pouch to boot.



PLAYING WITH THE WAVES. Maybe Dad has a daughter or a niece who has entered the service. If so, he'll get a kick out of the new playing cards adorned with beauteous heads of WAACS, WAVES and the NAVY SWEETHEART. The cards are resistant to moisture, and fingerprints, etc., can be removed with a damp cloth. Also new is a card game called "Victory Rummy" played with a special deck of 63 cards containing victory code symbols and caricature axis cards.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



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WHITES • COLORED POLISHES •
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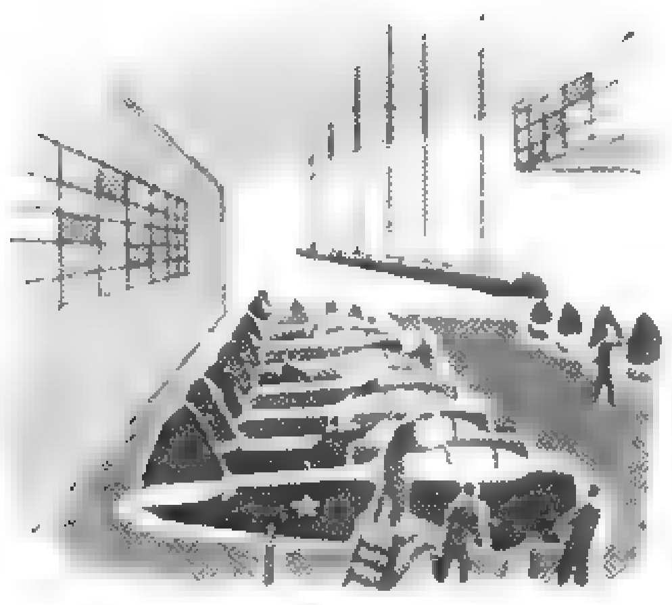

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

Every war plane that takes off into the blue symbolizes American engineering genius. But it requires more than skillful planning and workmanship to construct thousands of pursuit ships and bombers. Huge quantities of materials must be converted into finished parts that complete the assembled units. Those materials—those parts—must be transported to numerous destinations. That's where Union Pacific enters into the picture.

Day and night, thousands of freight cars loaded with war materials roll over the rails. Great numbers of troops, too, must be transported by the railroads. All Union Pacific employees recognize the vital need for efficient, tireless work during these critical days. They're putting forth all-out effort to back up our men in service. The sky's the limit!

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ROAD OF THE STREAMLINERS AND THE CHALLENGERS

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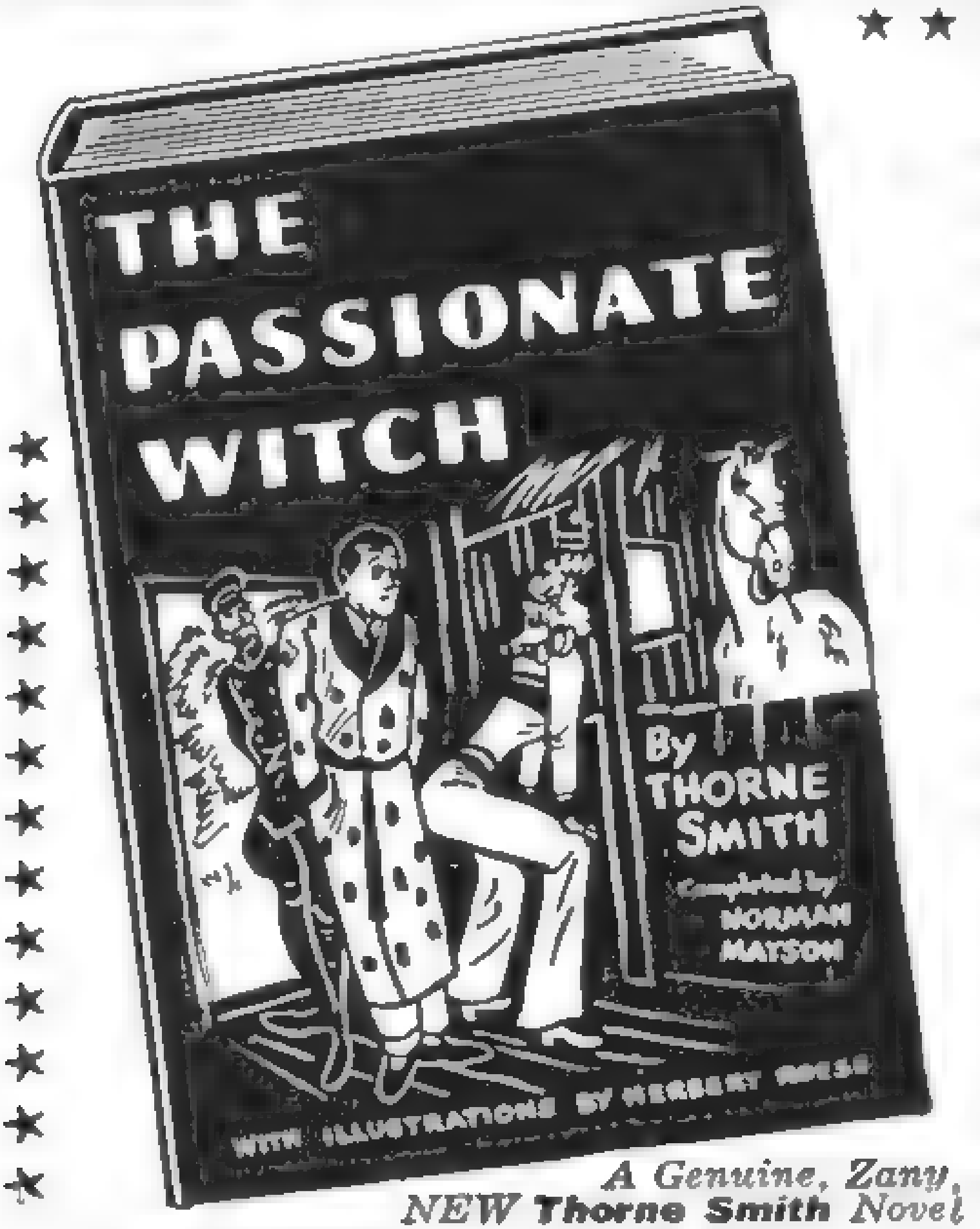

THE PASSIONATE WITCH By THORNE SMITH Completed by NORMAN MATSON WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERBERT ROESE

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by Thorne Smith, Completed by Norman Matson

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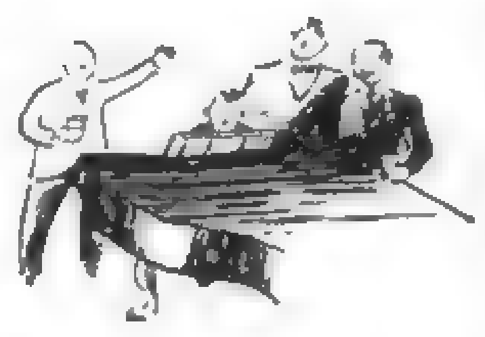
Talking Shop with Esquire

DAD THROWS A PARTY. If Dad likes to entertain his cronies, give him the proper ammunition. Such as the Hostmaster, a boxed set of drinking oddments to add zest to his bar equipment. Insane labels to paste on his bottles, whimsical glass markers to keep the host straight on who is drinking what; "stop and go" signals to slip over the rim of the glasses; sobriety tests to bring out the worst in the guests and a book with 101 beverage recipes . . . and some honeys!



PARTY CAPERS. When the party gets going nicely, Dad whips out his set of games, a box of some 3 dozen or so . . . zanies all. The crowd will go in stitches watching the Merry Widow sitting on an inverted milk bottle trying to thread a needle; or the Judge balanced stork-like, holding his left foot with his left hand, trying to pick up a cigarette stuck in a book on the floor . . . with his teeth. Silly? Sure, but wait till you try 'em.

GAG GIFTS. If the Old Man has a sense of humor, give him something to help it along. For instance, a Sterling silver jigger in the shape of a miniature pot de chambre (*he'll* know what that is, brought up as he probably was in the Chic Sale era). Or a set of swizzle sticks that are made like actual thermometers. It seems that in order to bring out the flavor of your beverage, it must be at the proper drinking temperature.

DIRECT HIT . . . that's Cardart, the new parlor dart throwing game that's the ticket when Dad's guests work themselves into a competitive mood. Game consists of a large board painted with various playing cards. Idea is to play poker, black jack or rummy by throwing darts at the cards on the board, making as high a count as a steady eye and lady luck permit.

Ranger

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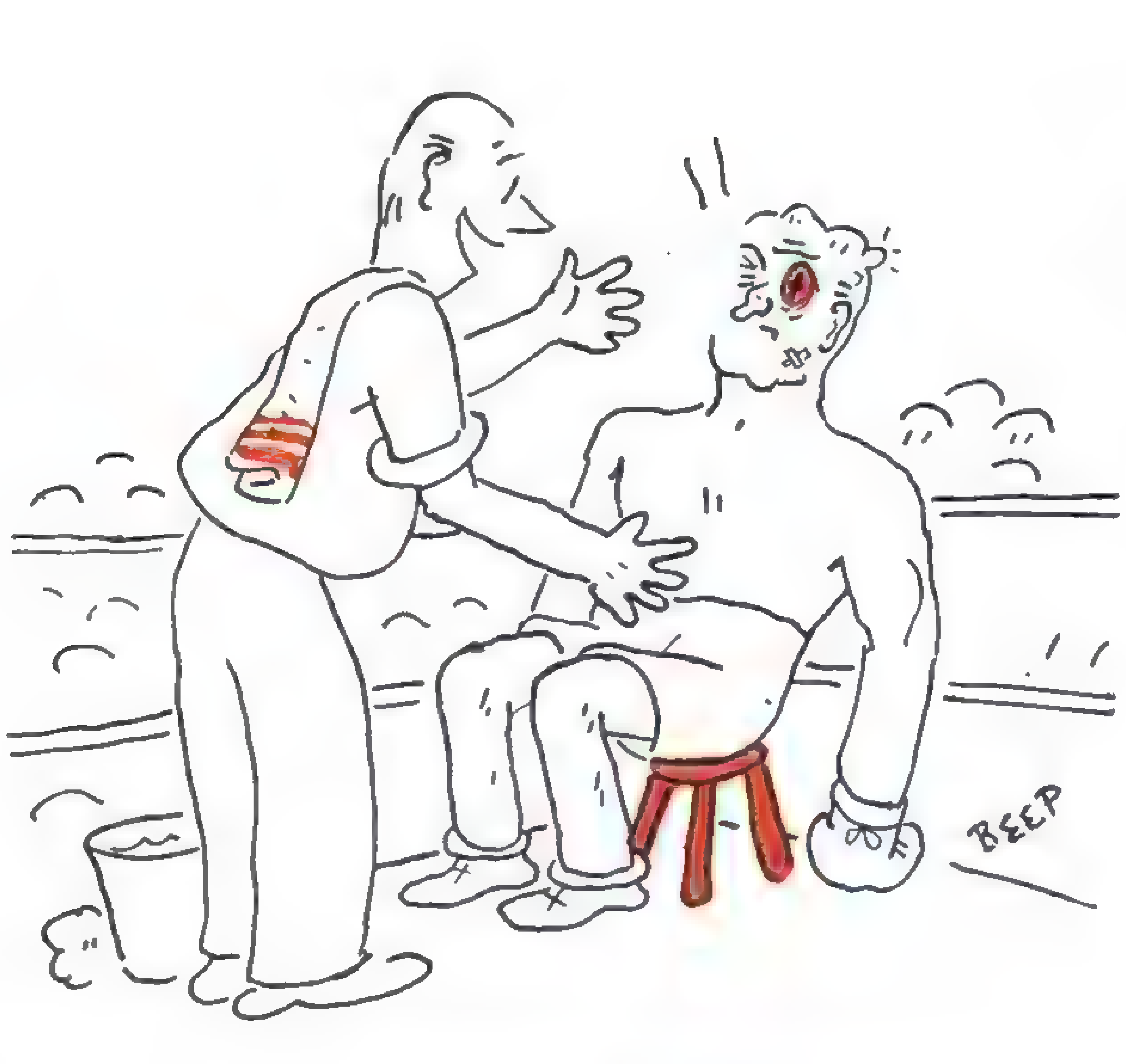

"Boy, are you lucky—a few more rounds and you'll be 4-F"

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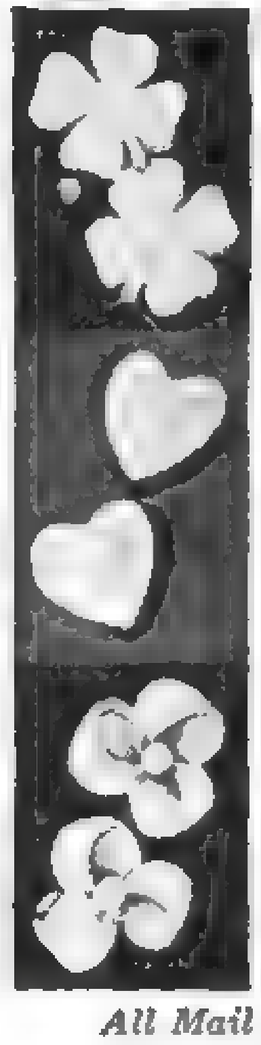
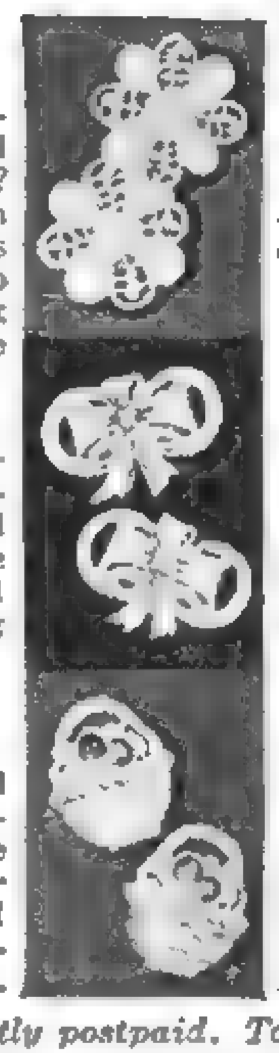


4-LEAF CLOVER If you're superstitious, and who isn't? (knock on wood), here's your chance to break the jinx and have some fun.

HEARTS As sentimental as a valentine, but still irresistibly cute and number 1 on our selling parade.

LOVERS KNOT For love and beauty and delight, hail the Bridegroom—hail the Bride! When the nuptial knot is tied.



DAISY, DAISY Please pardon the pun . . . but this style is a daisy . . . blackout or dimout . . . or [illegible] what may.

BOWS Without mentioning names, a certain Hollywood star started the bow-earring sensation. So here 'tis—and luminous.

FRUIT BASKET A tiskit, a taskit, a little luminous fruit basket. A style that's purely Latin American.

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The most valuable "Human Machine" in any mechanized army today is the boy who can do a maximum of damage to the enemy with a minimum of damage to himself.

The agile boy who can flop to the ground—then leap to his feet and charge ahead, all in a flash—

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The boy whose skill and agility give him a split second advantage with a bayonet thrust, a knife slash or a hand grenade—

The boy who sees, decides and acts just a shade faster—on land, on sea, or in the air—

These are the boys who are the best fighters—who are able to take care of themselves anywhere—and whose chances of coming back intact are 100% better than those who do not have these skills and agilities.

Physical fitness records of this war prove that boys whose basic military training and basic calisthenics are supplemented by baseball, tennis, boxing, football, basketball, track, judo, etc., develop skills and agilities that make them the best fighting men in the world.

And our American boys must develop these skills and agilities in school, in college, on our sand lots and play fields, in training camps and behind the lines, if they are to be physically fit to meet the fanatically conditioned fighting men of our enemies.

No machines of this highly mechanized war are so essential to our success as these fine "Human Machines" that carry the hopes of America's freedom into the front lines of battle.

Could anything be *more* important than the equipment that is necessary to give them this priceless physical training?—to develop not only the strength and endurance, but the skills and agilities they must have to outfight enemies who have been trained for war since childhood?

* * * *

So far as the materials made available to us, and facilities not engaged in war production permit, we will continue to supply equipment for the sports that help to make American fighting men the most efficient "Human Fighting Machines" in the war.

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Parallel Set ... harmonious blending of beauty and simplicity of design ... handmade. Bill Clip, $7.70; Tie Clip, $6.60; Cuff Links, $8.80; Ring, $25. Fed. Tax included.

Waterproof *Juvenia* watch with sterling bracelet, $97.

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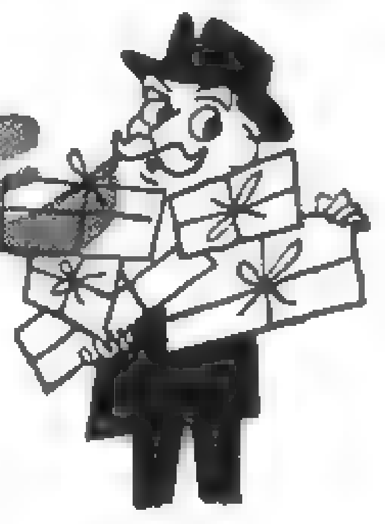
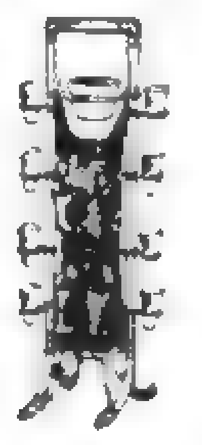
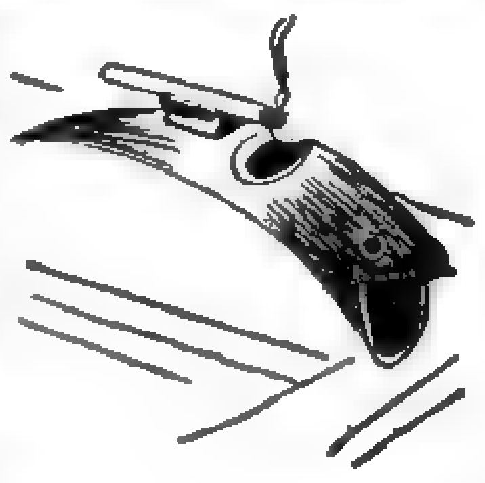
Talking Shop with Esquire



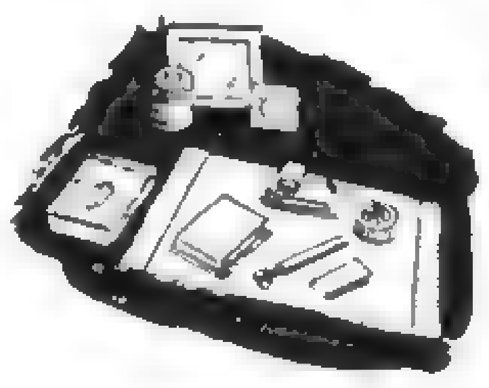
AL FRESCO BIBBLING. Handiest portable bar we've seen has a lightweight bamboo frame and stand rigged up with cross pieces of striped canvas arranged like shoe bags to hold 4 bottles. Wicker ring holders along the side of the frame grasp 8 highball glasses, and across the top there's a place for a glass ice container. The whole thing is light as a feather and easy to tote out to the garden or wherever. The glasses that go with it bear such popular remarks as "Tanks to the Yanks," "Send Us More Japs" and other wartime sloganalia.



ASHES TO ASHES. If Pop is a sportsman of sorts he'll like a novel ash tray handcarved from a genuine steer horn, hand polished to a mirror finish. The horn is designed in the shape of a fish ... 8" long, and room for a man-sized amount of ashes. Or he might like a circular ash tray in walnut with a strip of saddle stitched leather. In the center of the glass liner, there's a center rest for cigarette or cigar. Cigarette box to match.



THE GESTURE MAGNIFICENT. A leather desk set for Father's office will be a daily reminder of your thoughtfulness. Aggressively masculine, excessively handsome is this particular set in hand stitched topgrain cowhide. There's a desk pad, correspondence box, glasslined tobacco humidor, leather trimmed electric desk clock, inkwell and fountain pen stand, memo pad, library set, ashtray, hand blotter, even a picture frame, bearing a portrait of his favorite son, no doubt.



HICKORY HIKER. The ban on pleasure driving will put Dad back on his feet again. Sporty adjunct to long walks in the country, is a sturdy walking stick of hickory. The cane has a rugged bark finish, the handle is shaped like the root of a tree, nicely polished and easy to grasp. Also has a rawhide thong loop to swing nonchalantly over the arm when not in active use.

Ranger

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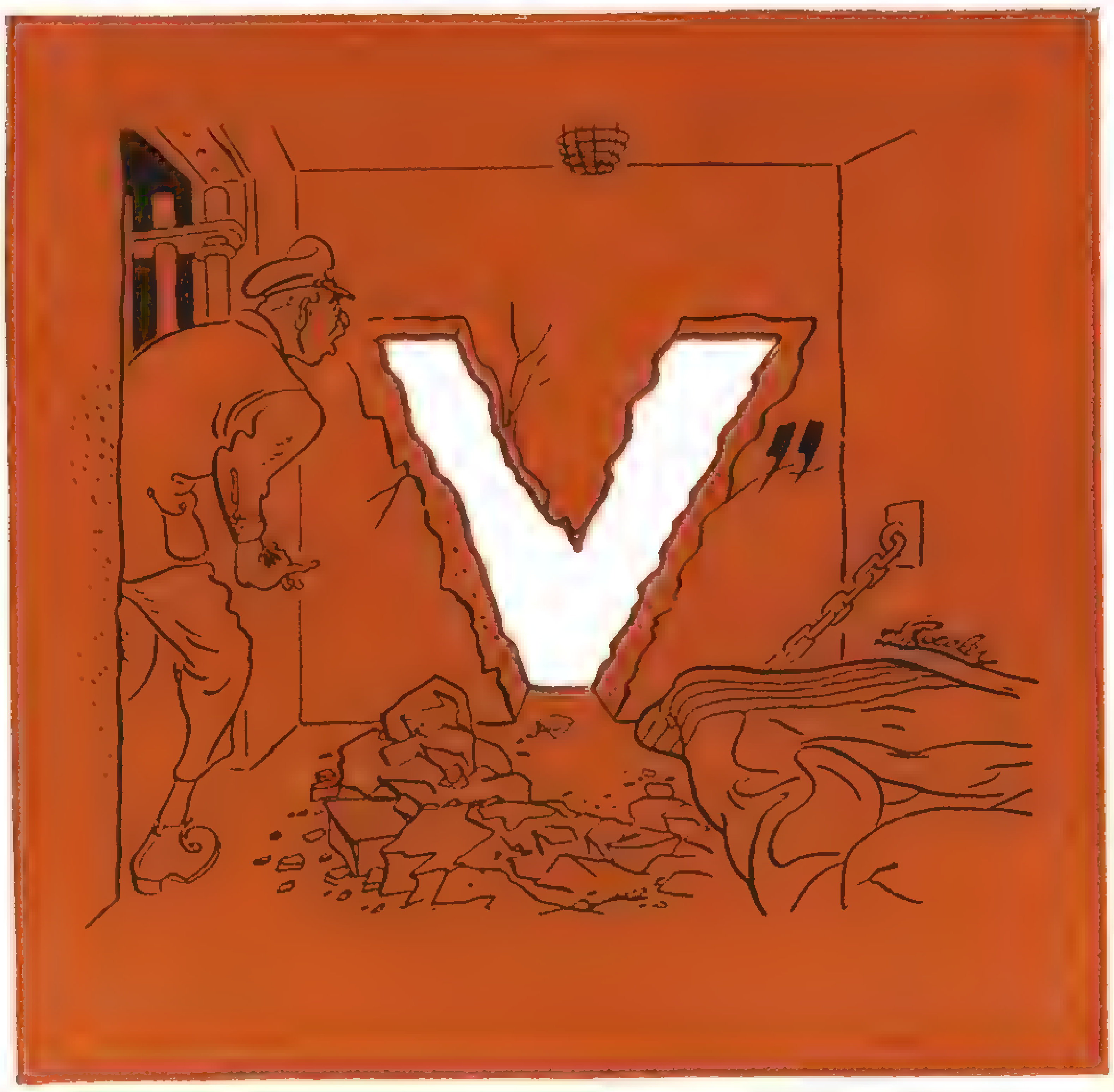

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WHEN YOU BUY
SPORTSWEAR

Spice your pipe-tobacco with

AROMIX

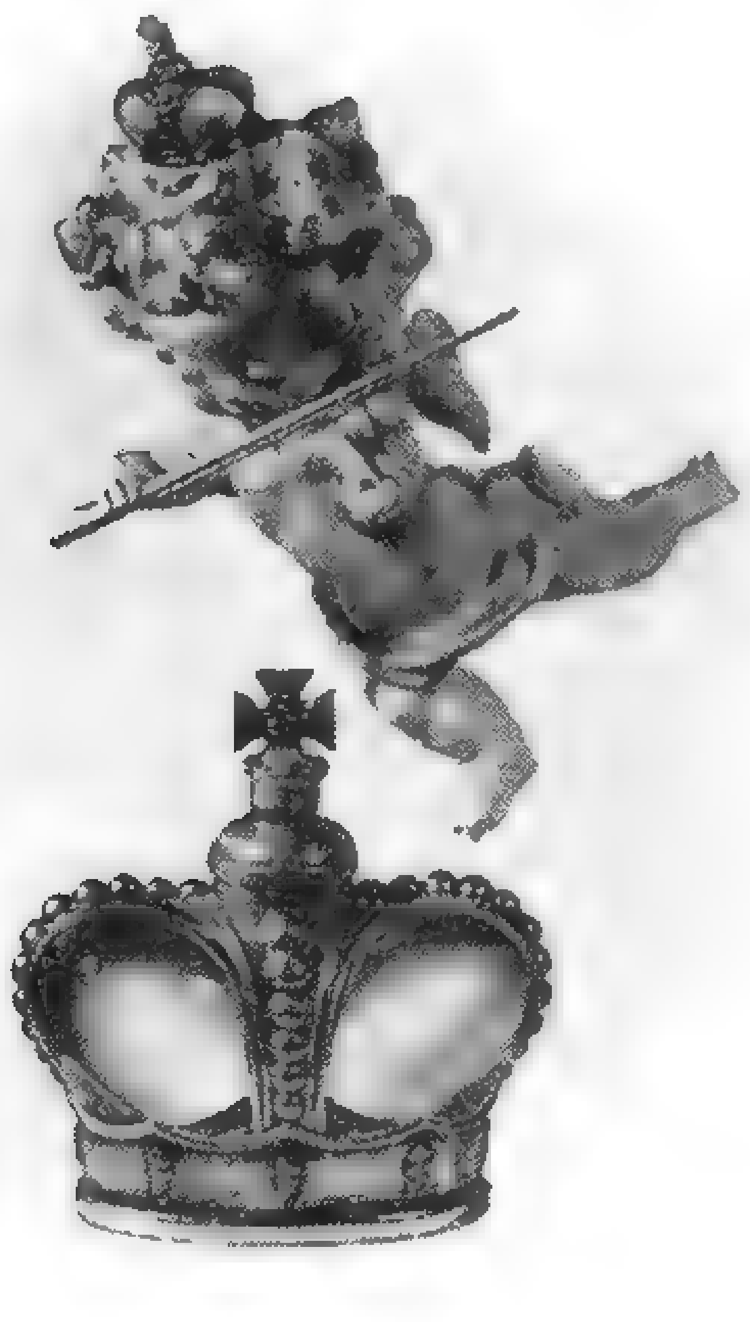
(AROMATIC, IRISH-TYPE TOBACCO)

The fragrant touch that adds so much

If you like an *extra*-fragrant smoke, Aromix will bring the breath of Springtime-in-Ireland to your favorite brand. It can be smoked straight; but you'll prefer it, we think, as a spice. The 2-oz. jar is 40c, enough to season a whole pound. If your dealer can't supply you, write us.

A PRODUCT OF
JOHN MIDDLETON
PHILADELPHIA

Stradivari
Liebestraum
A Dream of Love
NOCTURNE
Poco Allegro, con affetto
STEINWAY & SONS



Dream of Love caught and held in a lady's heart...
glorious melody sung by the strings of a violin...
captured forever in golden drops of
Stradivari, hauntingly beautiful and enduring new perfume
creation of Prince Matchabelli.

Prince Matchabelli

711 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Stradivari in famous gold-encrusted Prince Matchabelli Crowns—7.50, 13.50, 25.00 (Plus Tax)

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Max Brand

Max Brand was born in Seattle, Washington in 1892 and was sent to the University of California. His newspaper experience was for several years on a Honolulu newspaper which he left to enlist in the Canadian army in the last war. He was later transferred to the United States Engineers. It was after the Armistice that he really got into high gear in his writing of fiction, and became one of the world's most prolific writers. His books are translated practically wherever books are read. His reputation has been largely made in romantic western stories. During the last couple of years, however, he has practically deserted the so-called action story and has appeared in the *Post*, *McCall's*, *This Week*, *Harper's*, etc. He still maintains a pretty high rate of production, being among the fortunate few whose fertility never seems to run thin. His real name is Frederick Faust. He is married, has three children and lives in California.

•

Lt. Donald Lee Arlen, a crack bombardier, thinks the most tragic disaster in his life was the day he was picked to stay home and teach the other boys how to do it—while his classmates went over to get a shot at the real target. One day as he was sitting behind the glass-topped desk in the U. S. Treasury Department that loaned dignity to his twenty-five years, with never a thought of flying, he got a call from the Aviation Cadet Board in Washington. "Why, Hell, no," he said when they asked him whether or not he wanted to be a bombardier. Three days later the idea caught, he enlisted, and got his seven months' training. Now he's tucked away at an airport in the backwoods of New England, figuring out what he can do to get into a combat zone.

Lt. Donald Lee Arlen

•

Harlan Ware was a police reporter and a hotel press agent in Chicago, and worked on a paper in Shreveport, Louisiana, before finally deciding, in his early thirties, to escape to the comparative peace of Arcadia, California. He's been free-lancing ever since and making a very good thing of it, too.

•

C. L. (**Bud**) **Sawin** worked his way through college by teaching swimming, thereby obtaining a degree in business administration. On leaving school he decided to keep up the coaching, and his women's teams have dominated national swimming for the past few years (see *Hoosier Swimmaster*, June '43 Esquire). He is currently employed as a sales executive for a carbon paper company, but spends all his spare hours coaching a local Y. M. C. A. team and bringing up new girls for his championship women's team. He looks forward to a bright future for a promising champion named Virginia Lee Sawin, aged two, his only offspring.

C. L. Sawin

•

An old Arizonian, **Jack O'Connor** has been hunting and shooting all his life between turns as a press agent, college teacher, reporter, magazine editor and novelist. He likes his native state because the hunting is good there, besides being conveniently near the excellent hunting state of Sonora in Mexico. He has written articles about his grand passion for Esquire since 1935, and his current piece is *The Shootingest Nation Wins*, on page 47.

•

Budd Schulberg is that terrible young man of Hollywood whose cynical *What Makes Sammy Run* depicted a lowdown heel who was positively and irrevocably identified as at least a dozen different people. His short stories have appeared in *Collier's*, *Liberty* and *Story Magazine* as well as in these pages and he was included in the O'Brien Honor Roll in 1940. His father is Benjamin Percival Schulberg, the movie producer and Hollywood has been his home for the most part. He has a B. A. from Dartmouth, despite the fact that he "vexed the Tory alumni" by helping the Vermont Quarry Strikers in his undergraduate days. In 1936 he married Virginia Ray, a dancer, and they now have a daughter, Victoria. He is twenty-nine years old.

•

Jesse Stuart, who has wandered over into the article department this month with a story too true to be classed as fiction (*The Rows Grow Longer*, page 31), has had a busy and productive year. Besides farming down in Riverton, Kentucky, being Superintendent of the Greenup City Schools, and begetting a daughter, he has written two novels, one of which will be published by Duttons this fall, and which they consider his finest.

Jesse Stuart

•

Stuart Cloete, whose *Cossacks Defend the Don* is among this month's fiction, fought with the Coldstream Guards in the last war, and was wounded in action. He spent several years on a ranch in South Africa, and now lives in the Bahamas. His most recent book, published by Houghton Mifflin, is *Congo Song* and he has also written several novels, *Turning Wheels*, *Watch for the Dawn*, and *The Hill of Doves*.

•

This photograph of Bernard Baruch at twenty-two, taken more than a half-century ago, recalls the days when the Wall Street wizard was an amateur boxer, and when his right hooks were as highly respected as were his stock-market hunches in later years. Perhaps the fact that he boxed every day until he was forty is a partial index to the character of the man who was considered by Hindenburg a particularly dangerous American, who was called "the Prince" by Clemenceau and "the Boss" by Winston Churchill. Rather than steal any more of **Struthers Burt's** stuff, however, we simply refer you to *Two-fisted Fighting Man* on page 42.

Bernard Baruch

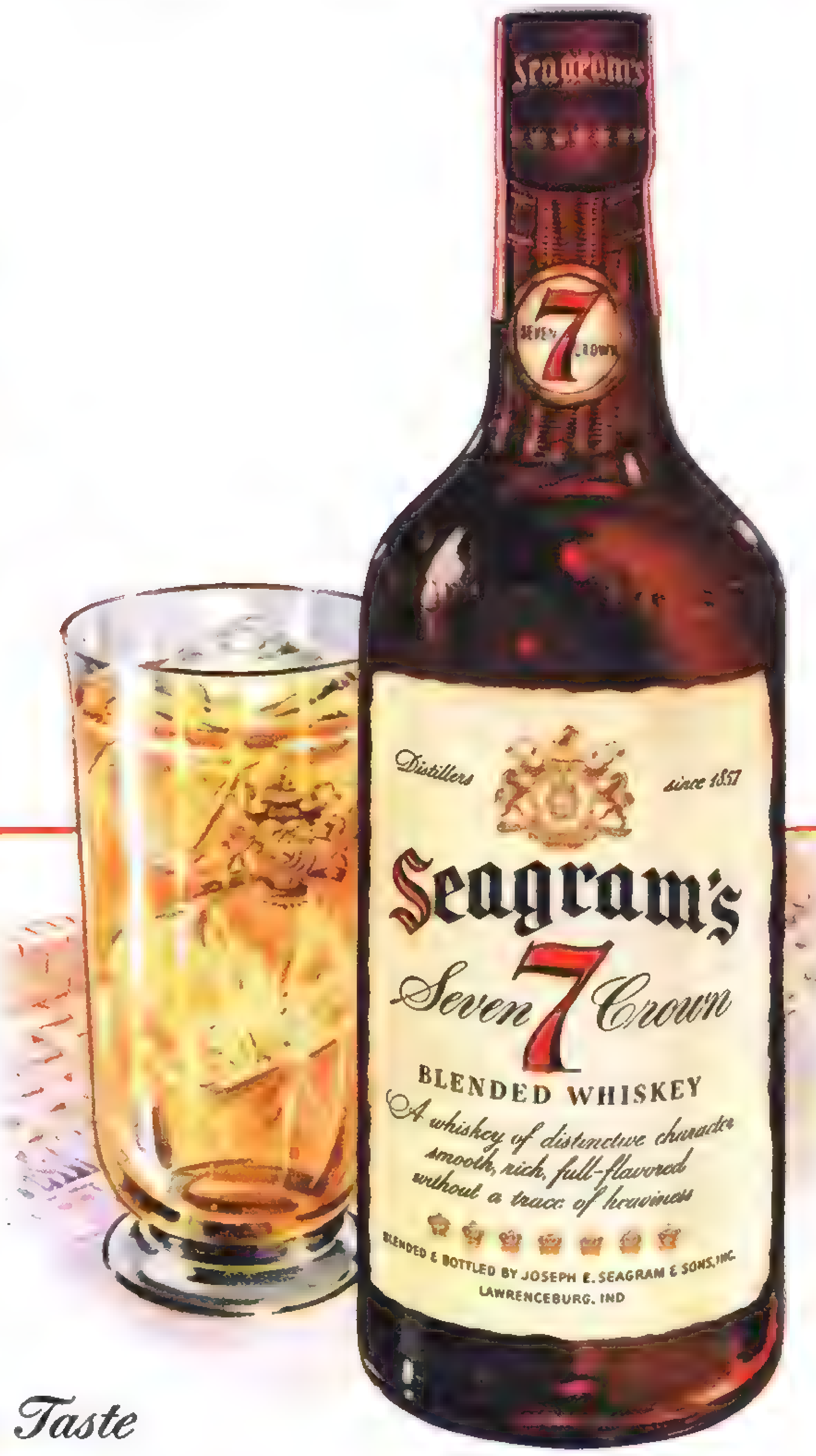
•

Richard Hubler says: "I am twenty-nine, married, with an airedale to keep my wife company when I'm out looking for stories. I am Scotch-Irish-German, my wife is Portuguese-Greek-English. She is blonde and beautiful, I am dark and beautiful. See picture. I graduated from Swarthmore College in 1934, joined the Army Air Corps, washed out, went to *Newsweek* and stayed there off and on from 1935 to 1939. During that time I was assistant foreign editor, radio, education, religion editor, et al. I also took a six months' bounce around Europe, went bust in Paris, got home after spending most of my time in Russia and Finland. I went with PM in 1940, left in 1941, a history which is not unusual with most of the early PMnicks. I am in Hollywood writing books (just finished one for Doubleday). Uncle Sam is sweet-talkin' me and the Army will undoubtedly get me soon. I hope to go down to the Caribbean where in 1941 I took a six months' cruise in a 38-foot ketch through the same waters where the Axis subs now run."

Richard Hubler

As a Day in June

"And what is so rare as a day in June?"—
My friend the builder quoted;
For even a builder is not immune
To nature's charms—as noted.
So what could I say when he raised his glass
And pledged the season's fairness
Except to remind him that seasons pass,
While some things *hold* their rareness . .
"You're right!"—and he gave me a knowing grin,
Correcting himself in haste . .
"There's a lasting contentment blended in
With this savory Seven's taste!"


Seagram's
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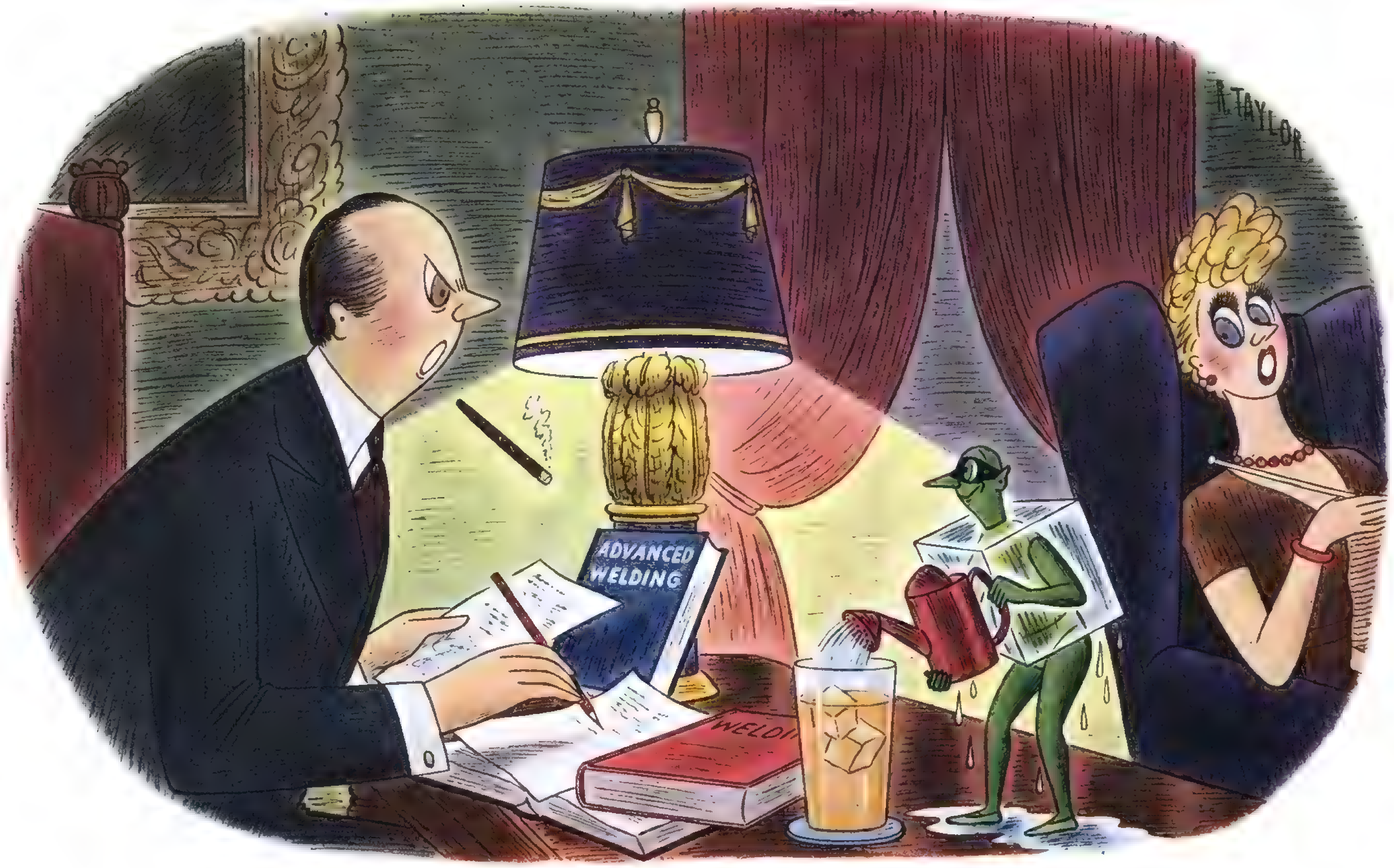
Seven Crown
Distillers
since 1857
Seagram's
Seven 7 Crown
BLENDED WHISKEY
A whiskey of distinctive character smooth, rich, full-flavored without a trace of heaviness
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, INC.
LAWRENCEBURG, IND

So RARE, so rich, so hearty... yet Seagram's 7 Crown is light and gentle as a June breeze... a savory blend of Seagram's noblest stocks... smoothed and taste-toned with soft-stilled, neutral spirits... "the Stradivarius of whiskies."

MOST PLEASING *to the Palate*
LEAST TAXING *to the Taste*

Seagram's 7 Crown

Seagram's 7 Crown Blended Whiskey. 65% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York.

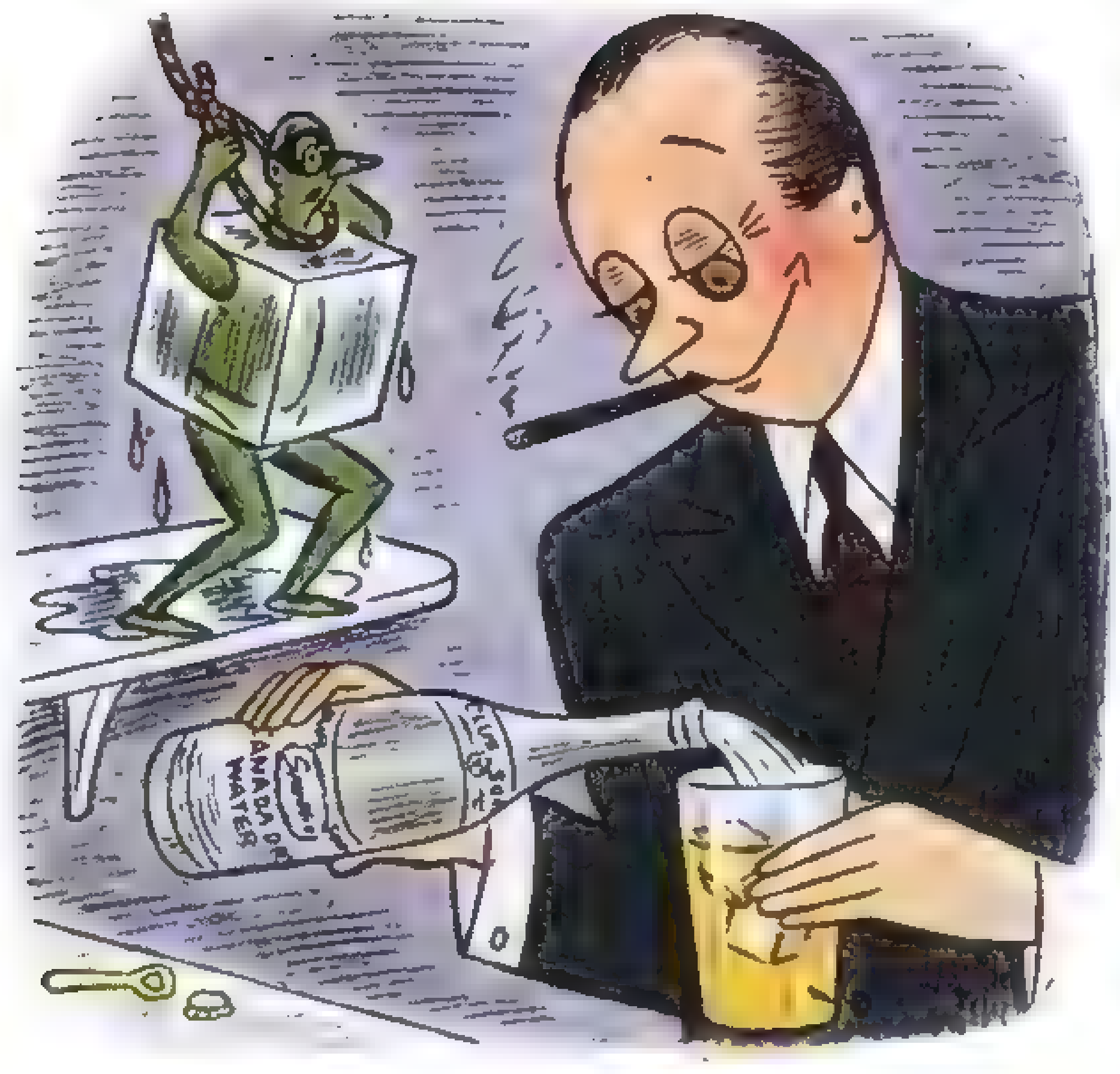


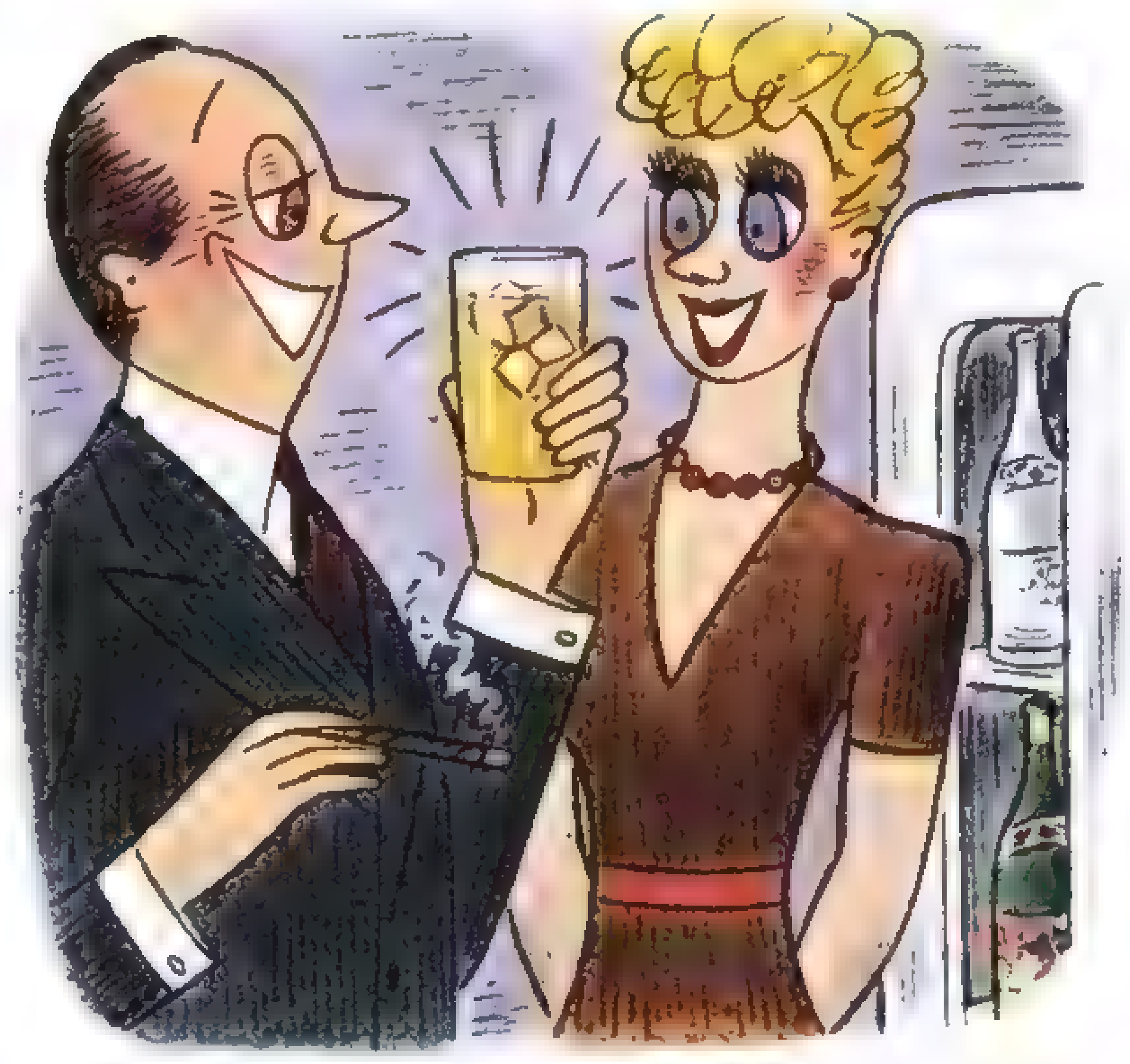
"Stop!" said the broker, "you're watering my private stock!"

BROKER: I've got enough troubles trying to do my welding school homework without your ruining my last bottle of Old Whatsis. Go 'way!

MELTING ICE: Heh, heh. Buy bargain club soda, will you? Watch my air bubbles steal the sparkle-bubbles out of that drink and my ice water dilute what's left. Will it go flat! Watch me liquidate!

BROKER'S WIFE (to broker): Don't scream, dear—I'll order some Canada Dry Water.





BROKER: Okay, my frozen liability—try and spoil *this* drink. That's Canada Dry Water.

MELTING ICE: Curses! My career is ruined!

BROKER: You said it. That "PIN-POINT CARBONATION"*—millions of tinier bubbles—gives blue-chip sparkle to the last drop. And Canada Dry's special formula means "preferred" flavor—makes drinks taste like a billion!

BROKER: Will this sparkle never decline?

BROKER'S WIFE: Not for days! A recapped bottle of Canada Dry Water in the refrigerator holds its superior flavor and tangy sparkle like a ticker holds tape.

BROKER: What a capital dividend! We'll soon save enough to buy a share of Consolidated Bubbles!

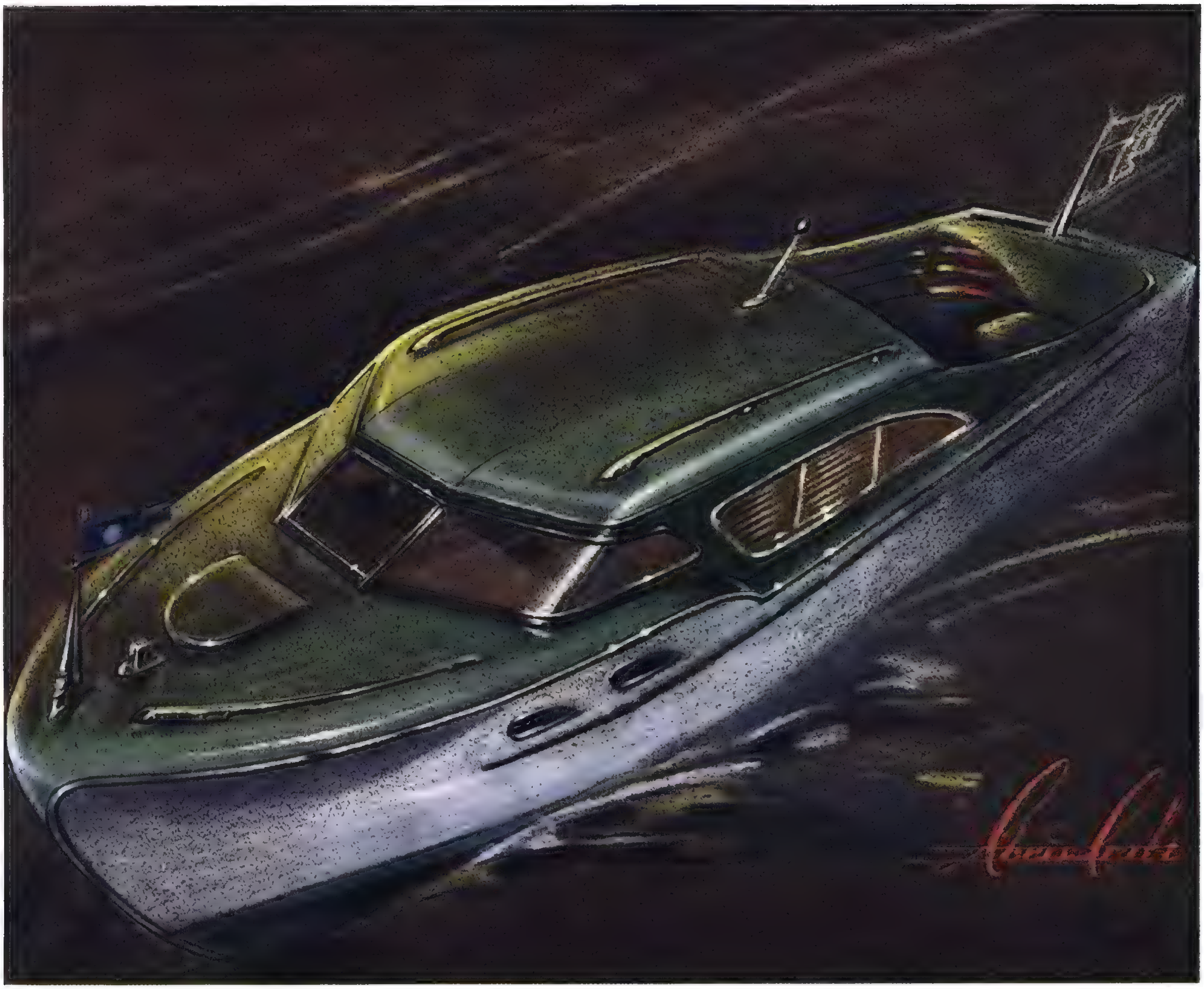
BUY THE BIG BOTTLE
SAVE MONEY
CONSERVE CAPS

CLUB SODA
Sparkling
CANADA DRY
WATER
CANADA DRY
PALE GINGER ALE
NEW YORK

Going Out? Speak up for these finer mixers. They make any drink taste better.

CANADA DRY WATER-GINGER ALE
TOM COLLINS MIXER – LIME RICKEY

*PIN-POINT CARBONATION
the famous Canada Dry method of achieving livelier and longer-lasting zest.



You can expect great things from Chris-Craft after the war. Greater safety afloat. New styling . . . through new designs. Miracles of economy from war-born fuels. Greater ruggedness, more quiet operation, new comfort and conveniences from new materials. Everything in boating that is proved and practical will be incorporated in all post-war Chris-Craft.

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Today we're 100% on war work producing vital craft for the U. S. armed forces at the fastest rate in history. Immediately after victory we'll be ready with a complete new line of Chris-Craft with models to fit every purse and purpose.

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WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF MOTOR BOATS

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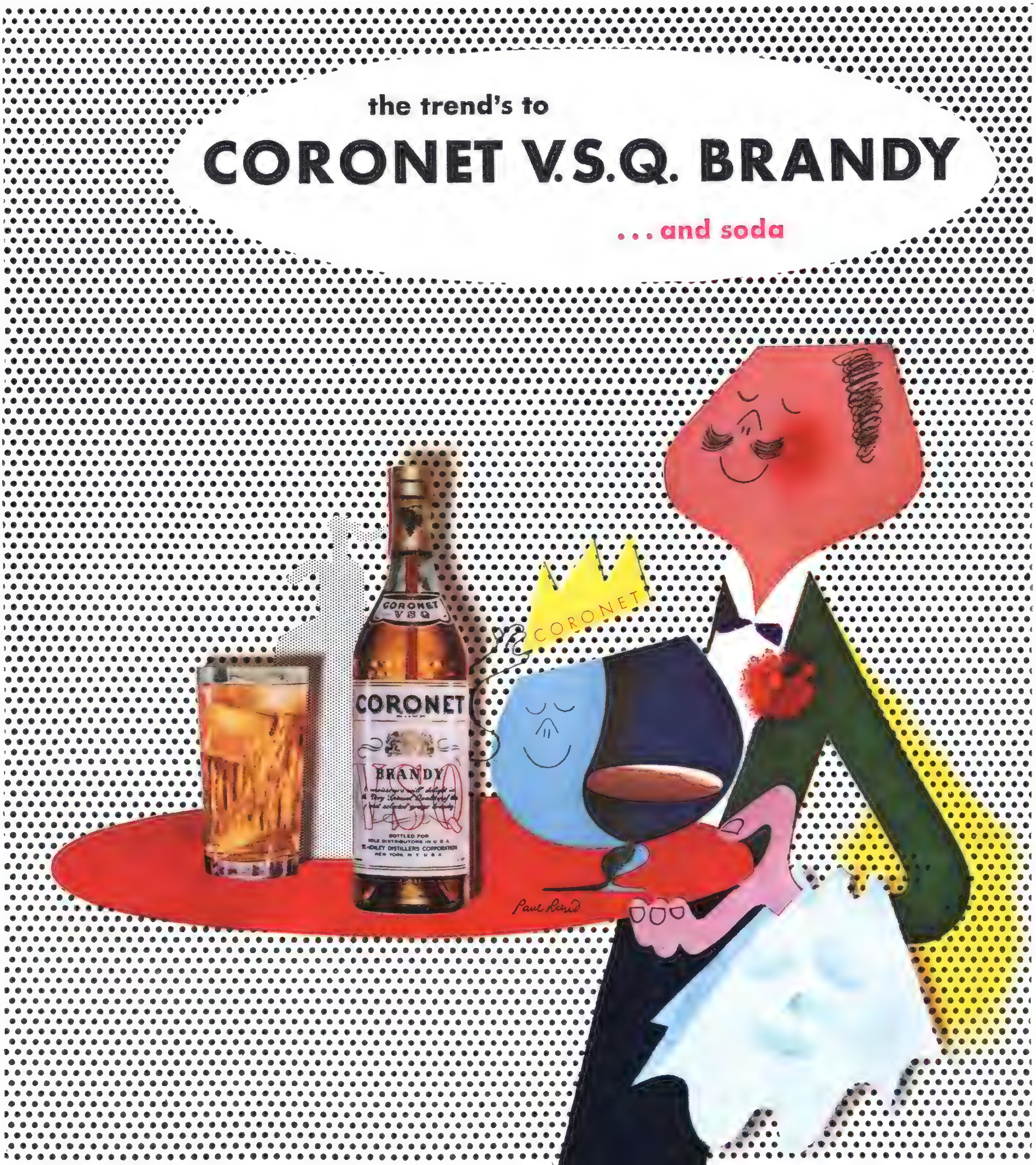
All three Chris-Craft factories fly the Army-Navy "E" Burgees.

the trend's to

CORONET V.S.Q. BRANDY

. . . and soda

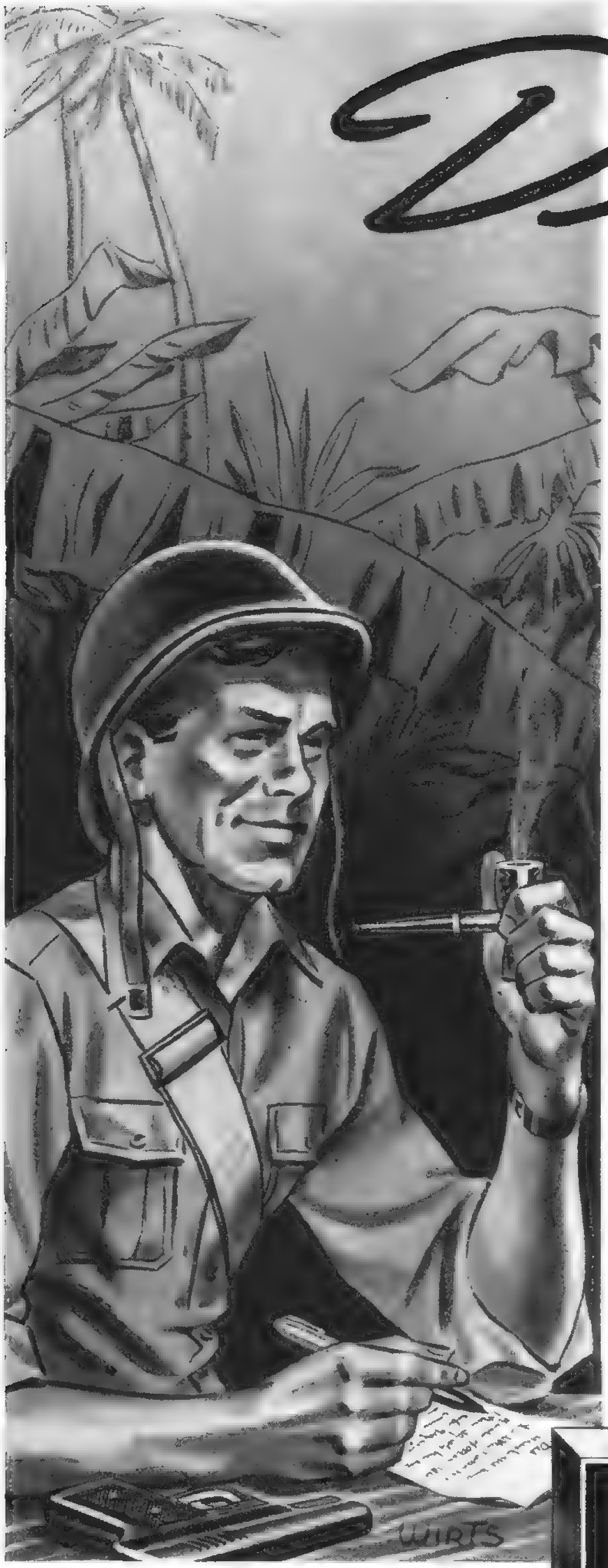


Fresher-tasting as you sip . . . and afterwards !
Word's getting around about this milder, smoother,
sparkling tall drink. Made with *Coronet* . . .
a de luxe American brandy as distinguished as you've
ever tasted . . . anywhere . . . anytime !
★ ***make your dollars fight . . . buy war bonds and stamps !***

50c for unique Coronet snifter (illustrated) yours without advertising. 32 oz. 6" high. Shipped postpaid. Send check or money order to Schenley Distillers Corp. P. O. box 78, dept. B, New York City

Tune in! Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival" every Wednesday evening, Columbia Broadcasting System.

California grape brandy 84 proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y.



Dear Dad:

Maybe by the time this letter crosses a few thousand miles of ocean, Father's Day will have come and gone. But the date isn't important, dad, when there are so many things I want to thank you for . . . the little things and the big things you've done for me.

There was that time you let me buy a tux for the class dance. And there were those five spots you used to slip into letters I got at college . . . and I knew there weren't many to spare. And that big day, my twenty-first birthday, when you gave me my first pipe . . . an honest-to-goodness Dr. Grabow. That told me, dad, you wanted me to know I had grown up in your eyes.

But a fellow really grows up mighty fast in this man's war. And I'm not ashamed to say I love you for having taught me faith and courage and for being the man I want to be.

Right now, dad, I've got a good grip on the Dr. Grabow you gave me just before I left home. It helps me think things through and keep a grip on myself.

If I know mom, she'll come through with a Dr. Grabow for you for Father's Day. Just wish I could be there to fill up with you.

Give mom a big hug and kiss for me and tell her I'll write soon. But this, dad, is for you on Father's Day.

Love

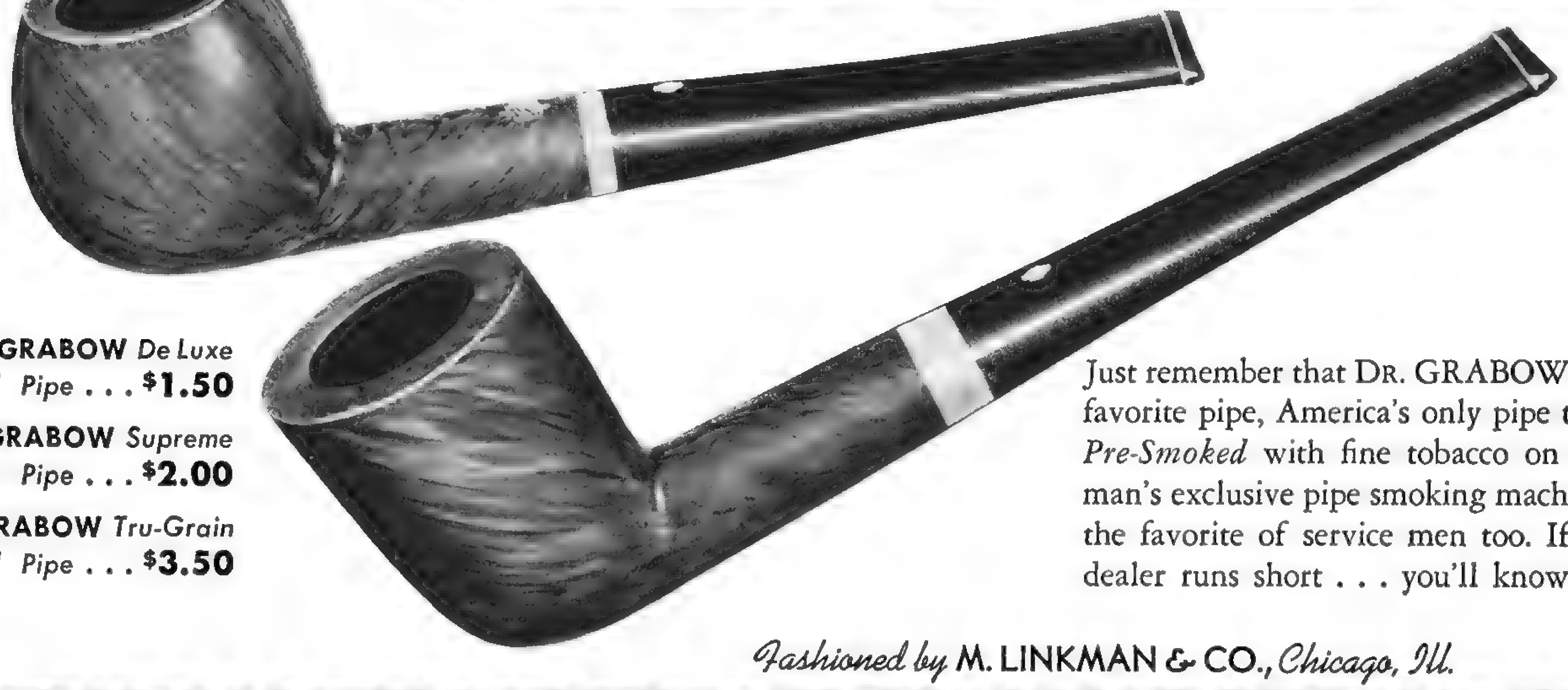
BUTCH

SERVING EVERYWHERE WITH THE ARMED FORCES

Pre-Smoked REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

DR. GRABOW

THE *Pre-Smoked* PIPE



Above: **DR. GRABOW** De Luxe Pre-Smoked Pipe . . . **$1.50**

Right: **DR. GRABOW** Supreme Pre-Smoked Pipe . . . **$2.00**

Also: **DR. GRABOW** Tru-Grain Pre-Smoked Pipe . . . **$3.50**

Just remember that DR. GRABOW, *your* favorite pipe, America's only pipe that is *Pre-Smoked* with fine tobacco on Linkman's exclusive pipe smoking machine, is the favorite of service men too. If your dealer runs short . . . you'll know why.

Fashioned by M. LINKMAN & CO., *Chicago, Ill.*

FOR VICTORY BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

SHORT OR LONG YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH MYERS'S

Whether you are having a Planters' Punch, a cocktail, or a collins, use this dark Jamaica Rum.

The fragrant bouquet, the full-flavoured body, the rich dark colour, the treasured high quality never vary. For a soul-satisfying "lift" in moments of relaxation, and that famous "wealth of flavour", remember—

The Rum Must be MYERS'S
"Planters' Punch" Brand
100% Fine Mellow Jamaica—97 Proof

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MYERS'S RUM

. . . Proper at Any Occasion

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Painting the Town with Esquire

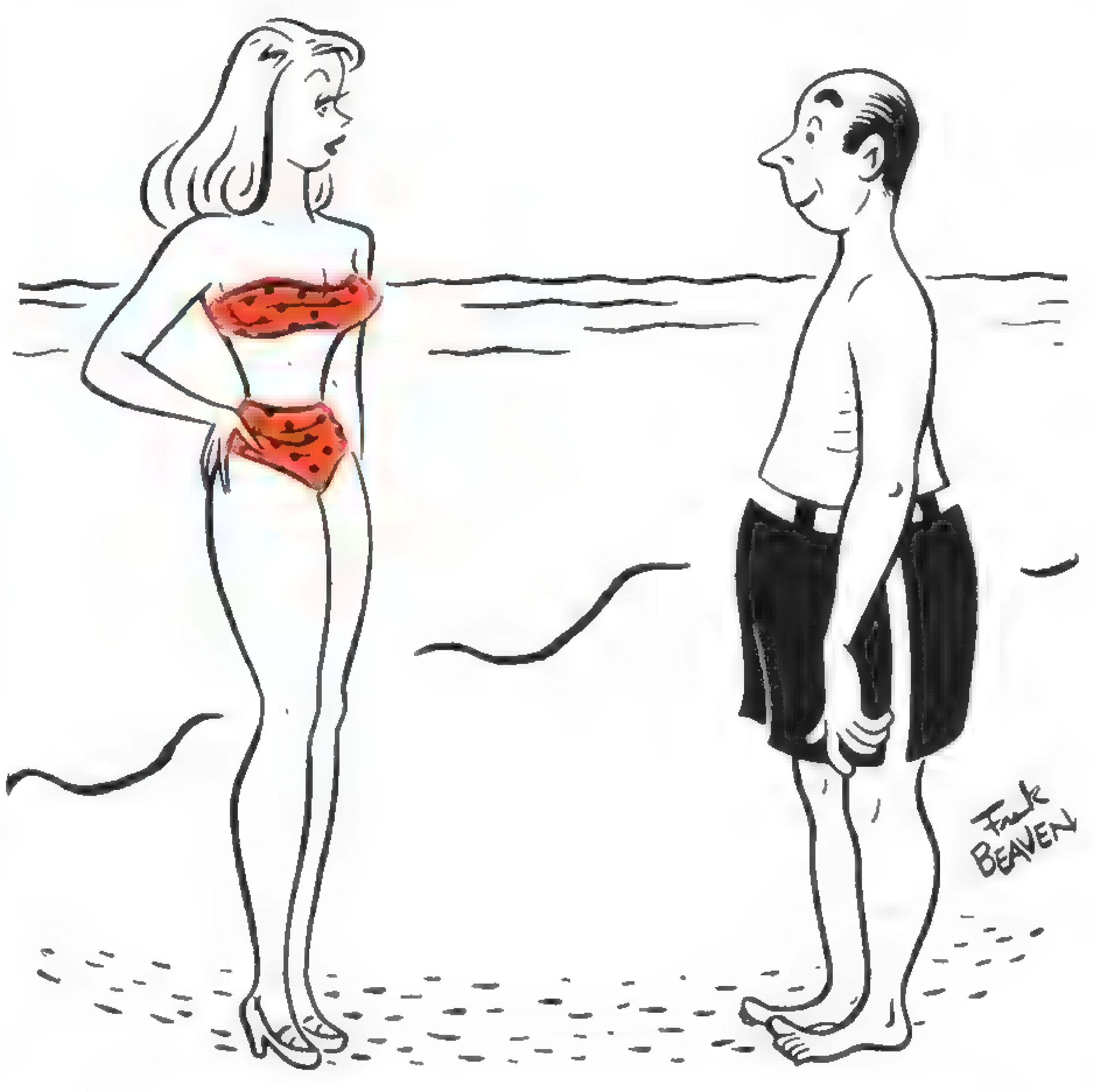
NEW YORK CITY is new territory to many of the service men invading Broadway and points East, but they certainly aren't finding its latch-strings chill-heartedly tucked in. The Stage Door Canteen, nestling under the American Theatre Wing at 224 West 44th, with its gratis treats and glamours, has become famed from Guadalcanal to Tunisia because of the footlight, flicker, and mike stars who chore there evenings. *This* is the Drama, Mr. Jones. The same Wing operates also a mighty tidy snack-barred Club for Merchant Seamen at 109 West 43rd, where Alfred Lunt is the ranking soupchef. Here sea dogs are beached in clover.

FURLOUGHERS arriving famished at Grand Central are Travelers' Aid-ed by the service men's canteen and lounge in said Terminal's balcony, functioning 24 hours a day. Across the street is Pa Knickerbocker's own Information Bureau, for fending bum steers. Couple of blocks below, at 99 Park Ave., the New York City Defense Recreation Committee hands out free tickets to theatres, movies, concerts, sports events. Penn Station is likewise a complimentary feeding and guiding center.

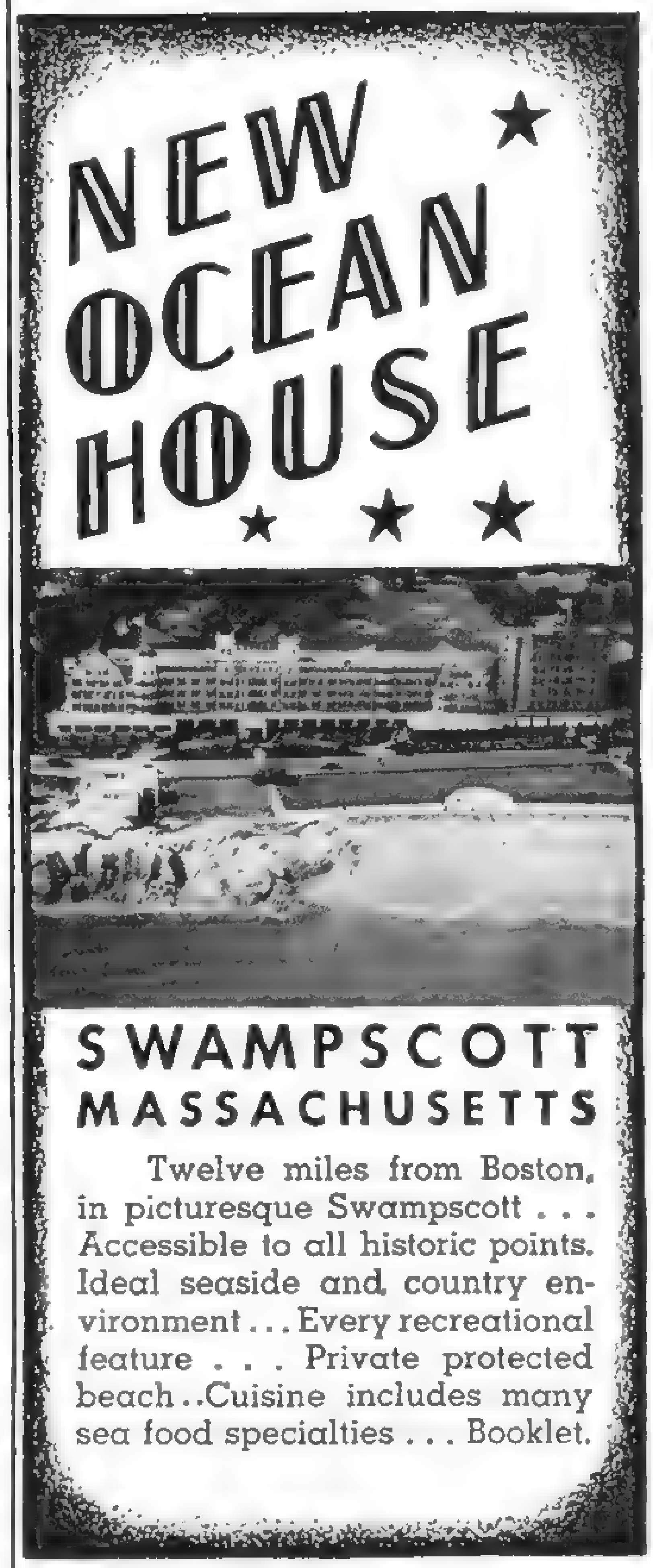
THE Soldiers & Sailors Club, 283 Lexington Ave., which has been continuous since 1918, sleeps them at 50¢ a night in snug quarters, as well as giving dances and parties. The attractive National Catholic Community Service Center, 17 East 51st, its canteen reached by a gangplank of the *S. S. America*, is open-doored to fellows of all faiths. Commissioned Officers rally to The Officers' Club of New York in the Sherry-Netherland Hotel where facilities are pleasant and prices special. Pleasant doings and no dues.

THE Maple Leaf Club, 601 Fifth Ave., though primarily for Canadians (merchant seamen included), is equally hospitable to fellows hailing from below the border. And the same broad-heartedness is met with at the Union Jack Club, 587 Fifth Ave., designed for fighting and sailing men of the British Empire. Doughty Down-underers are welcomed at the Anzac Club, 105 West 56th; also at the Overseas Visitors' Club in the Hotel Piccadilly, 227 West 45th . . . Waacs, Waves, Spars, Marines (fem.) and Army and Navy nurses are palaced in the Whitelaw Reid mansion, Madison Ave. at 50th. The loveliest nose in the world couldn't be powdered more handsomely.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Avenue, New York. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.



"I should think you men would feel naked with just those trunks on!"


NEW OCEAN HOUSE

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Twelve miles from Boston, in picturesque Swampscott . . . Accessible to all historic points. Ideal seaside and country environment . . . Every recreational feature . . . Private protected beach . . Cuisine includes many sea food specialties . . . Booklet.

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N. Y's No. 1 CAFE STAR
LEON & EDDIE'S
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DIVAN PARISIEN
Le Restaurant Par Excellence
CUISINE FRANCAISE
FAMOUS FOR CHICKEN DIVAN & SPECIAL SALAD
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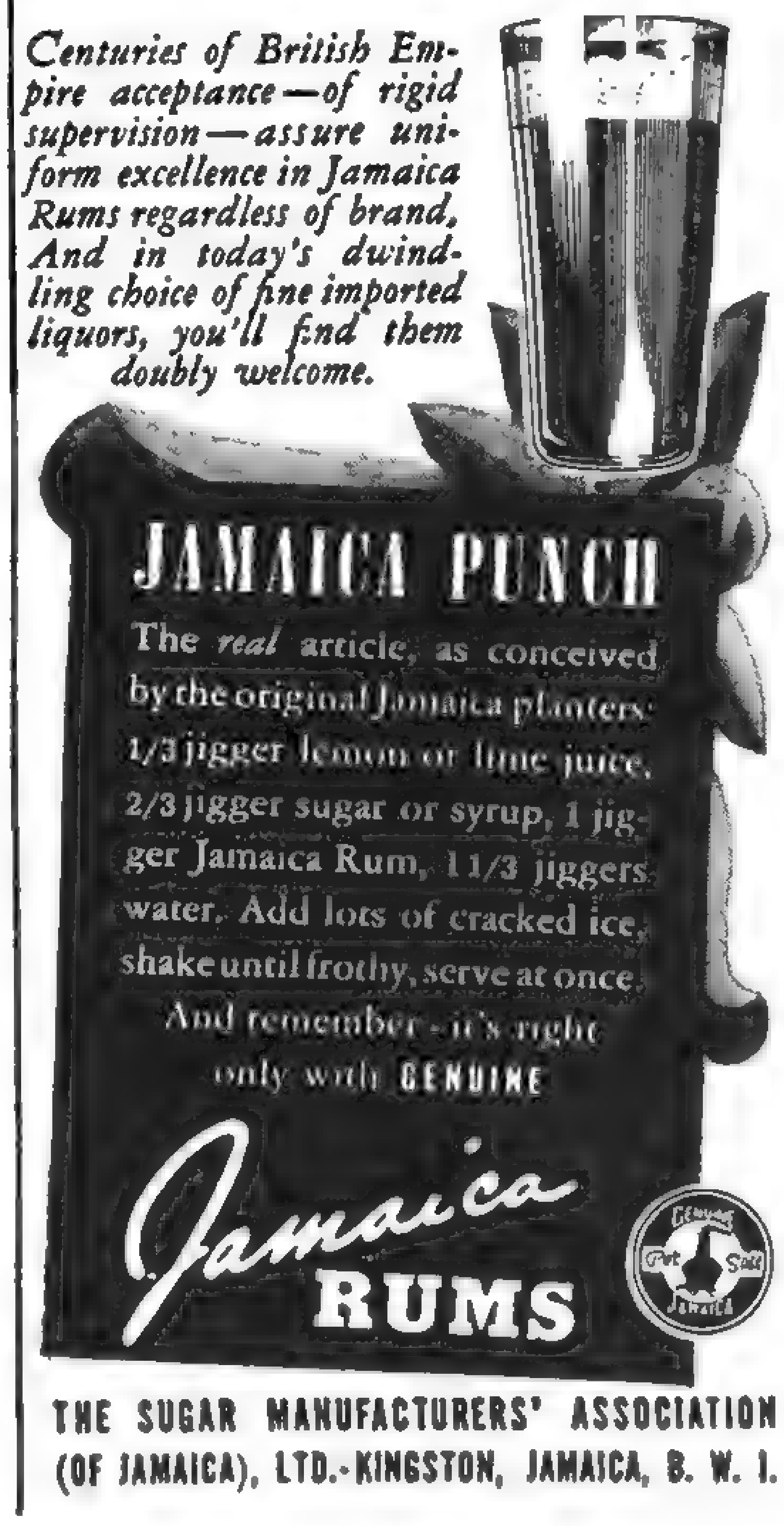

Centuries of British Empire acceptance—of rigid supervision—assure uniform excellence in Jamaica Rums regardless of brand, And in today's dwindling choice of fine imported liquors, you'll find them doubly welcome.

JAMAICA PUNCH

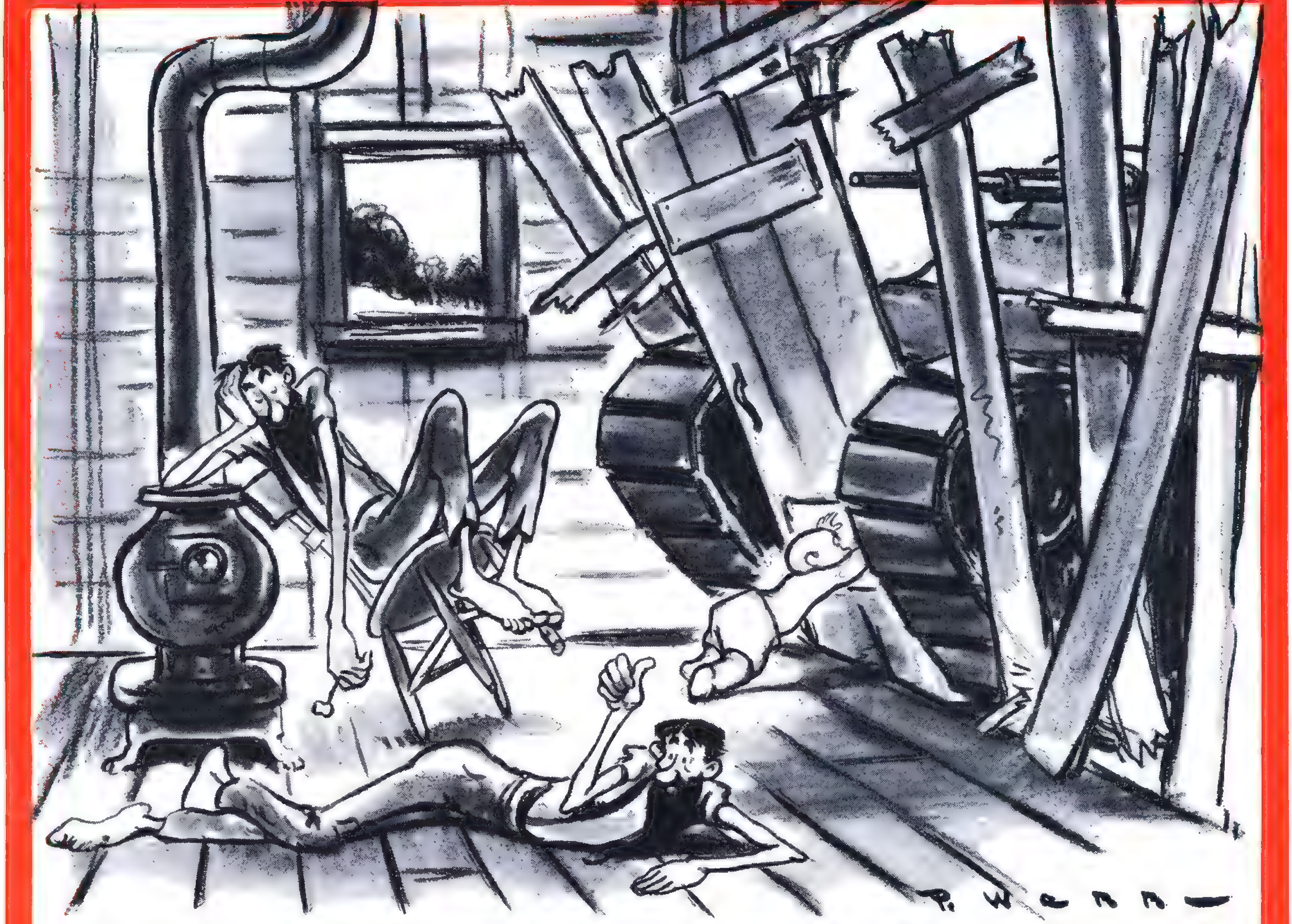
The *real* article, as conceived by the original Jamaica planters: 1/3 jigger lemon or lime juice, 2/3 jigger sugar or syrup, 1 jigger Jamaica Rum, 1 1/3 jiggers water. Add lots of cracked ice, shake until frothy, serve at once. And remember—it's right only with GENUINE

Jamaica RUMS

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA), LTD.-KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

IN SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT



"Gran'maw—thar's someone a-knockin' at the door!"

"PLUG-CHEK" WAKES UP SPARK-WEARY ENGINES

Today, opportunity is knocking at the garage doors of America's car owners. Here's the good news! If your car is "spark-weary" Auto-Lite Spark Plug dealers can help you make your gas coupons go further with "Plug-Chek" inspection service.

Actual tests by the American Automobile Association show this new kind of spark plug service can increase gas mileage as much as 12%. "Plug-Chek" is as simple as the ABC on the gas ration books.

Get more essential miles of transportation. Be sure to ask your nearest Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer for "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service today.

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Color and condition tell whether spark plugs are operating properly or wasting gas and power. Matching your plugs with those illustrated on the "Plug-Chek" is the first step in restoring new life to "spark-weary" engines.

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Painting the Town with Esquire

OR, rather, *pointing* the town. And there are two ways of doing so. The hoggose way is to barge in upon a trusty restaurateur to whom one's whims are ukases, and say: "Boniface old boy, you know I'm one of your good customers, so trot me out a nice triple-thick steak, the kind I always get, never mind how it raids your points. And some extra butter, please, and see if you can snare me a second cup of coffee." After all, mine host is there to oblige, and shouldn't be selfishly hoping to stay in business . . . The other way is to note the specials of the day and see what cheffish resourcefulness has evolved for tasty trenchering sans undue inroads on the national food treasury. In reward, such choosers ofttimes get gullet breaks that take rank as major discoveries in dishdom.

WITH BUNCHES of grapes propitiously bordering its carte des eats, Le Veau d'Or (meaning ze Golden Calf) at 129 East 60th, plays a neat shell game of Coquille St. Jacques (hot sea food appetizer) and Canard Bigarrade (duck dunked in oranges and wine), culminating in flaming desserts. 'Tis but a small place, and the prices aren't so large either . . . Mighty seemly dinery on Murray Hill is the Audubon printed refection room (up a few steps from the Bar) of No. 10 Park Avenue—residential hotel which somehow has become rendezvous for neighborhooders. Curries and Creamed Chicken Bonne Femme are some of the élite victuals which headwaiter Nicholas beams about, and he's no exaggerator.

IF THE WHIRLING Hispanic stomp-artistes at El Chico (80 Grove St.) make your palms itch with castanet ambitions, try a Rum Collins. It cools and soothes . . . Cornered in London Terrace (405 West 23rd), where doormen wear Cockney cop garb so they can arrest a cab for you, is the King Arthur Restaurant, seemingly dedicated to proving that knights of the round table like their meals square and well sluiced . . . Remember the cheery Sea Island Yacht Club down in Georgia? Rejoice then that its helmswoman, Mme. Servant, now navigates Le Restaurant Suisse (22 East 54th), dispensing Swiss, French and American specialties of notable hatchworthiness.

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HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST DISTILLED DRY GIN
LONDON
PARK & TILFORD

The worlds finest
DRY GIN

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

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Imported Dry Gin

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NO COVER OPEN SUNDAYS
Jimmy Kelly's
The Montmartre of New York
REVUE 8:45, 11:45, 2 A.M.
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DINNER $1.50

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How to get at the
Bottom
Of a
"BIG HEAD"

After a night on the town and an over-indulgent bout at table or bottle:—

Take 1 to 4 tablespoonfuls of Angostura Bitters in a little water, hot or cold.

Your "big head" is the result of the beating your stomach took, and the stomachic qualities of Angostura are just what you need. After all—it was your stomach that was abused, not your head.

ANGOSTURA
Dr. Siegert's
BITTERS
A TONIC APPETIZER
"GOOD FOR THE STOMACH"

ANGOSTURA-WUPPERMANN CORPORATION
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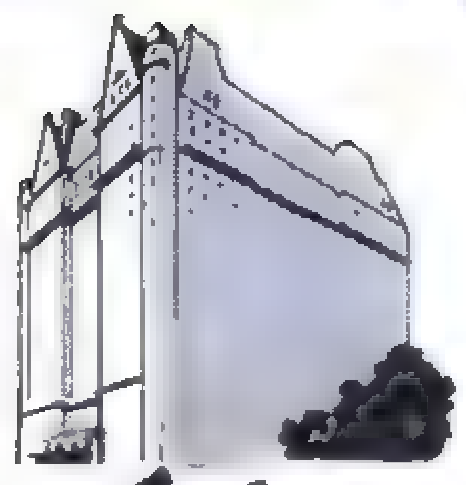

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The park location makes it restfully quiet, and you have subway and bus lines at the door for quick transportation around town.

Air-Conditioned Units Available

Sensible Tariff
From $4 per person (2 in a room)
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Suites from $12

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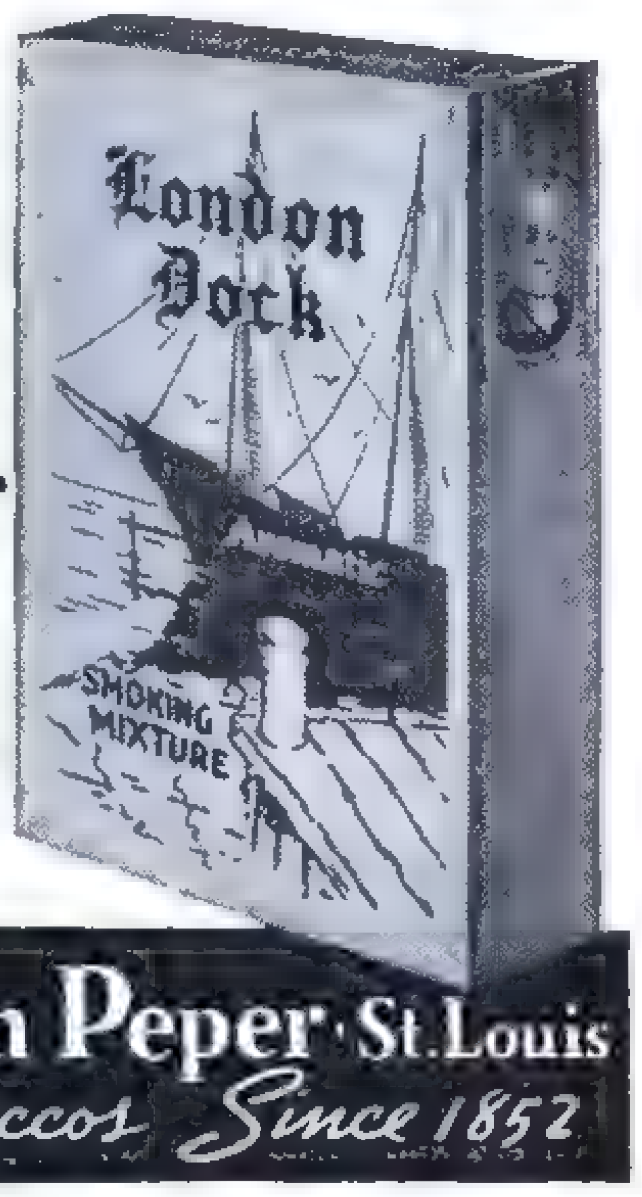

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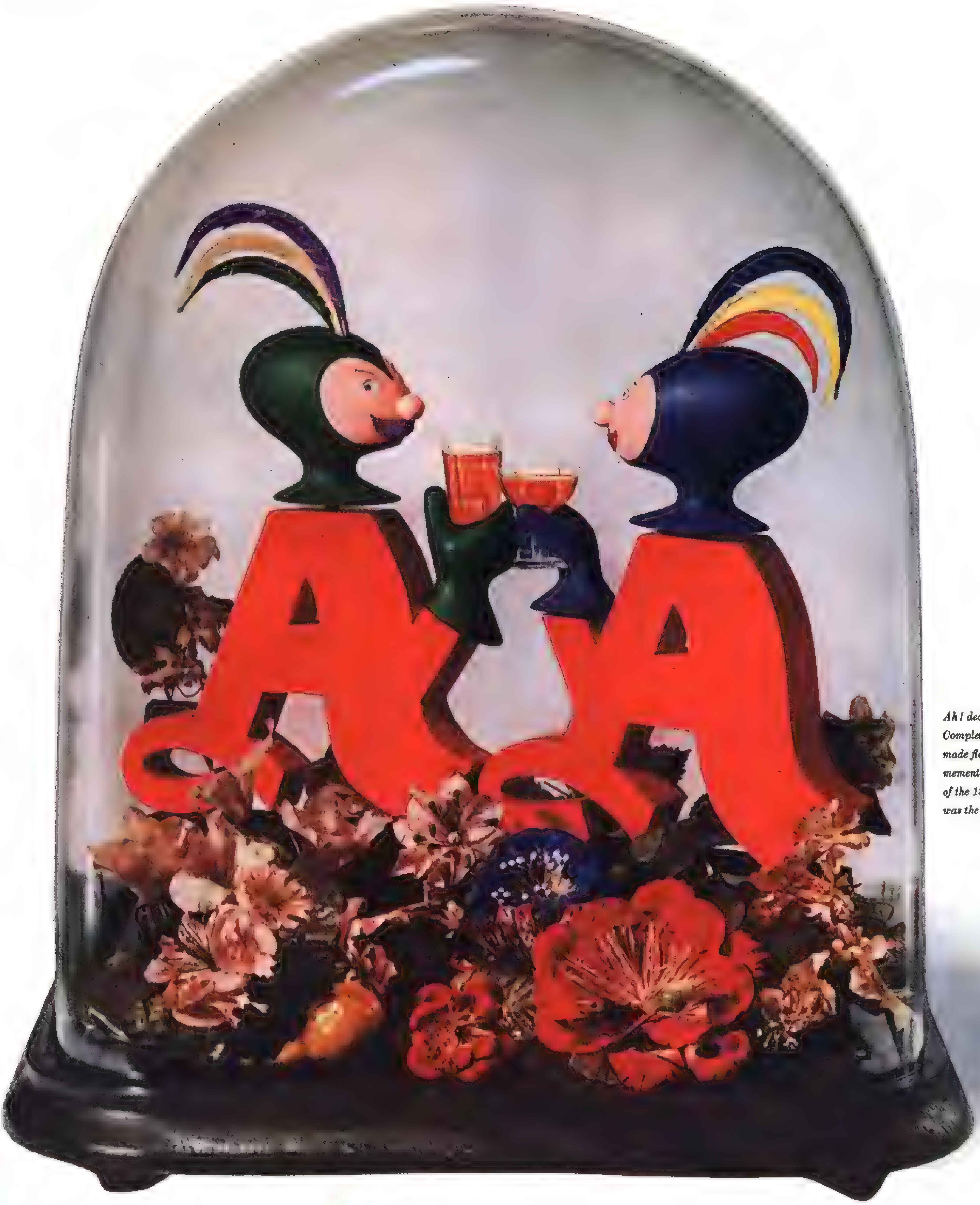

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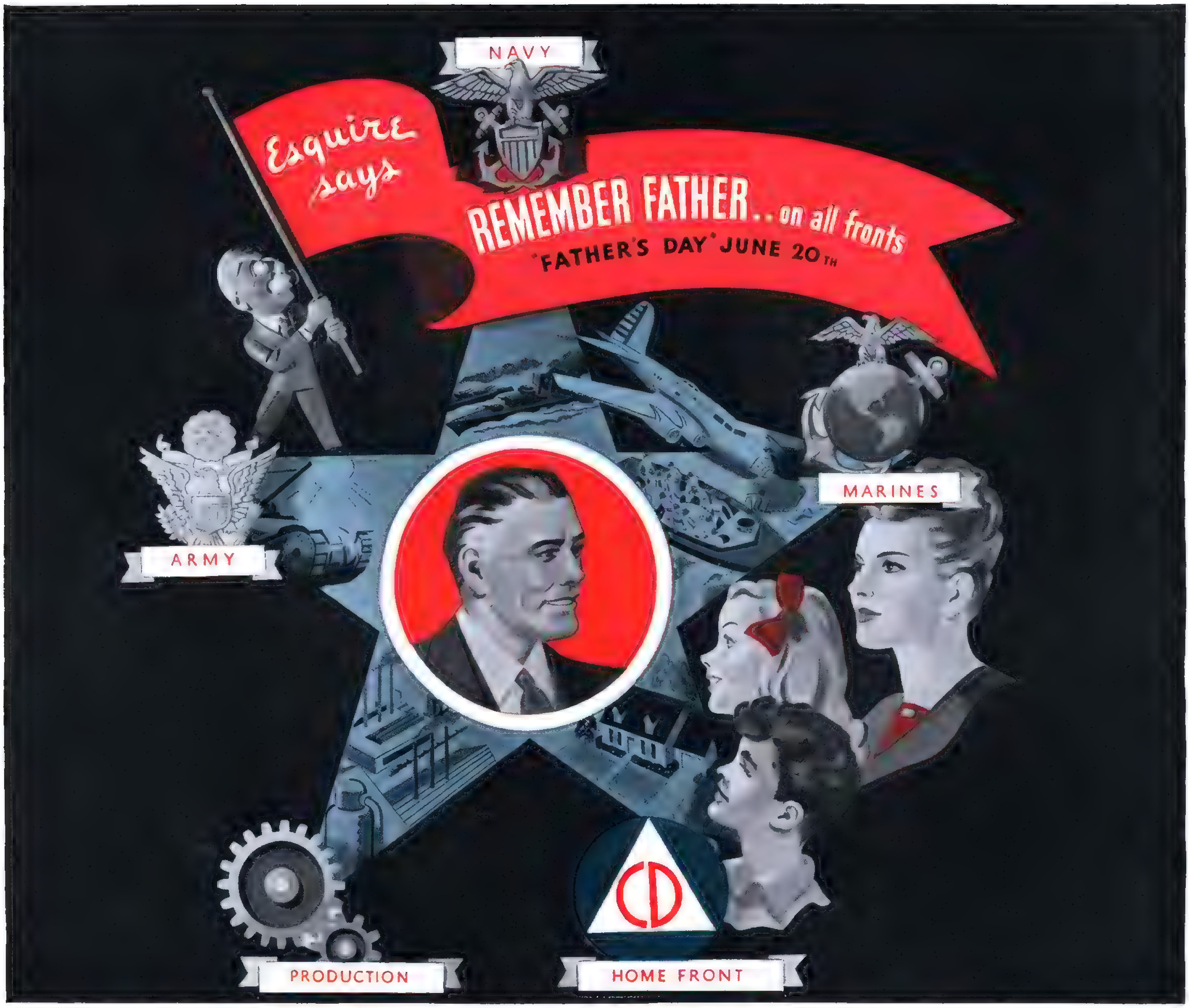

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The Rows Grow Longer

Pa couldn't read or write but he could carry a load; he built the Plum Grove school and he taught his son to know what an education is

by JESSE STUART

▪ARTICLE▪

When I was three years old Pa carried me three miles to show me a schoolhouse. He carried me on his back with my arms around his neck; he told me that he was the horse and I was the rider. Pa was a small horse for me to ride. The sweat on his neck wet my arms; the sweat that ran down his body wet his clothes and my legs.

The building was painted white. Pa lifted me from his back to the ground—the first schoolground that I ever put my feet on. Pa pulled a bandanna from his overalls pocket and wiped the sweat from his face and neck.

"I got this house for you, Son," he said. "Since I didn't get any education I don't want my youngins to grow up in this world without it. They'll never know what they're missin' until they don't have it. If I could only read and write!"

Though Pa couldn't read and write he served for twenty years as school trustee for the Plum Grove district. I don't believe that a man with a good education could have done better. Pa left his corn in the weeds to go over the district getting the people to petition for the new schoolhouse. He cleared off the schoolground and built the toilets. He built a cistern. There wasn't anything within his power that he wouldn't do for the Plum Grove school.

Pa talked to me about getting an education from the time I can remember. Winter evenings he'd talk to me about going to school to learn to read and write. When I'd ride behind him on the mule, with my arms around his waist, he'd talk about how hard life would be for me if I didn't know how to read and write.

Once, when he was plowing around a steep mountain side, where only a sure-footed mule and a wiry mountain man could stand, Pa rested his mule under a beech. While he rested he made me a small wooden plow with his pocket knife out of a pawpaw sprout. When Pa started his mule around the mountain slope I tried to follow him and make a furrow with my small plow. But I couldn't keep up with him and when he returned on the next furrow he stopped.

"The rows are too long," I said.

"These rows are short," he answered, laughing.

But the rows around this mountain side were long to me; they were long rows for the mule, too. But Pa was in his twenties and tough as hickory bark.

That evening at sundown he walked beside the tired mule and talked to me about going to school soon as the corn was laid by. "There's not a surer way on earth to make a livin' than between the handles of a plow," Pa said. "But I want you to learn to read, write and cipher some, more than anything else in this world."

At the age of five, I started to the new schoolhouse at Plum Grove. Every afternoon when I came home Pa would ask me how I was getting along. I'd tell him I was getting along all right. We didn't get any report cards in those days. Pa was pleased that I liked to go to school so well. When we possum hunted at night with our hounds, all the time he talked to me about school. I was so filled with the idea, I could hardly wait to get to school in the morning and I hated to leave in the afternoon. Saturdays and Sundays my sister and I played school.

"I can do something you can't do," I said to Pa, long before the first school year was over.

"What's that, Son?" he asked me.

"I can read and write my name."

My father sat looking at the fire. I didn't know that I had hurt him then; I know now that I did. Not only did I work to be ahead of my sister, Sophie in school. I worked to get ahead of everybody in my class. And I read every book I could get hold of. Before I was ten years old I was in the seventh grade. I made two grades each year. The teacher told Pa that his children were smart in school, but Pa didn't know how to measure education. He didn't know what the seventh grade meant to a ten-year-old pupil.

Much as Pa believed in school, he had to take me out and hire me out on a farm for twenty-five cents a day. And while I set strawberry plants, while I dug potatoes or cut corn or helped saw tie-timber and bark cross-ties, I wondered how my classmates were getting along at school. My father and his big horse Fred worked for two dollars a day; my mother worked for twenty-five cents a day. We had to have money since our crops had failed two seasons.

At eleven years old I hated my father. I hated him because he wouldn't move from a hollow where the fever had killed two of my brothers, Herbert and Martin. My brother James and I had the fever and survived it. When Pa made a track in the snow and I was following him, I wouldn't step in his tracks. I'd step in the deep snow first.

At twelve years I was making fifty cents a day; at fourteen I was making seventy-five cents. That spring my cousin taught a subscription school and I enrolled for one month. Maybe it was lucky that I did. That summer I was water boy for a street paving contractor in Greenup, Kentucky. When Eif Moore grumbled about the cement getting under his clothes I asked for his job and got it. I got a man's wages, three dollars for ten hours—fifty cents more than Father, Mother and I and the horse made on a farm. I was pleased with my wages and the cement didn't bother my hide—but something bothered my heart and brain.

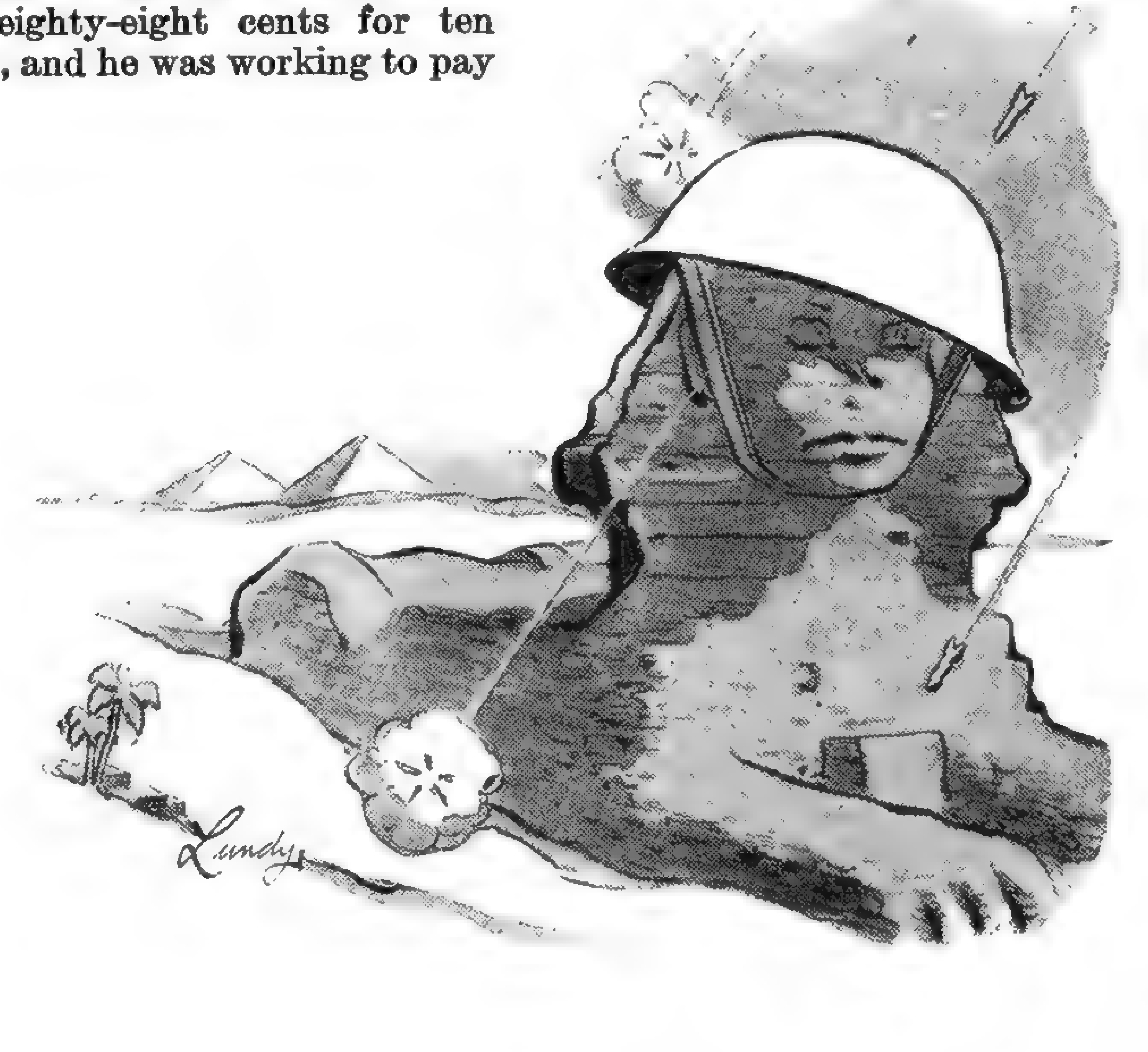
When September came, I saw boys and girls going to the high school. I couldn't stand it. I went to the Superintendent and he gave me an examination. I made an average of 78. Seventy-five was passing. I failed in composition and grammar but in arithmetic and history I levelled up the score. My sister took the examination with good grades.

High school was great—and football was wonderful. Pa was proud of me but I still hated him. In the evenings I did the work about the house, for he'd bought a farm now in W-Hollow. He had a railroad section job, two dollars and eighty-eight cents for ten hours, and he was working to pay for his farm. My mother taught him to write his name, a signature that nobody could read except where he got his pay checks cashed. When I came home on spring afternoons, I'd cut stalks and sprouts on the field and Pa would plow. He'd talk about going to one of the Moonlight Schools that were getting popular in Kentucky, so that he could learn to read books and write letters. But ten hours a day on a railroad section, walking five miles to and five miles from his work, and plowing evenings sapped all the energy he had.

I worked at odd jobs and bought my clothes and books, for it took all the money Pa could spare to buy clothes for my sister. She wanted to dress like the other girls in school. Since she couldn't, she took a teacher's examination after her first year, made a first-class certificate and taught a rural school. But high school was the finest place I'd ever seen. I was going to finish.

I couldn't get along with Pa. When we started to build a fence he'd want to build it one way—I'd want to do it another. We'd quarrel. I got so I wouldn't work with him; he wouldn't work with me. But when I needed money to buy books, pencils or paper, Pa

Continued on page 156



A Show for the *Abelard*

The captain knew that a depot ship doesn't fight, and that his cargo was urgently needed in Wellington

by RICHARD SALE

•FICTION•

THE Pacific Ocean simmered like a stagnant pond, under the sun at zenith. The windless surface stretched out vastly, the ground swell barely perceptible. The water reflected the cloudless sky placidly; not even school fish ruffled the surface.

High on the port wing tip of the ten-thousand-ton destroyer depot-ship, *U.S.S. Abelard*, Nick had been watching the whole fleet train during its passage southwest. The sun beat down on him too and made the four full golden stripes on his shoulder-boards glitter like fire. Out in front of the train, he could see the scouting destroyer vanguard. Behind the tin cans came the heavy cruiser *Macon*, her secondary batteries and light guns all poking ominously skyward. In the white seam of the *Macon's* wake, Nick's *Abelard* held her weight lithely. The submarine depot-ship *U.S.S. Pelisande* followed her, and was followed in turn by the fleet repair ship *Cumberland*. On each flank of these three auxiliaries, two light cruisers rode, beating the sea white with their screws. Astern, other destroyers closed the rear door, treading warily to and fro in a sharp ubiquitous search for submarine contacts.

The signalman beside Nick suddenly tensed. "Captain Halsey," he said sharply, "the *Macon* has raised the urgent signal."

"So I see," Nick replied, watching the heavy cruiser's flag hoist. "They're catapulting a Kingfisher. Something's up."

As he spoke, more flags flashed skyward on the *Macon's* hoist. The signalman instantly translated them, "Enemy aircraft sighted, bearing two eight one."

"Send her a Roger," Nick snapped, meaning 'message received.' He strode into the deckhouse where his executive officer, Lieutenant King, and his gunnery officer, Lieutenant Wallace, were standing. "A Jap recon plane," he said quietly. "Sound general quarters."

The *Abelard's* gong began her triad of warnings which was instantly taken up by the bugler sounding the call to battle stations. The quiet decks of the *Abelard* became a welter of organized confusion as men raced to their action posts. On the forecastle, gun crews swung into the turrets of the two five inchers there. Abaft the bridge, the fifty-caliber machine guns poked their muzzles up and west northwest.

Nick held his binocs on the bearing and watched the sky. Invisible to the naked eye, but plain enough in his glasses, he made out the Japanese scout plane, a Kawanashi '95 with two small bombs hugging the underside of the lower wing. He watched the Vought observation plane which the *Macon* had catapulted, climbing steadily skyward to meet the '95.

"Trouble," Nick announced. "We're spotted."

"What is she, sir?" Lieutenant King asked grimly.

"A '95. Biplane, two-place, with that big pontoon. Got a couple of raw eggs under her wing."

"That means a battlewagon or cruiser, Captain. Must be a task force without carrier support, much like ourselves, otherwise they'd have carrier scout bombers in the air."

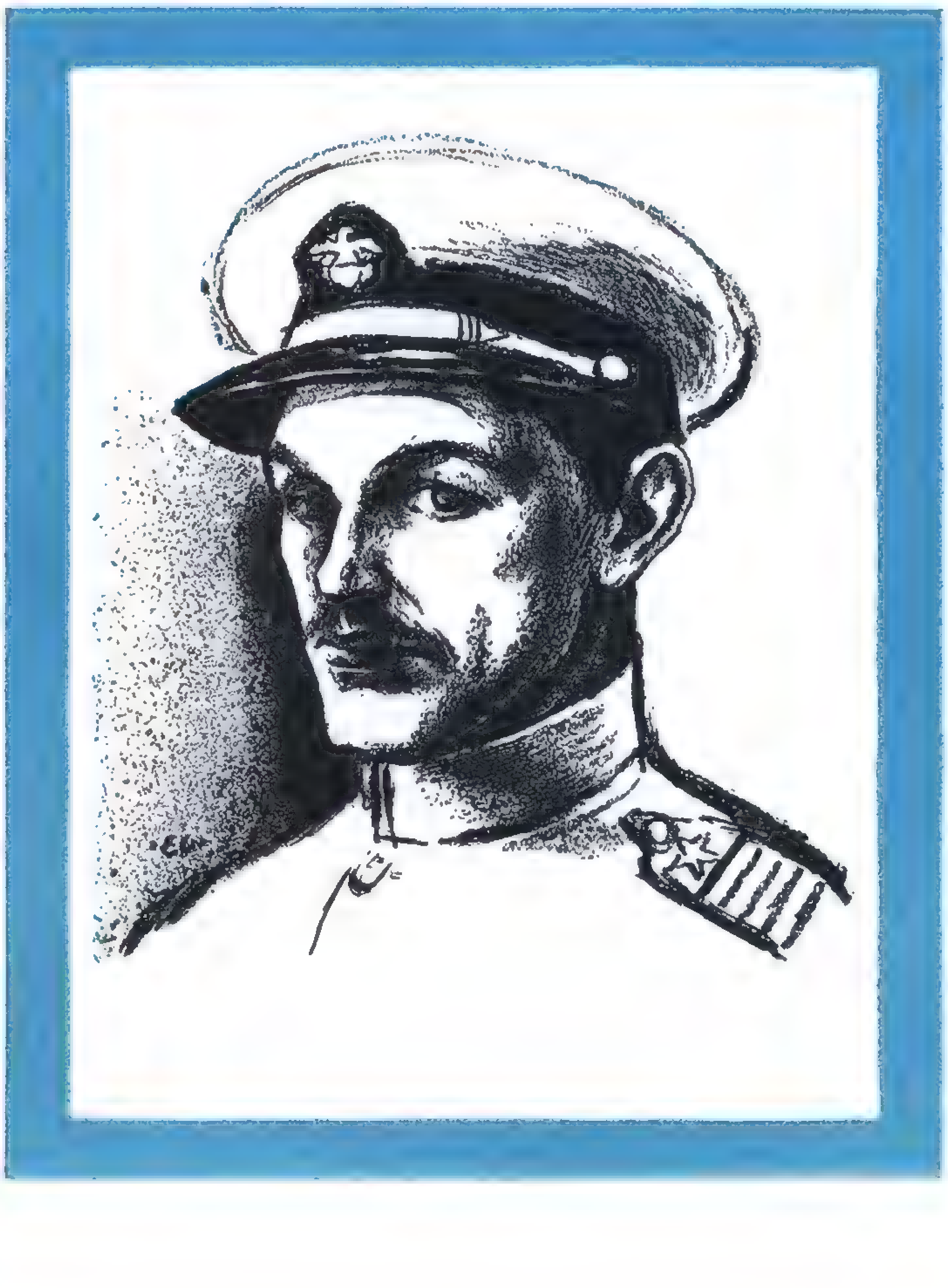
"In any case, we're spotted," Nick said, and debated whether or not he was pleased.

High in the sky, a brief aerial battle ensued. For a moment, the Jap plane could not make up its mind whether to stand or flee. It stayed. The two observation planes wheeled over the sky, neither of them fast, their pontoons obviously bulky as they circled at each other. Through his glasses, Nick saw the Jap begin to smoke along the tail surfaces. The '95 put her nose down for the west and ran with the Kingfisher after her, firing short bursts.

Nick sighed. He decided he was not pleased. Not at all.

The *Macon's* flag hoist was working again, and the *Abelard's* call letters went up. Then the cruiser's blinker began winking briskly, while the signalman on the port wing tip translated, "If action is joined, *Abelard, Pelisande, Cumberland* will break line and proceed south from battle under escort of *S.S. Samson*. Message ends."

The *Samson* again—the plucky little destroyer who was always half-drowning herself as she guarded the auxies. Nick wished he could some day somehow repay Charlie Sears who commanded the tin can. Charlie had saved the *Abelard* twice in the past from the savage probe of an armed torpedo. Yes, Charlie Sears had something coming, Nick decided, but the chances were he would never be able to repay Charlie and the *Samson*—ever. You didn't get chances like that in a destroyer—depot ship. You ran away. The *Samson* always stayed to fight. Orders.

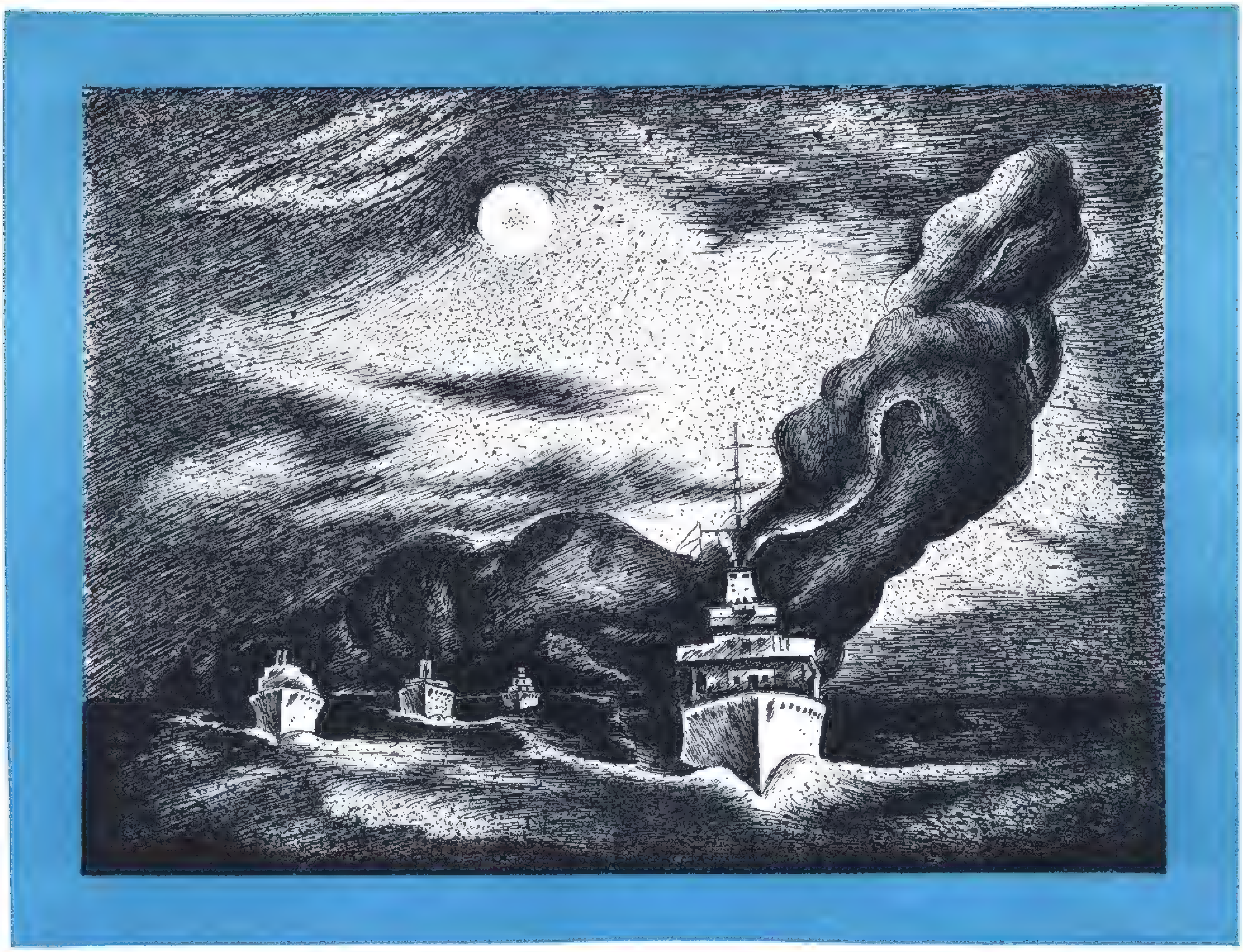


There had been times since Pearl Harbor when he would have welcomed battle. There was the first time when he picked up the garrison at Baker Island when war caught the big destroyer-tender between Manila and Hawaii. He'd been so fighting mad that day, he would have engaged anything. There was also the time during the Midway battle when he had had to nurse the *Abelard* far out of combat range, standing by in case emergency repairs were required by any of his destroyer brood. That time he had had a taste for battle, too, which went unrequited.

But this was different, and the fact that the position of the fleet train was now known by an enemy task force operating east of New Zealand turned his heart cold and dulled the battle taste. This was the one time Nick wanted no battle. Personally, he would like to have had a chance at the Nips, but the *Abelard*, the *Pelisande*, and the *Cumberland* were needed urgently in Wellington. The fact that the *Abelard* was, really, a floating naval base, made her very precious. Divisions of destroyers could operate out of Wellington if they had the *Abelard* to depot from. She carried everything from a half-watt radio resistor to full-fledged boiler replacements. In her hold were packed spare guns, propellers, instruments, torpedoes, food, even cutlery. Nick had always said that, if given a hull, he had enough stuff to make a full destroyer out of it, and he wasn't exaggerating much.

So it was terribly urgent that the fleet auxiliaries get through. The *Abelard* for a destroyer base. The *Pelisande* for a submarine base. The *Cumberland* for a cruiser-battleship base. The loss of Manila had thrown great weight on Anzac facilities. Wellington needed the auxiliaries badly.

Of course the Nips knew that. When Lieutenant King remarked, "They'll probably leave us alone," Nick grimaced. The Nips never left you alone. That was one



DRAWINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

thing you could count on. And when their recon plane reported depot ships in the train, the Nip force would certainly make a hard try at blasting the vulnerable ships. The *Abelard* was not defenseless. She had four five-inchers fore and aft, and some smaller stuff to throw ack-ack upstairs. But she was no match, with her eighteen knots, against a heavily gunned, torpedo-carrying Nip destroyer with its thirty-five knots.

The afternoon wore on as Nick stayed on the bridge and scanned the perimeter of the sea anxiously, watching the *Macon's* yard for signals. At two p.m., Ensign Hatton, his communications officer, reported to the bridge over the intercom phone, "The scout plane has reported in, Captain Halsey. She has located a Japanese task force moving east southeast to intercept us. Enemy strength, two heavy cruisers, four light cruisers, twelve destroyers. Our scout plane maintaining contact with the enemy."

Nick said, "Keep monitoring."

The other officers on the bridge were staring at him, anxious for a crumb of news. Nick said, "Not so good, gentlemen. A very heavy force moving to intercept. They'll close with us."

Joe Wallace, the heavy-faced gunnery officer, shrugged. "It's a question of the auxies making a getaway while the battle force holds 'em," he said.

"The battle force is outgunned," Nick said. "But you're right. If the *Macon* and company can keep them off our backs until darkness, we'll probably be able to break it off permanently. But it'll be touch and go. They've given us the *Samson*, as usual."

"Uh-huh," Joe Wallace said, and looked bland. The *U.S.S. Samson* was an eighteen-hundred-ton flotilla leader. She was a fine destroyer. But taking care of three chicks like the *Abelard*, *Pelisande* and *Cumberland* would be a job for any single hen.

Ensign Hatton called the bridge again. "Sir," he said, his voice trembling, "The *Macon's* scout plane reports herself badly hit and going down. Ack-ack."

"Thank you," Nick said, his voice stony. "Keep me informed."

It was then two-fifty-five. The light cruisers had rigged their scouts on the catapults amidships but were holding them back for the action to come. The *Macon*, meanwhile, had put another observation plane into the air, which left her two in reserve. The fleet train had increased speed to the limit of the *Cumberland's* sixteen knots, the repair ship being the slowest tub in the line. There was blinker chattering between the *Macon* and her light cruiser support. Nick took a cup of coffee on the wing tip, ducking down under the shelter to drink it and returning to his vigil with the binocs as soon as he had finished. At four p.m., with no further warning from the *Macon's* other plane, he began to feel heartened. It was quite possible that the Japs were reluctant. He crossed his fingers on this and hoped hard. He didn't believe it, but he hoped hard.

The long afternoon's suspense broke ten minutes later. Ensign Hatton reported from the radio shack, "Scout reports enemy bearing three Oh-Oh on starboard flank, closing in, sir."

"Okay, Bill," Nick replied. "Keep 'em coming."

On the northwestern horizon, through his glasses, he discerned smoke across the molten ocean, now golden in the waning sun. It seemed a pity to spoil the idyllic panorama with that smoke. The flag hoist on the *Macon* jerked into action. The flags said, "Enemy sighted. Auxiliaries leave line south with *Samson*. In event attack, scatter and reform in darkness. Message ends."

The *Abelard* raised her Roger, as Nick said, "Pull left rudder. Engines ahead standard on course one-eight-oh . . . Lively." The signalman ran up the yellow and black "I am directing my course to port," but this was mere formality, for the *Pelisande* had already swung south in the wake of the *Abelard*, and behind them, the *Cumberland* was beginning her slow wallowing turn. Far astern, the flotilla leader, *U.S.S. Samson* left the fan of destroyers, and came boiling up ahead of the *Abelard*, blinking. "You will follow me as directed." She was doing all of her thirty-seven knots, and her bow wave was white and enormous. She careened across the *Abelard's* stem, far ahead, and swung back again, her long funnel laying down a heavy rolling caterpillar of black opaque smoke on the starboard flank. She disappeared astern where she rolled a ring around the lumbering *Cumberland*, and then she was back, heading south with them now, still laying down smoke as she went, to screen them from the enemy force. That force and the *Macon's* line had both disappeared completely behind the fat smoky wall. The windless day allowed the screen to settle thickly on the water and keep from thinning.

Nick permitted himself a sigh. Things looked better. The terrible dread that these priceless auxiliaries might never reach Wellington had numbed his heart. But it

Continued on page 147

The Submarine Appendectomy

Exploit of a Pharmacist's Mate

Being too tough to let a comrade die without a fight, the U-boat sailors acted with typical Yankee initiative

by PAUL GALLICO

If some one from Europe were to ask you what America is really like, you might let him study the superb painting by John Falter on the opposite page. In it is contained the pure essence of America and Americans.

At first glance you appear to be present in an operating room while some famous surgeon, brow knit with concentration, cuts and stitches, while the anaesthetist replenishes the ether cone and tense assistants stand by with special lights and instruments.

Yet, this is no operating room. There is no famous surgeon, no anaesthetist, no ether cone, or even proper instruments. There are no doctors present, only sailors with guts and wits and the rough, hard, bawdy tenderness found in fighting men. It is a moment of greatness, a few seconds where the beauty of man's love for his fellows burns more brightly than the battle lamps that light the scene.

What is so American about this? You are in the tiny wardroom of a U.S. submarine, suspended beneath the surface of Japanese waters. The man on the table is a nineteen-year-old seaman, Dean Rector. Thousands of miles from home and help he was about to die of acute appendicitis.

Aboard the sub was a twenty-three-year-old Pharmacist's Mate First Class, a tough, screwy kid by the name of Wheeler Lipes. When Rector's temperature shot up to 106 and death was at hand, Wheeler Lipes said something peculiarly American. It was—"I've watched doctors do a couple of appendectomies. I think I could do it."

You are watching Lipes at work. You are seeing him at a moment when he and he alone is captain of his ship, with his commissioned officers serving under him and taking orders. He is captain of still more, at this pregnant moment—the soul and the life of a comrade in arms.

They say that Lipes was a tough, happy-go-lucky cookie, and some of the words that issued from beneath his gauze mask were hard and salty as he searched for the poisoned appendix. But the fingers inside the oversize rubber gloves were steady and tender. His guts and his luck were American.

The ether cone was a tea-strainer, gauze covered. Alcohol to sterilize the makeshift instruments came from the deadly torpedoes. Bent tablespoons served as retractors.

For the two and a half hours the operation lasted, the kid Pharmacist's Mate was boss. A two-striper took orders as anaesthetist. Another lieutenant acted as assistant surgeon, Lipes's "third and fourth hands." The engineering officer worked as "nurse," passing wipes and sponges and dressings. It was Lipes who picked his assistants from his officers for the qualities he knew they possessed. The captain of the submarine was given a job as tally clerk—to count the sponges and instruments that went into Dean and make sure they all came out.

In the stench of oil and body sweat and ether, locked beneath the surface of an enemy sea, growling and cursing and straining, this team fought for the life of a nineteen-year-old second-class seaman.

When it was over Lipes said, "The patient had more nerve than I." The patient fuzzily coming out of ether turned to baseball to express himself. "I'm still in there pitching."

The crudely stitched wound had been sprinkled with sulfanilamide powder. Thirteen days later, Rector was back at his battle station.

Life in the pigboat went back to normal.

The story leaked out when she came home from patrol, not as any tale of heroes, but merely of rather an odd happening beneath the surface of the sea, something that occurred when one of their kids got into trouble and they didn't want to see him die for want of not trying to save him.

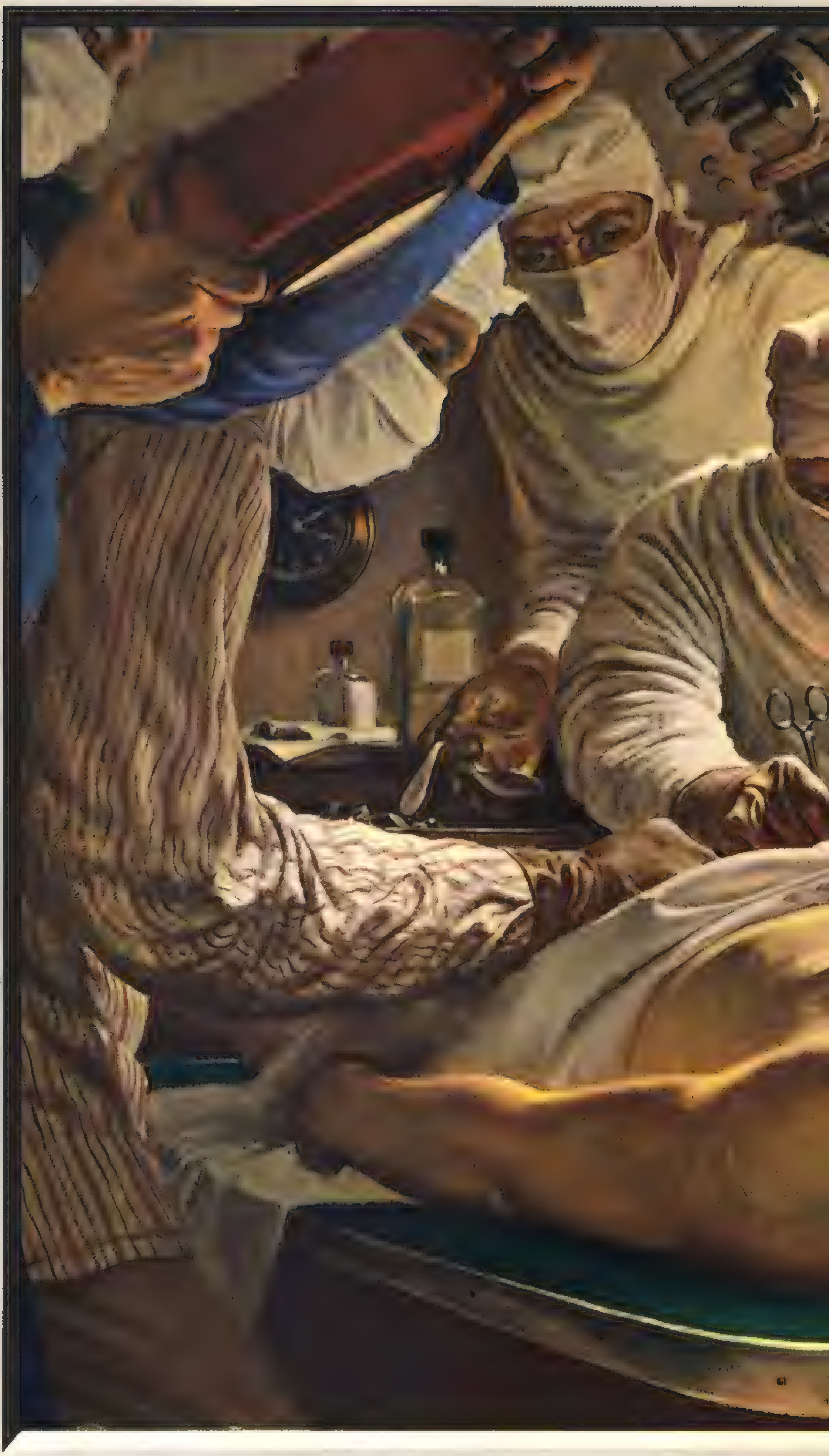
That is what America is really like.

by JOHN FALTER

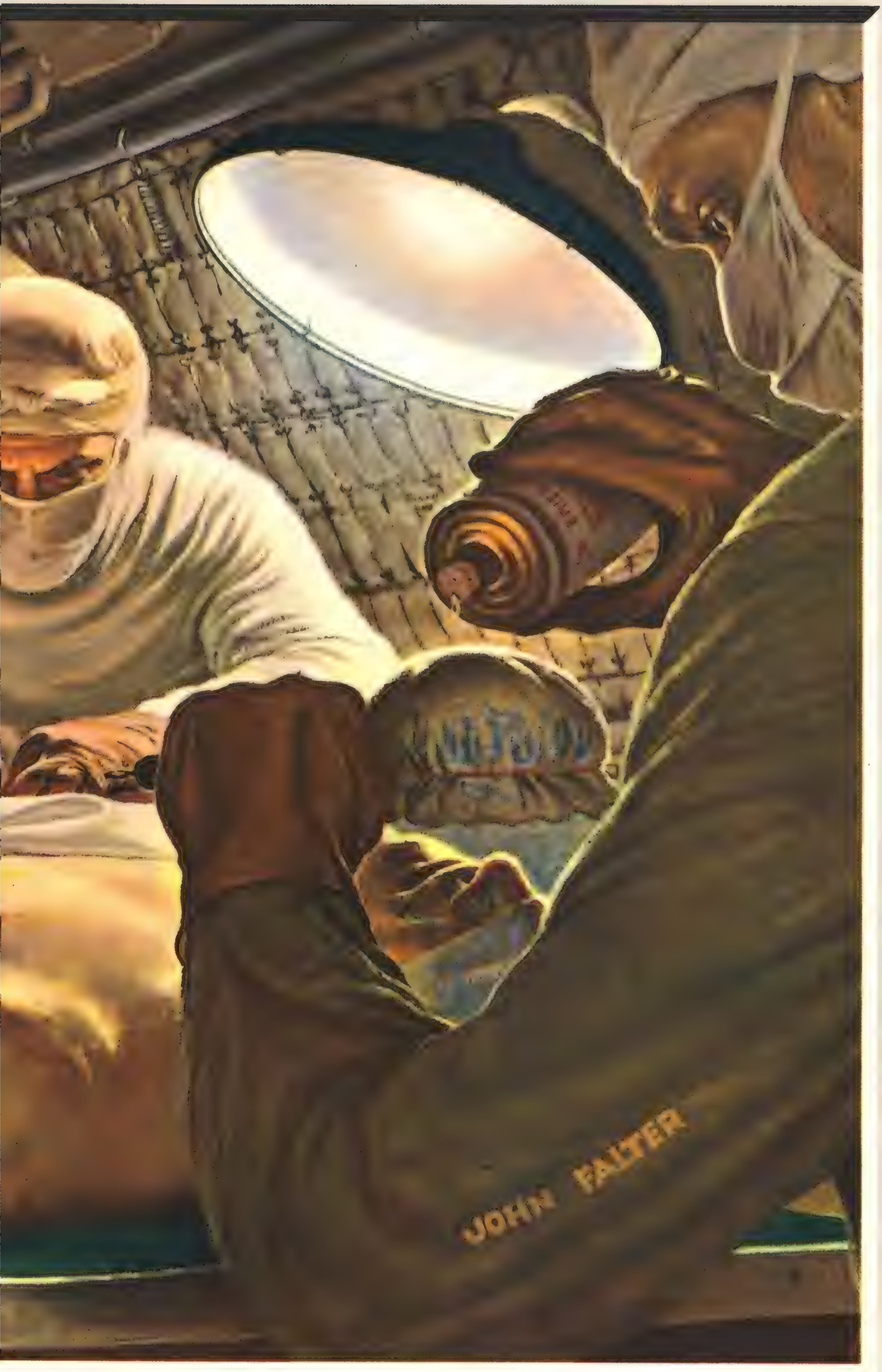
THE FIRST OF A SERIES
OF PAINTINGS
DEPICTING HEROIC DEEDS
THAT ARE DESTINED
TO BE ADDED
TO OUR FOLKLORE
OF THE FUTURE

★ INSTANCES OF heroic devotion to duty by members of America's armed forces, serving as examples of all the no less brave deeds by other heroes who have gone unsung, are commemorated by John Falter in a series of paintings with accompanying tributes in text by Paul Gallico. Falter's famous painting of the barb-wire-crucified private, entitled "By His Deeds Measure Yours," and Gallico's memorable tale of Dunkirk, "The Snow Goose," suggested the choice of these two men as the pair to pay fitting homage to America's war heroes. Just as a medal is only a bit of ribbon and metal, so this series represents only a measure of paper and ink, but in each instance the higher significance is immediately apparent.

Given the facts of the occasion of the submarine appendectomy, as reported at the time, John Falter has transcended mere pictorial reportage in his use of them, to achieve a masterful projection of actuality in paint. The painting deserves minute study, not simply for the sake of such story-telling details as the tea-strainer serving as the ether mask, the bent spoons to be used as muscle-retractors, the reversed pajama-tops substituting for operating-room gowns, but also for the drama expressed in all eyes, the eloquence of the drops of sweat on the anaesthetist's cheek and the eerie play of light on the patient's face. Indeed it is primarily by the play of light over the entire composition that Falter has succeeded in endowing the painting with an all-pervasive sense of breathless immediacy, and in communicating the feeling of "the suspended moment when all time stands still."



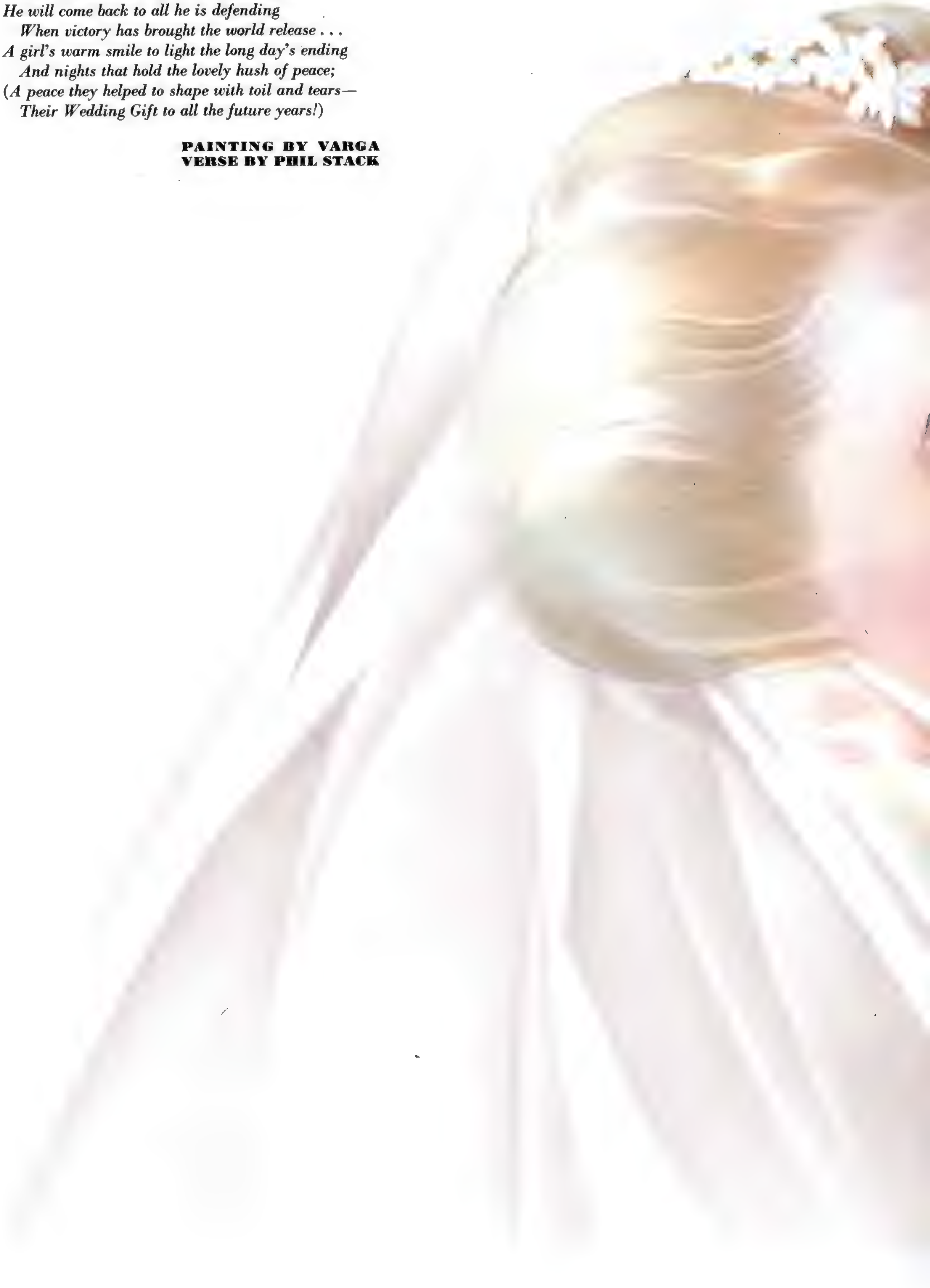
THE SUBMARINE APPENDECTOMY, *painted especially for Esquire by John Falter*

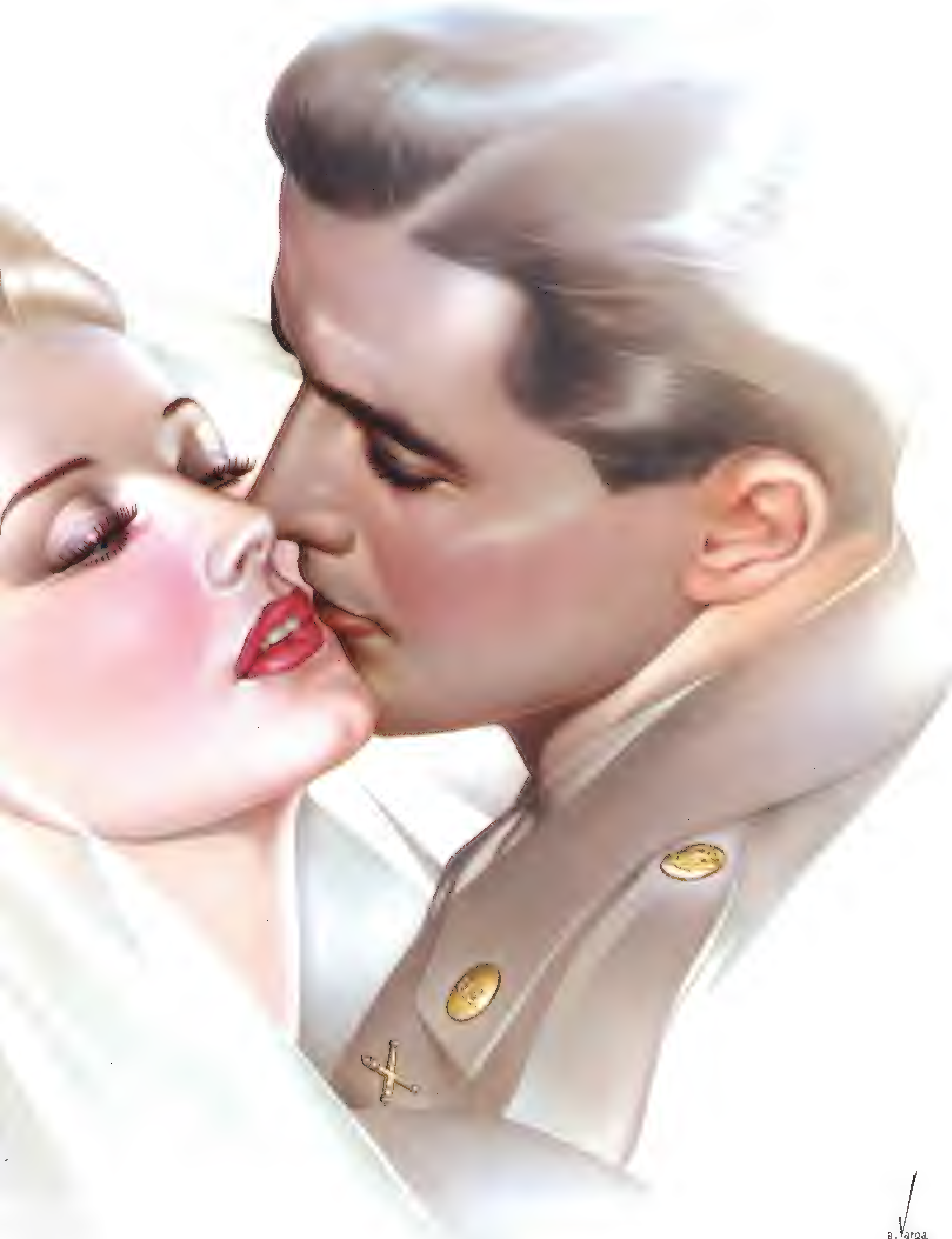

JOHN FALTER

HAIL AND FAREWELL!

They have small time to clasp their new-found wonder . . .
A few short days and he is on his way . . .
As in a dream the war guns throb and thunder
To wound the magic of their Wedding Day . . .
Yet as he goes he carries in his keeping
Faith that will flame against the darkest night,
Love that will glow when leaden skies are weeping . . .
Honor and Pride to gird him for the fight;
He will come back to all he is defending
When victory has brought the world release . . .
A girl's warm smile to light the long day's ending
And nights that hold the lovely hush of peace;
(A peace they helped to shape with toil and tears—
Their Wedding Gift to all the future years!)

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK




a. Varga Esq.

Underpassing the Wolfpack

Urging our Navy to let Simon Lake, the inventor of submarines, build diving freighters to lick the U-boat menace

by JOHN EDWIN HOGG

• ARTICLE •

℞

The Kaiser's Submarine of 1916-18		Hitler's U-Boat of Today
Surface cruising speed	10 knots	36 knots
Under water speed	5 knots	15 to 20 knots
Maximum cruising range	12,000 miles	34,000 miles
Deck armament	Two 3-inch guns	Two 8-inch guns, anti-aircraft machine guns.
Torpedo capacity	4 to 8 torpedoes	12 to 16
Time required to get out of sight when cruising on the surface	3 to 5 minutes	20 to 30 seconds
Diving depth limit	about 200 feet	Not known, but probably about 600 feet
Size of torpedoes	16 feet long 16 inches diameter	22 feet long 20 to 22 inches diameter
Speed of torpedoes through water	22 knots	50 to 55 knots. (Explosive force of the modern torpedo is infinitely greater.)
Range of torpedoes	2,000 yards	10,000 yards
Periscopes	usually 2, offering very defective vision over a limited range.	Highly perfected, offering several different powers of telescopic vision, devices for finding torpedo ranges, measuring ships, finding their compass course, etc.
Cost of torpedoes	$10,000	$22,000
Under water sound detection devices.	Crude hydrophones	Highly perfected hydrophones. Radio direction finders. Anti-aircraft sound detectors.
Safeguards against torpedo losses.	(Virtually none.)	The modern torpedo can be set to travel in a straight line toward a target of predetermined range. Then if it misses the target, it begins going around in circles, figure 8's, double figure 8's or other patterns from which it is almost impossible for a surface ship to escape without being hit.
Hull design	—no topside armor. Entire hull highly vulnerable to shocks of depth bombing.	Heavily armored above the water line of surface cruising. Hull built to withstand depth bombing shocks, almost anything short of a direct hit.

A secret and revolutionary type of Diesel engine used in the latest German submarines enables them to operate under water without the heavy storage batteries and electric motors of former submarines. This gives them enormously increased efficiency and all the space formerly taken up by electric propulsive mechanisms becomes available for torpedoes or other cargo.

NOT long ago the Truman Committee issued some alarming figures on the rate of loss to our shipping caused by Axis submarines. The Secretary of the Navy, while disagreeing with the figures, nevertheless admitted that the menace is grave. No new figures were released, but there was no suggestion that the U-boat campaign can be dismissed lightly.

Less recently, Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, Jr. (U.S.N.—Retired) wrote in his syndicated column:

"*The U-Boat menace is still very grave. There is and has always been only one answer to submarines, escort vessels for convoys . . . and, no matter how we juggle the statistics we don't have enough of them. We must face Adolf Hitler's underseas offensives this spring with an escort fleet that just isn't big enough to go around.*"

Here we have a congressional committee telling us, in effect, that we're losing in the Battle of the Atlantic and may continue to lose unless some more imaginative approach to the problem is devised and implemented. And from Admiral Stirling we have the voice of naval tradition. Because of this devotion to tradition we're fighting the Battle of the Atlantic with a 1918 weapon, against the vastly improved submarines and tactics of our enemy today.

At the same time 100 million Americans know our every war effort hinges upon our ability to transport millions of soldiers and tens of millions of tons of fighting equipment overseas. They know that soldiers lost at sea, war materials and Lend-Lease supplies shipped to the bottom of the Atlantic will win no battle. And mountains of war materials, every type of fighting equipment our war plants are so frantically producing, are piling higher and higher on the docks and in the freight yards of our Atlantic seaports. Meanwhile Dr. Paul Josef Goebbels, evil genius of the Nazi propaganda factory, insistently proclaims: "*The submarine is the weapon with which we will defeat the United States.*"

The best current estimate is that Hitler has 500 U-Boats in active service and is building new ones at the rate of 30 per month. The war plan of Admiral Karl Dönitz, head of the German navy, calls for a submarine fleet five times anticipated maximum losses. The Nazis are sure each of their U-Boats will sink an average of 100,000 tons of shipping during its lifetime. This would force us to build ships at the rate of twenty-five million tons annually if we are even to hold our own in the Battle of the Atlantic.

If gophers invade my war garden, I'm not going to plant more vegetables in a fool's attempt to grow more stuff than the "varmints" are capable of eating. I'll do something about the gophers! A similar course, I believe, should be our answer to the Axis U-Boats.

In 1918, the depth bomb, together with the necessary convoy escorts of surface vessels and aircraft for delivering it in the right place at the right time, was a reasonably successful weapon against the U-Boat menaces. But in this war, with its global proportions, depth-bombing is not enough. We're not killing enemy submarines now, in proportion to their numbers, as fast as we did in 1918. The modern submarine is so vastly improved over its ancestor of World War I that it is now an infinitely greater threat to us than it was in 1917 and 1918.

Indeed, there has been such tremendous improvement in the method of delivering the torpedo attack that deck guns and depth bombs may never again be capable of dealing with it effectively.

Submarine improvements during the last 25 years have been no less remarkable than the strides made in the development of aircraft. But they have been among the most carefully guarded of naval secrets. Certain outstanding facts, however, are known about the German submarines, and a brief sketch of them is given in the box at left.

Today the convoy system appears to me to be helping the enemy more than it protects our ships. A "*wolfpack*" of ten, fifteen, twenty or whatever number of submarines the enemy may be capable of assembling, has only to keep out of sight and wait for a convoy to come blundering along. From various angles and ranges each sub sights for a selected ship and off goes a veritable barrage of torpedoes. If any torpedo misses the ship it was intended for, it will immediately go tearing around on a pattern course and if it doesn't come back to smite the ship it was sighted at, it is almost certain to connect with some other ship of the convoy. No one in the convoy is even likely to see a periscope of the attacking subs; the attack comes as it did at Pearl Harbor! Ten submarines may release enough torpedoes to put an entire convoy into a veritable school of them.

After attacking, the "*wolfpack*" would undoubtedly scatter in all directions, submerge to various depths and lie motionless to avoid betraying their positions in the hydrophones of anticipated surface pursuers. Thus no matter how many convoy escorts we think we should have, we're likely never to have enough. We simply cannot depth-bomb every cubic-half-acre of the Atlantic Ocean and we can't kill modern submarines with depth bombs short of getting our bombs down almost into direct contact with them.

In nearly every U. S. Naval report of "*wolfpack*" attacks upon our convoys the story has ended with the line: *Our surface vessels laid patterns of depth bombs and scattered the attacking submarines.* Scattered them? What good does that do? A scattered "*wolfpack*" can easily reassemble itself. It lives to let fly another barrage of

Continued on page 152

Citations for Father and Son

Here was David home from the Solomons, a hero, so what was more natural than a blowout like the one in 'Seventeen

by HARLAN WARE

▪FICTION▪

℞

As the music died away and Miss Tibbett left the organ, John Graham took his place on the speaker's platform beside his son. This day was worse than he had foreseen. It took all his courage to walk across the stage, but he discovered that his fellow townsmen were looking not at him, but at David. He was grateful for that. As he sat down, David whispered: "Gosh, Dad, you let Charlie Phelps get carried away."

"There wasn't much I could do," John whispered back. He didn't explain that when he protested against such an elaborate celebration, Charlie replied: "Hey—you're not jealous of your own kid! Gangway for the new generation, old boy! You're yesterday's hero."

He looked out into the crowded auditorium. Most faces were indistinct but he saw Betty Land smiling up at David with shining pride, and a few old friends looking not at him but at his son. In the front row were the mothers of men who had been with him in France: Mrs. Glenweather and Mrs. Halsey and Herb Smith's mother—they were elderly now. He saw Caroline and Mrs. Curran and, on the aisle, red-faced, erect Captain Ernie Lewis who had come on the morning train. Charlie Phelps had collected them from near and far, even Miss Tibbett who'd played the national anthem for a similar occasion nearly a quarter of a century ago. Charlie was the perennial president of the Merchants' League.

"Here's a chance to do something grand for the town," he'd said. "Repeat performance, see? We'll have a big turnout for Davie, like the one we had for his Dad. The papers'll go for it."

He hadn't been wrong. David's fame had drawn photographers from the city papers and a picture magazine. The whole nation would see pictures of David and his mother, David and John—innumerable poses of David and John. Charlie shouted to the photographers:

"Hey, how about a picture of this boy's Dad in his old doughboy uniform, with the medal—"

John flatly refused. He called Charlie a fool. Charlie was too busy to be offended. Anyone could see that John was nervous.

Now on the platform he hitched in his chair as Charlie strode to the rostrum and began:

"Well, folks, when they told me Davie Graham would get home on leave from the Solomons this particular day I figured it called for a big celebration. Because twenty-four years ago this very evening we welcomed this boy's Dad home from another war."

John lowered his head when they applauded. Charlie carefully opened the yellowed pages of a newspaper.

"Just to show how these things run in a family," he said, "let me read what Johnny Graham did in France—in case you don't remember."

In these years, John thought, surely people had forgotten. Even the elderly mothers whose sons had not come back. But now, in the minds of everyone, it would be fresh again. Now people would think of it as they met him. He turned suddenly and whispered, looking at David strangely.

"After you take Betty home, let's have a bottle of beer in the study. I want to talk to you."

David joined in the fresh applause. "Sure," he said. "Take a bow, Dad—they want you to take a bow."

David would wonder why this story had never been told until now, John knew. He could honestly say that many another time he'd been within a breath of this. Many another time when the truth was like grief that couldn't be borne alone.

Charlie was saying: "Cap'n Lewis will tell you that there was so much fight left in Johnny Graham that he got sore when the Armistice was signed."

Well, that was true enough. He'd demanded to be sent up to the front again.

They marched in with a replacement division on a black night, through rain. All the glory had washed away and his mouth was dry and he was afraid. He'd been a bookish boy, full of exalted notions. He hadn't fitted into camp life very well, but a crusader's passion had sustained him until that night when the nearer bursting shells brought the terrifying reality to him. He was twenty. He had grandiose plans for his future. There were thousands of books still unread. There was Caroline Curran at home.

He couldn't know what other men were feeling; but they marched as though death were beyond their power of conception. A remark of Lewis's caused a low laugh along the column. He heard his own laughter as a choking sound in his throat.

But once they reached the front he managed to conceal his panic pretty well. There was a snug dugout, steaming coffee. Earl Halsey and Roy Glenweather and Herb Smith whole-heartedly accepted him for the first time. He was grateful. They were boys from home. The acceptance was without reservation the night he volunteered with them for special duty.

Captain Lewis had a swaggering pride in his company. He had roared out his boasts with his ribald songs in the *bistros*. "We do things the hard way," he told a Major. "My whole damn company will volunteer." He was right. Only five were needed.

They went out an hour before dawn, Earl and Roy and Herb and Lieutenant Cox... and John. Their instructions were to clean out a machine gun nest back of a stone wall. Their mark was the ruin of an old barn. Beyond it was a line of trees. Other attempts had been costly.

They had an hour to go five hundred yards. From the barn they went on, crawling with extreme caution. The trees, fifty or sixty yards away, were silhouetted against the sky. John felt the soft earth between his fingers and he thought of home. He remembered the look of the lawn, the shimmering peace of the garden.

The first star shell above them brought a sob from his throat. Rattling machine-gun fire from near-by stopped before he mastered himself and Herb Smith cursed him for a coward. He inched his way along. There was another star shell and more fire and much later he found himself in a shell hole with the others, heads down, waiting. The Lieutenant asked: "What happened?" And with searing contempt, Herb said: "This punk fainted."

They left him there. After they'd gone he found that his chest was covered with blood. A bullet had gone through his upper arm. It must have been just before he rolled into the shell hole and they hadn't known. They'd left him because he'd funked it.

He tried to follow. He was crawling after them when, sharply before his eyes, as in a flashlight, he saw the four half-crouched running figures stopped amid a rattling fire-burst and falling slowly. Then it was dark again. Another interval of time and he was back in the shell-hole. But not alone. Herb had returned to die there.

The last thing Herb said was: "It's all right, kid. I'll never tell."

The barrage must have begun soon afterward. He remembered a roaring confusion that his mind could not support.

When the outlines came sharp again he was watching a French plane diving perilously low near the wall. He saw it bank and come roaring down along the stream again, blazing lead. The pilot may have made another run before he struggled for altitude and lost. John heard the impact and saw the flames. The plane had crashed beyond the trees. Later, the advance went over . . .

Captain Lewis found him in the millyard that morning. The Germans back of the wall were dead. The citation said there were eight. But he hadn't killed them. The pilot in the French plane had taken care of that.

He couldn't have been quite sane. He mistook Lewis for his father. He thought he was at home recovering from an attack of scarlet fever and his father had come upstairs to tell a small boy that the worst was over.

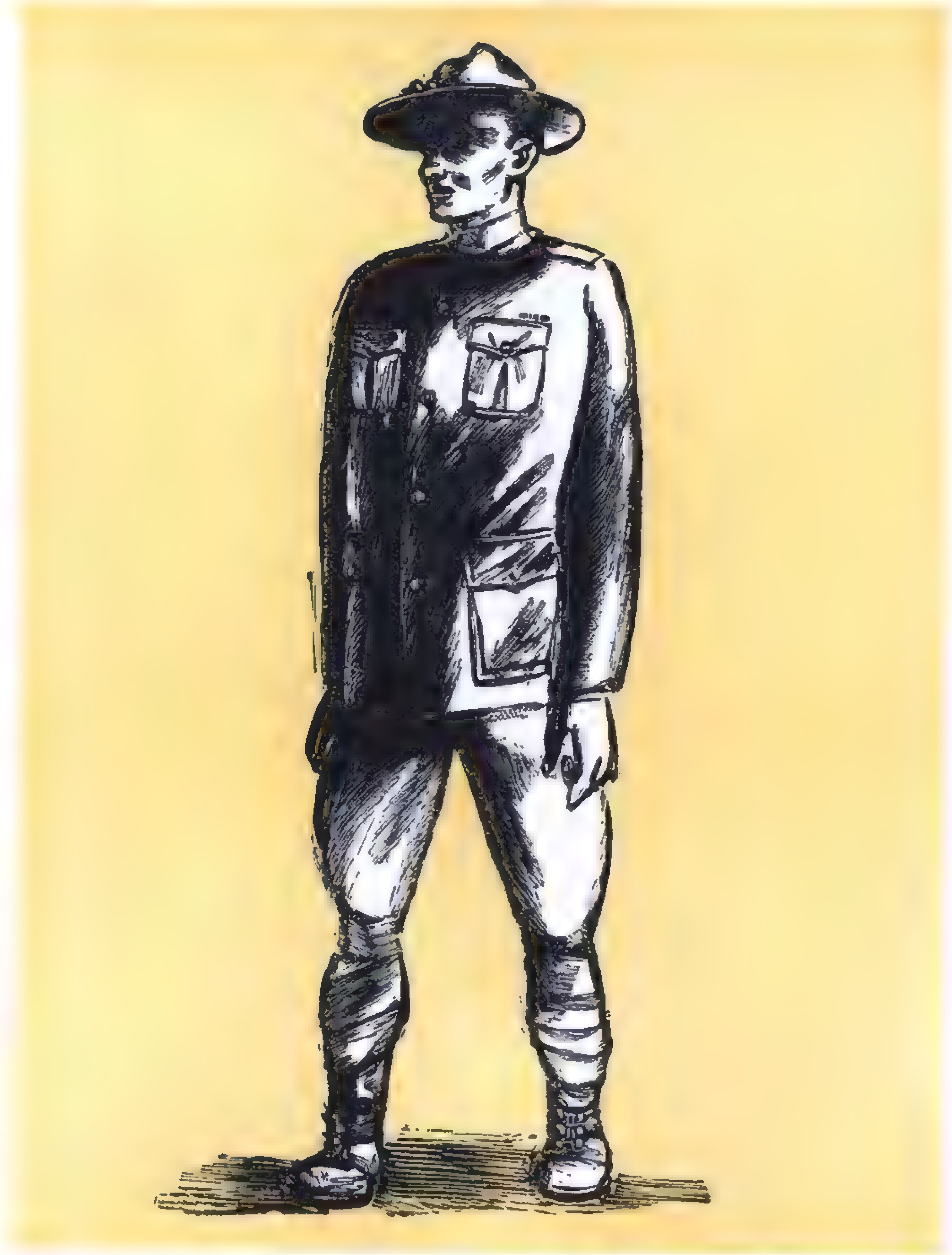
The room where he awakened was an abstract squareness in which faces moved. The garden fragrances became astringent, antiseptic smells. The nurses became individual women. It was one of these who read him a story from a French newspaper about a private named John Graham of the A.E.F. who stormed a machine-gun nest singlehanded after his companions were killed. He agreed with her that this was a brave and admirable accomplishment. Men whose faces were familiar, though he couldn't place them, came to see him. There was a doctor who said the major problem was shell shock. Captain Lewis came roaring in. A French General read something official. This must have been when they pinned the medal on him.

He was in a wheelchair in the late October sunlight when he realized all this. Captain Lewis had put his own interpretation on what he had seen in the millyard. The Captain knew how he himself would behave under such circumstances. You could imagine him roaring out the story in the *bistros*. "My boys do it the hard way!" John was horrified.

American newspaper clippings were on his lap, a letter from Caroline, and another from his mother. His home town gloried in him. Mrs. Glenweather and Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Halsey and Mrs. Cox sent their love to him; the French government had awarded similar medals, posthumously, to their sons. Reverend Jennings had held a special service in the Community Church.

It was, he could swear, for all these people that he came to his decision. It was too late, now, for the truth. It would disgrace his town and his family. There was only one way to atone. He wasn't afraid of death now. He was afraid of life.

He left his wheel chair and walked into the hospital. He demanded to be sent back to his company. He made a nuisance of himself in the hospital office. The corridors were buzzing with talk of another mad American. He finally got Lewis on the phone. Lewis roared: "You're my boy, damned if you're not! Keep your shirt on, Johnny. I'll move you as soon as I can. By the way, you're a Sergeant now."



He went up with the company to a quiet sector on the 9th of November. Nothing happened on the 10th. On the 11th Lewis announced the great event in characteristic fashion: "This damned war has petered out," he said. John burst into oaths.

Lewis made a legend of Sergeant Graham's cursing rage of disappointment on Armistice Day. Man for man, Lewis said, he'd commanded the finest company in the A.E.F.

John kept to himself after that. He determined to tell Caroline the truth on his first day home. Only so could he live with himself. He would tell her what had really happened and she could decide whether to announce their engagement or not.

When the train pulled into the home station the whole countryside had turned out. The station platform swarmed. A band was playing, flags waved, the streets were jammed with cars. Caroline was sweetly in his arms for a moment, then he saw his mother's face and grasped his father's hand. Before he knew what was happening he was high on men's shoulders. And that began the maddest day the village had ever known. There wouldn't be another like it for exactly twenty-four years.

The parade led to the Community house where Miss Tibbett played the organ and Charlie Phelps introduced Captain Lewis who made a rousing speech and then Reverend Jennings prayed: "That we may always be as proud of the boys this country sends off to war; for without the valor and triumph of those who have come back the loss of the others would be more than we could bear."

He hadn't a moment alone with Caroline until late that evening. Then, in the living room of her home she was alight with happiness and pride. She and her mother had planned the fitting end for that glorious day. People came shouting from adjoining rooms: his parents and Captain Lewis and Charlie Phelps, relatives and friends. Caroline's father, lifting a glass high, said:

"To my son-in-law-to-be! Sergeant Johnny Graham!"

And John knew that he would have to live with the story.

He attacked his work. He faced his classes in the high school determined that he would help to build a generation that was unafraid. He would build courage in others. He would hammer home the lesson that one must meet his duty head-on, come what may. He tried to put out of his mind what had really happened, and let the fiction go for fact.

There were days at a time when he accomplished this. But he would be brought up short by an item in the paper, a name in conversation, a face on the street. Then the weight was like grief, unbearable alone. The night David was born Caroline's parents appeared proudly in his study with a gift for him. They had framed his medal on blue velvet.

"Caroline's idea," Mr. Curran said, proudly. "This will mean a lot to the grandson, Johnny."

They selected a place to hang it over his desk.

He left it there. It was a challenge. When difficulties seemed more than he could cope with he'd march into the study and close the door. He would look at the medal and tell himself: "All right —it's peacetime now. Your kind of world. Make good, make good."

He taught David to do things the hard way, never to shirk. One afternoon from his study window, he saw his son flinch from a tackle as a bigger boy plunged across the lawn. John came out to them.

"David!" he cried. "David, David—believe me. Life isn't worth living if you're afraid!"

The group of eight-year-olds clustered, startled at his emotion. More quietly, he said: "All you boys—believe me. You mustn't be afraid. Never let yourself be afraid."

He joined their game. He had the satisfaction of seeing David make a clean, hard tackle and come up smiling.

"And now again, David!" he urged. "Now that you know you can, do it again!"

That night, sitting on the edge of David's bed, in the dark, he thought: "He'll be a better man than I was. He's a fine, brave boy."

There were busy years. He became principal of the high school. For days, for weeks he forgot. For ten years he rarely thought of the old war, though there was a new one brewing. He was successful and often happy, a man absorbed in his work. He was free of the medal on the wall.

Until the evening that David came home and said he'd enlisted in the Naval Flying Corps and John found him in the study after dinner, standing at the desk, studying the medal, his face proud. Then, as John came slowly into the room, he was within a breath of telling David, but this thought restrained him: "If I tell the boy now he may grow to doubt himself." And a fighting man must not doubt himself, John knew.

But young Lieutenant Davie

Continued on page 130

Two-Fisted Fighting Man

Bernard Baruch's strongest motivation is his love of country and he can be ruthless to promote America's welfare

by STRUTHERS BURT

• ARTICLE •

"AND Joshua said unto them, fear not, nor be dismayed; be strong and of good courage; for thus shall the Lord do to all your enemies against whom ye fight." And Joshua, as we know, was a strong man, tall, and without timidity.

In the winter of 1903, young Mr. Baruch, only a little beyond thirty, decided that the depression was over. He decided this, as he decides most things, by cogent thought, which consists of putting two and two together, and then throwing these factors, outlined and high-lighted, up against the background of his country. Senator Carter Glass once said, "Bernie is as dogmatic as hell about two and two making four." Like the elder Morgan, Bernard Baruch has never "sold his country short." Unlike the elder Morgan, however, this with him is not just a carefully calculated bit of business wisdom, excellent as that wisdom is, but also a passion and a faith. When things were looking their blackest a while back, a friend of his said, "Barney, what can I do with my money?" Mr. Baruch stared at him coldly a moment. "Take it all," he said, "and bet it on America."

Mr. Baruch is a convinced, fiery American; a bottled in bond, dyed in the wool, ingrained and outgrained, impregnated, well rubbed down and varnished American, and so, being that sort of American, he is an equally convinced democrat with a small d, and, it also happens, with a large one.

The latter, of course, is a question open to argument, as it should be, but before we even begin to discuss him, it is necessary for us to get into our heads that the strongest motivation in Bernard Baruch's life is his love of country. It is stronger by far than he will admit, for he is not sentimental. In his later years he likes to give the impression of matter-of-factness. His favorite question and command is—"Well—what is it? Shoot!" But you perceive it always, this underlying motive. And it's curiously tender and protective, like a father. Which is as it should be, for such is the make-up of the human mind, if you really wish to love your country you must learn to regard it as an entity, a person, close to you but larger than yourself.

In the case of Bernard Baruch, this is especially fortunate for America and humanity generally, for he is an extraordinarily powerful man, and a mysteriously influential one the world over. When he wants to be, he can be ruthless—particularly when the welfare of his country is involved.

He is not a Disraeli, although some like to speak of him as such. He has never held a Cabinet post, although President Wilson offered him the Secretaryship of the Treasury, which he refused. He has chosen for the most part to work behind the scenes. Nor is he a Colonel House. He is too forthright, too much an impregnable personality in his own right.

Hindenburg who, after the last war, said that this country understood modern war better than any country because we understood total effort and mass-production, a truth the modern Germans are learning again, gave Bernard Baruch full credit for what he did in 1918 as Chairman of the famous World War I War Industries Board. Von Hindenburg thought Bernard Baruch an extremely dangerous American. Adolf Hitler thinks the same, and German short-waves in the last two years have often said so. This pleases Mr. Baruch.

Getting back to the Depression of 1903.

It was probably his abiding faith in his country and his idiosyncrasy of putting two and two together, that made Mr. Baruch decide long before anyone else that the patient was recovering. He went to see his friend, Eugene Meyer, now publisher of the *Washington Post*, then head of Meyer & Co. It turned out that Mr. Meyer had a pretty good idea. "Barney," he said, "I understand that the Borromos (a pseudonym for one of the richest families in the country) are pretty pessimistic and are loaded up with their own stock. Let's go over and see if we can buy some. I'll go fifty-fifty with you."

Mr. Meyer had then, as now, a deep respect for Mr. Baruch's judgment, just as Mr. Baruch has for his, and when Mr. Baruch nodded agreement the deal was on.

"But for how much?" asked Mr. Meyer.

"Oh—just a little," said Mr. Baruch.

So the two sought out the oldest Borromo.

"Well—" said the oldest Borromo. "Perhaps . . . Yes. Possibly." And like Mr. Meyer, asked, "How much?"

"Ten million dollars' worth," said Mr. Baruch, "if the price is right."

Mr. Meyer held his breath. Later he confessed he thought that he was in for it, but he had given his word and he too is a stout man, meaning a courageous one. Within a week he and Bernard Baruch divided several million net between them. Mr. Baruch has made considerably more since, but he still speaks of this as his "best day."

And he still speaks of Mr. Meyer as one of his best partners.

And here's a story in direct contrast. Mr. Baruch adores the memory of his mother, and she must have been a lovely person. Her name was Belle Wolfe and she came from one of those old and aristocratic Southern Jewish families—first New York in 1734 and then south—in this case South Carolina planters who had fought in the War of the Revolution with all they had and in every other war in which their country had been involved. Despite that probably illegitimate grandson of a certain Baron Rothschild, one Adolf Hitler, and his absurd talk of international Jewry, American Jews have been notoriously American. I suppose we all remember Haym Solomon who bankrupted himself in the cause of Washington and burned New York when it was filled with British troops and Tories, and Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of War for the Confederacy. Anyway. Mr. Baruch adores the memory of his mother, just as he adores the memory of his father. When he speaks of either, behind the pince-nez, his light blue, quizzical eyes shine with an inner fire.

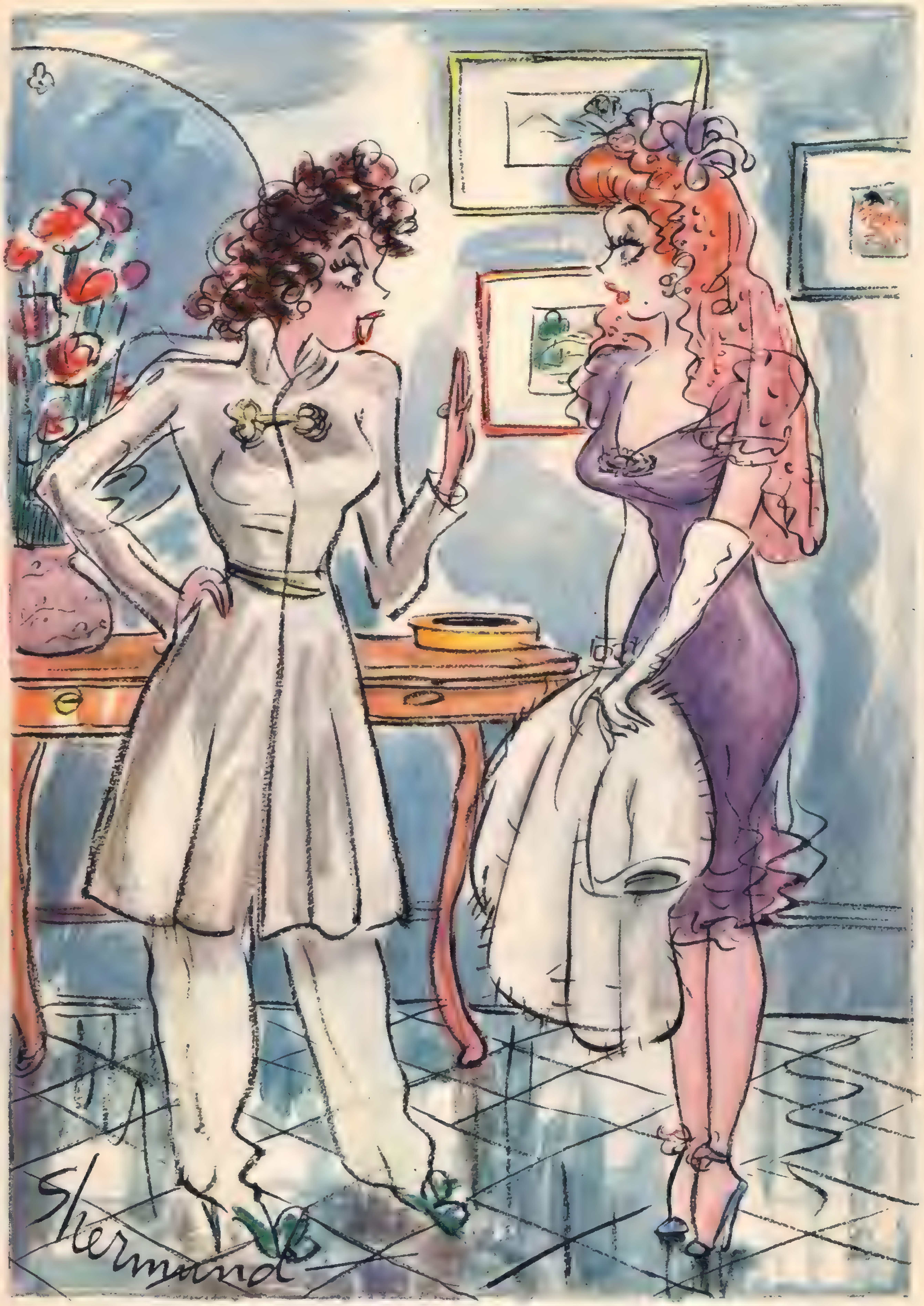
So there you have two angles of this many-angled man; shrewdness, clairvoyance, no quarter in an equal combat; unquestioning loyalty to those he cherishes or to the principles he advocates. No wonder his friends like him; no wonder Adolf Hitler fears him.

Bernard Baruch was born August 19, 1870, in the sweet and sleepy town of Camden, South Carolina, "right on the main street," he likes to remark, the son of Belle Wolfe Baruch, as has been noted, and of Dr. Simon B. Baruch, late of the C.S.A. He was one of several sons, and when he was twelve, in the early eighties, the family moved to New York where, after some preliminary hard times, Dr. Baruch established a good practice. In those days 5,000 dollars a year was enough for a family to live well and for Mrs. Baruch to begin to indulge mildly in the charities for which later she became noted. As for the Dr., in addition to his medicine, he was also noted for his un-reconstructed Southernism, and, in fact, had been one of the founders of the original Ku Klux Klan during the South's reconstruction period.

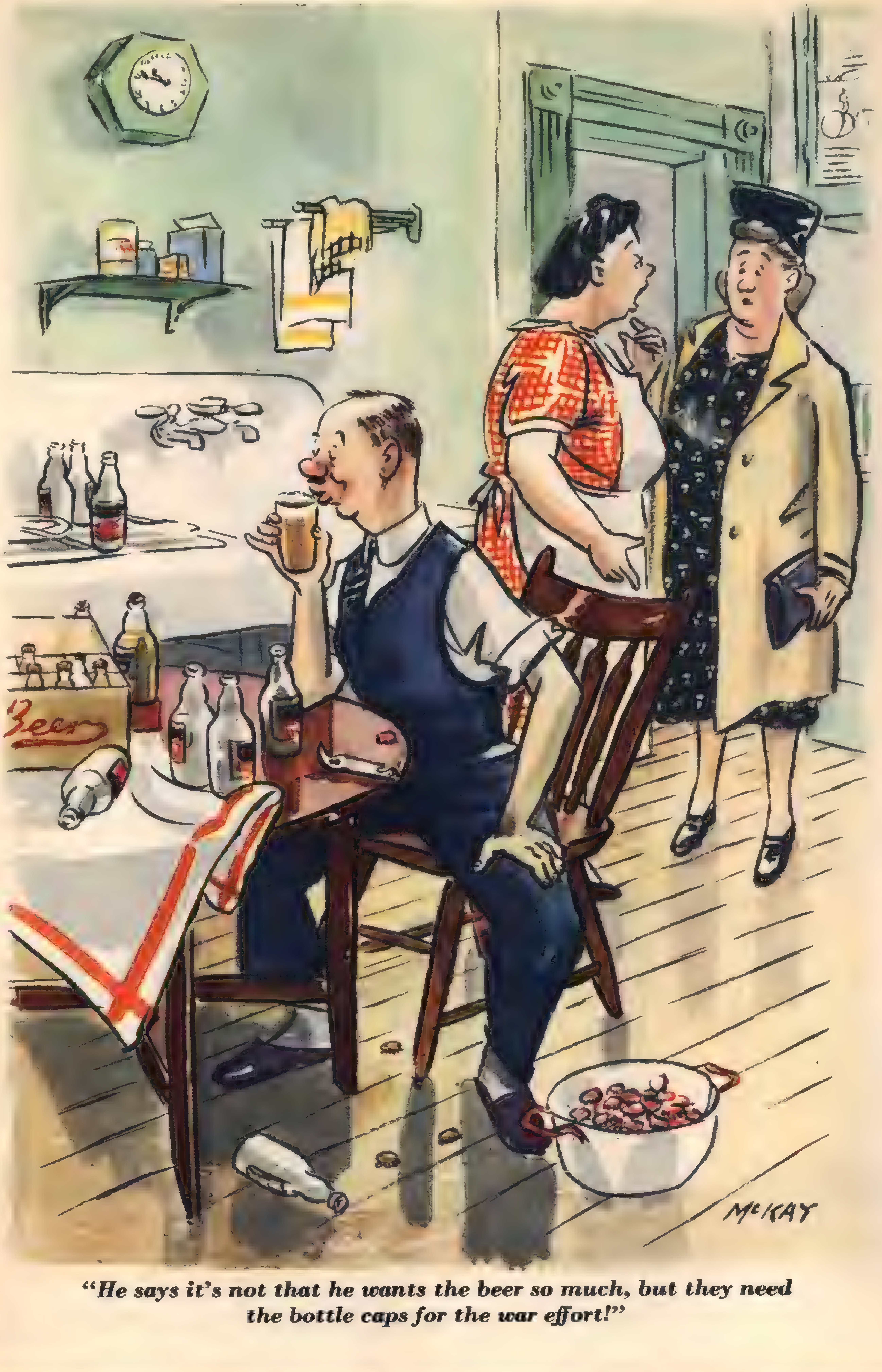
A tall man, like his son, with a white beard cut to resemble the beard of his hero, General Robert E. Lee, on one solemn occasion at the Metropolitan Opera House, when the orchestra suggested the strains of "Dixie," he leapt to his feet and in the darkness loudly and unflinchingly gave the Rebel yell. But then, as his son says, he did

Continued on page 138

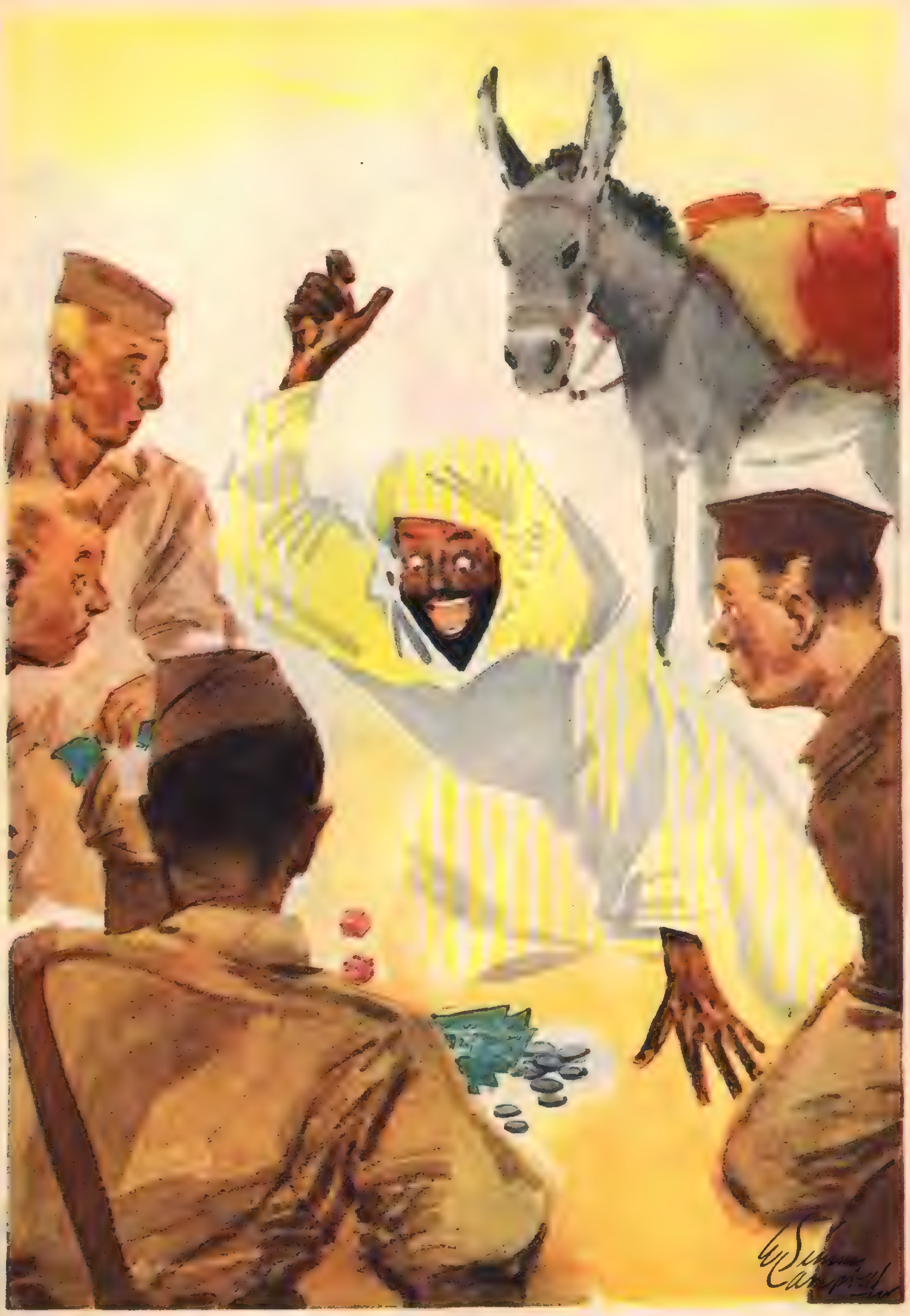
IF IT SWIMS-WE HAVE IT
MARKET
FRESH TODAY
Coty



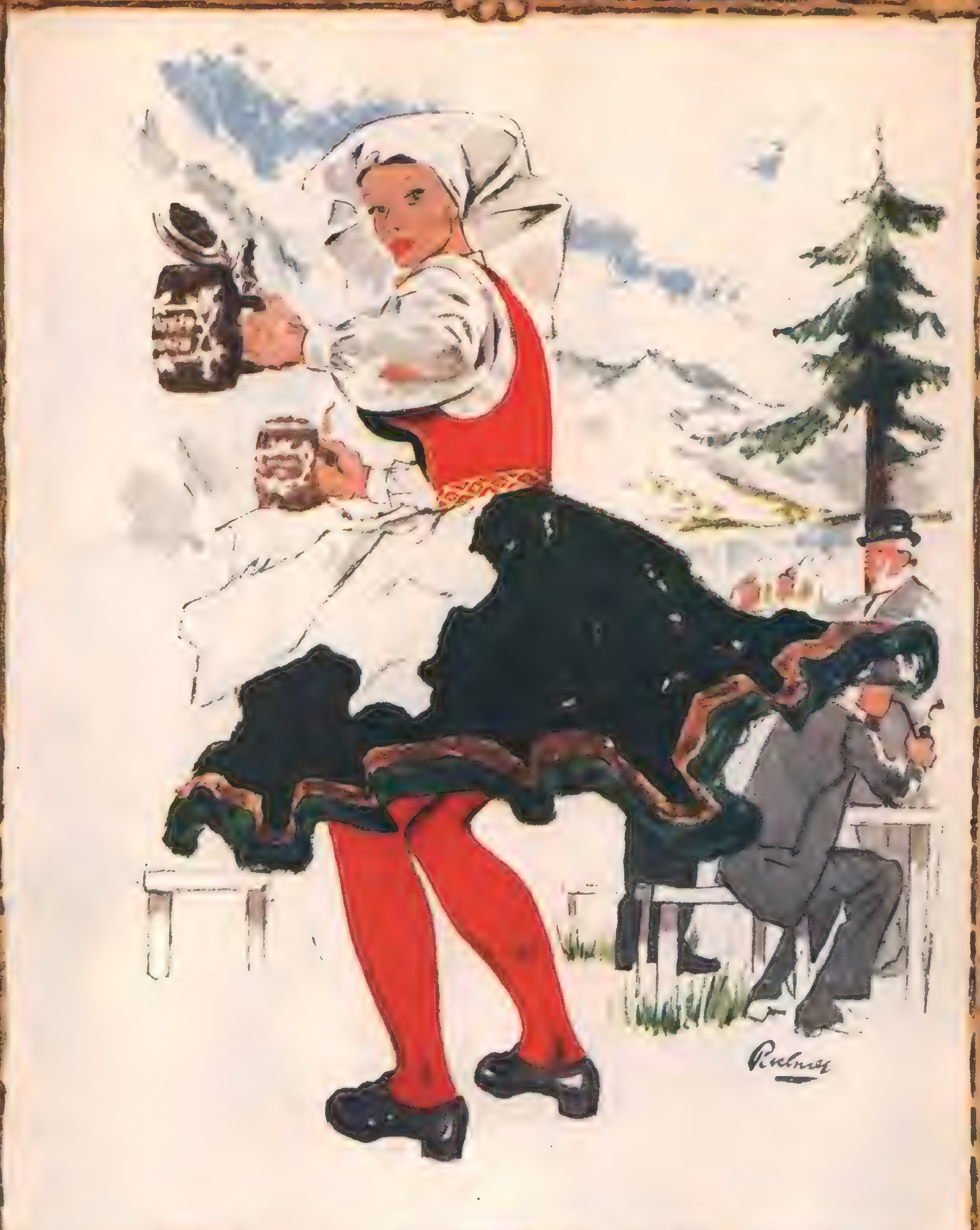
" 'Stop!' doesn't mean anything to the army—you've got to say, 'Halt!' "



"He says it's not that he wants the beer so much, but they need the bottle caps for the war effort!"


E. Simms Campbell

"Come seven! Jackass needs new shoes!"



GLORIES OF THE UNITED NATIONS

. . . the conquerors at last expelled, the Norwegian innkeeper's daughter will again serve her own kind, free friendly folk, unfettered and unafraid . . .

The Shootingest Nation Wins

Let's take a leaf from history which proves no matter how mighty our guns we require marksmen to hit the enemy

by JACK O'CONNOR

ARTICLE

ONE hundred and twenty-eight years ago 4,000 American backwoods squirrel and deer hunters, pirates and militia fought a battle with 9,000 crack British regulars. The score: 2,000 British casualties, mostly dead, 71 American casualties, mostly wounded.

The explanation is simple—the Americans could shoot, the British couldn't. Against men with rifles, massed maneuver á la Frederick the Great, frontal assaults by platoons, companies, and regiments, spectacular cavalry charges were simply suicide.

There's a lesson for us in that battle of New Orleans. In fact the last 150 years of military history teach the same thing. No matter how modern your weapons—flame throwers, self-propelled medium cannon, anti-tank guns, high powered bombers and lightning-fast pursuit ships, 37 and 75 mm. tank guns, machine guns—it takes a marksman to use them. The men who win battles are the ones who can aim at a specific target and fire faster and more accurately than the enemy. There is no "man-proof" weapon.

American frontiersmen first showed that the rifle is the shootingest weapon of all. Rifles called "Kentuckies" (for "Kentucky" was a generic name for anything on the other side of the mountains) cleaned out the Indians and made possible the settlement of new lands. They proved their worth at the battle of King's Mountain and other skirmishes of the Revolutionary War, and the Civil War was fought almost entirely with the rifle. But for proof you can't overlook, that wars are won by marksmanship, look at the Boer War.

The Boers had nothing but rifles. The British had artillery, numbers, equipment, trained generals. However, the Boers had seen plenty of big game before the British moved in and what they did with those rifles astounded the world. The British, still in the Frederick the Great tradition, were trained in volley fire and as in the days of the musket were taught to fire into the sector straight ahead with the notion that *some* of the bullets would hit. But the Boers, like American backwoodsmen, picked out individual targets and shot at them—to hit.

In one minor battle 350 British infantrymen were attacked by 200 Boers—the Boers killed, wounded, or captured 304 British with a loss of one killed and five wounded. In another battle 3,000 Boers held off 30,000 British for four hours and inflicted heavy casualties on them. In another, 900 Boers killed or captured 1,100 British. The British finally overwhelmed the Boers by artillery, by numbers, and supplies, but only after the British lion looked somewhat moth-eaten.

But 1914 found the great nations unfazed by the lessons of the Boer War. Americans and Germans were still concerned with controlling infantry fire and encouraged men in battle to fire into a sector and not to pick individual targets. The French were still enamored of the bayonet and their rifle practice was done largely indoors with .22's, to save money. However, the British went in heavily for rifle practice in their small regular army, and the fact that Kitchener's "Contemptibles" could shoot was probably all that saved them in 1914 from being wiped out when the Germans drove on the channel ports.

The shooting done by poorly trained conscripts on both sides was pretty poor. Many a man was drafted, trained in close-order drill, trench digging, and community singing, sent to the front and killed without ever having fired his rifle in practice. Examples of good shooting—the Marines, individual heroes like Lt. Samuel Woodfil and Sgt. Alvin York—were relatively few.

Despite the fact that snipers inflicted great damage during World War I, the United States did not adopt a telescope sight between 1918 and 1942. We hear of fire power as a terrific volume of bullets speeding toward the enemy so as to overwhelm him by their weight. We do *not* hear of that volume of fire being *accurate* and speeding toward an especially selected mark. The lesson that one shot which hits and knocks out an enemy is better than a thousand which miss, has never filtered in.

The Nazis are more careful students of military history. Intensive training with the rifle is part of their program for everyone—even ground troops of the air force, engineers, and men in the service of supply. Literally every German soldier except stretcher-bearers and others in strictly non-combatant capacities is equipped with a short, light rifle. Many are equipped with telescopic sights, too; and motion pictures of the occupation of Prague showed all the lads sitting in motorcycle side-cars carrying rifles equipped with what looked like the Zeiss Zeilklen 2¼ power scope which has been imported by the thousands for American big-game hunters.

The first stories that came out of Malaya had it that the British were overwhelmed by mechanical equipment—tanks, planes, and what not. Now the real story is filtering through. The Japs won because of superior generalship that handled rifle-bearing infantry with imagination and because of the superior training with rifles.

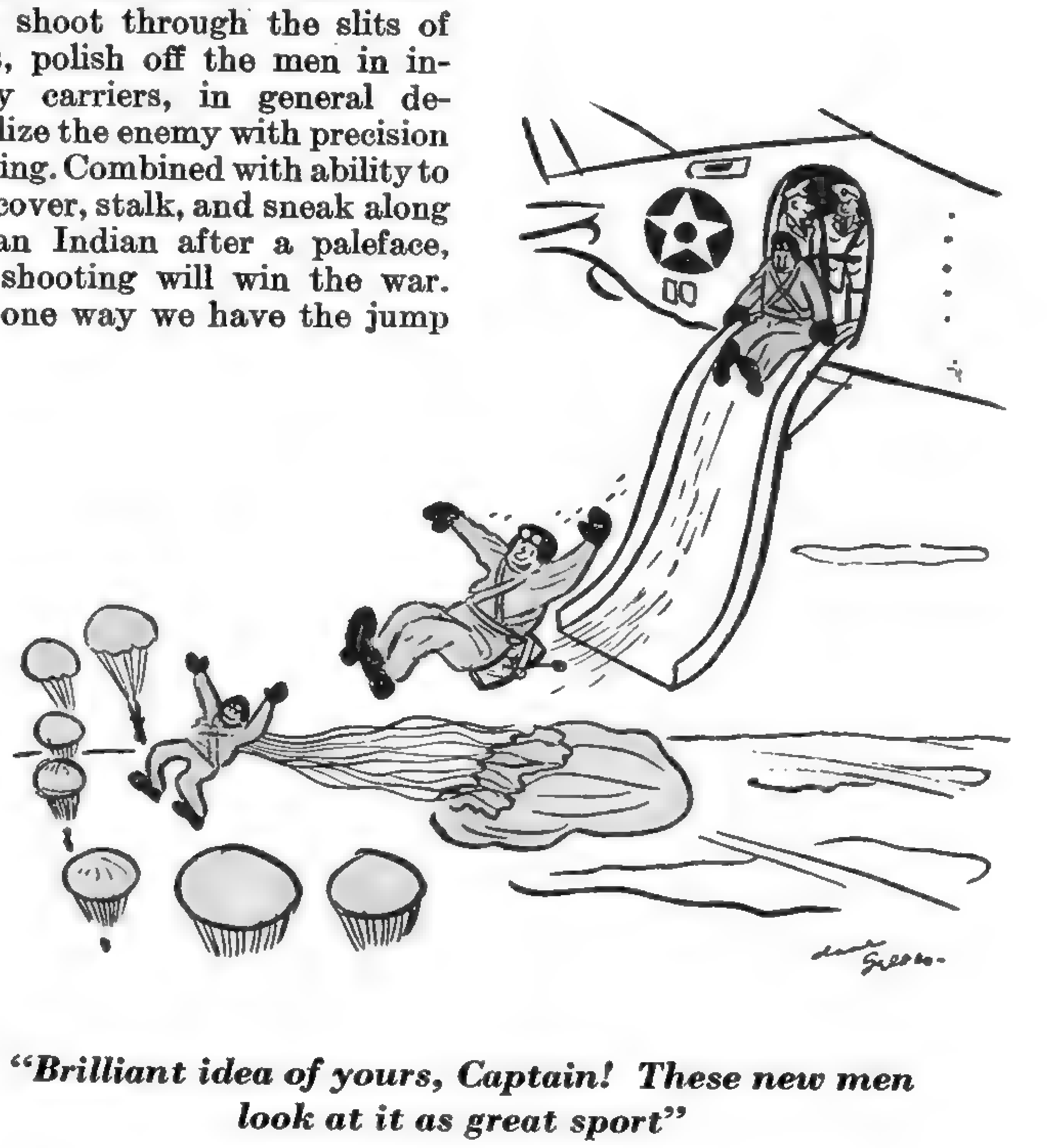
MacArthur's men in Bataan were able to stop the Japs because of their skill with the rifle. The handful of American regulars there were thoroughly trained crack shots; so were the Filipino Scouts. Although their air force was destroyed, the Americans could have kept the Japs back if they had not run out of food, medicine, and munitions. Consider the case of China—with rifles alone the Chinese have inficted between 500,000 and 1,000,000 casualties on the Japanese.

Mechanized warfare doesn't compete with the rifle; it boosts it. The swifter and more fluid warfare becomes, the more it is mechanized, the more opportunity there is for skilled riflemen. He can knock off the crews of anti-tank guns, shoot through the slits of tanks, polish off the men in infantry carriers, in general demoralize the enemy with precision shooting. Combined with ability to take cover, stalk, and sneak along like an Indian after a paleface, such shooting will win the war.

In one way we have the jump on everyone else, for we have an enormous population used to using and shooting firearms. Every year about 10,000,000 men and boys hunt small or big game, and the average American male has a firearm of some sort from childhood. This is important, for skill and ease with a rifle is not learned quickly. A week's rifle training is better than none; and a month's training is better than a week's. But the man who has handled a rifle from childhood is the most formidable enemy there is.

Hunting Japs is different from hunting wild animals only in that your prey is also looking for you. Swinging and leading with a speeding duck requires exactly the same sort of coordination of eye and muscle as knocking off a ground-strafing plane with a .50 caliber machine gun. The man who can flash a rifle to his shoulder and bowl over a running whitetail buck can also knock down a running Jap. It's no coincidence that Lt. Comdr. "Butch" O'Hare, who smacked down six Jap bombers in a few minutes, was an enthusiastic hunter and shot-gun fan.

Sure, planes and tanks are important. But they can't kill anyone. It's the shooting men inside that do the trick. #



"Brilliant idea of yours, Captain! These new men look at it as great sport"

The Freeing of Yovan

The Serbian peasant had been a gentle, peace-loving man until his intensive schooling in the way of the New Order

by MAX BRAND

• FICTION •

℞

In the twilight Yovan fed his two white bullocks ears of maize by hand. He could feel the long rough tongues on his fingers and their sweet breath blew up over his arms to his face. In the whole valley of the Drina there were not two bigger oxen, or whiter ones with the yellow stains so well washed from their flanks.

As they fed now, Dusan from the left hand, Draja from the right, Yovan Torodov looked up to the north and east where the stars were ascending slowly above the Cer Mountains. The sound of an airplane trailed across the sky. It brought to him the thought of the war. Yovan put his hand on the forehead of Draja. This restored to him the peace of the evening; then he heard the mandolin of his daughter, Kossara.

After only two more operations to lengthen her leg, Kossara would be able to walk straight, the doctor declared; later she might even dance with the other fifteen-year old girls of the village.

As he turned toward the house he saw something fluttering down through the air. Yovan caught in his hand a little wisp of pamphlet and carried it in to Kossara.

Yovan washed his hands and his face before he sat down to supper. The pamphlet was decorated with crossed flags, one the old flag of Serbia, the three great stripes of white, red and blue; the other showed clustering white stars on a square blue ground and the rest of the field was striped more narrowly with red and white.

Kossara said nothing. Since the death of her mother Yovan had raised her in the truth of the old proverb: "A quiet woman is quickly believed."

"Tell me," said Yovan. "What flag is this?"

"Look," said the girl. "Every star is for a great country. There are forty-eight."

"But that is the place where your Aunt Anna is living now. That is the United States."

"Yes." Kossara lifted her head. She had a broad, low forehead and clear black eyes. Now she listened to a ponderous rumbling. More German trucks were passing through the village.

"We are patient," said Yovan. "After awhile they go away and the king comes home again. Besides," he added, "General Mihailovich will drive them away."

"If you were free, father," said the girl, "would you join the Chetniks and fight the Germans? Would you go to Mihailovich?"

"But I *am* free," said Yovan.

"Oh no. There is Kossara that you have to carry every day."

"No. No," said Yovan troubled, but his eyes went to the steep stairs. He carried her up to the loft every evening, though she was able to come down by herself. "What does the book say, my dear one?"

She read aloud: " 'Brothers, we are far away but we are coming to you. We know how bravely you have fought and we ask you to keep on fighting'."

"Ah," said Yovan.

Kossara went on reading. " 'We know about your hero Mihailovich in the mountains. By air, on the ocean or under the sea we shall send you help. It is God's will that your land should be free. Brothers, resist. It is better to die than be a slave.' "

Yovan heard the familiar squeak of the crutches. His eyes had been closed, listening. Now he saw Kossara dropping the pamphlet into the stove.

"Don't you know," she said, "if they found that little book in your hands they would kill you?"

Remembering the book, it seemed to Yovan that the words themselves had been destroyed. He was so perturbed that when he hauled a cartload of logs from the hills two days later he did not heed the horn in time. He hastened to swing the oxen out of the road but the German truck smashed the cart against the wall.

Yovan got up and passed his hands over Dusan and Draja to make sure they were not badly injured. The driver of the truck was a big young man and his head shone like silver in the morning sun as he came at Yovan, shouting. Yovan listened with patience. It would take him a week to repair the cart. The German began to scream and Yovan saw a heavy automatic pistol in his hand. Dusan dropped first. Draja fell also, not killed but with his left foreleg broken.

The German still was threatening as Yovan took hold on the pistol. Twice the gun exploded before Yovan plucked it away and struck with the butt on the shaven head. He picked up the body and laid it in the grass by the road. Then he went to Draja. "Have peace, my son," said Yovan and sent the fifth bullet into the brain of the ox.

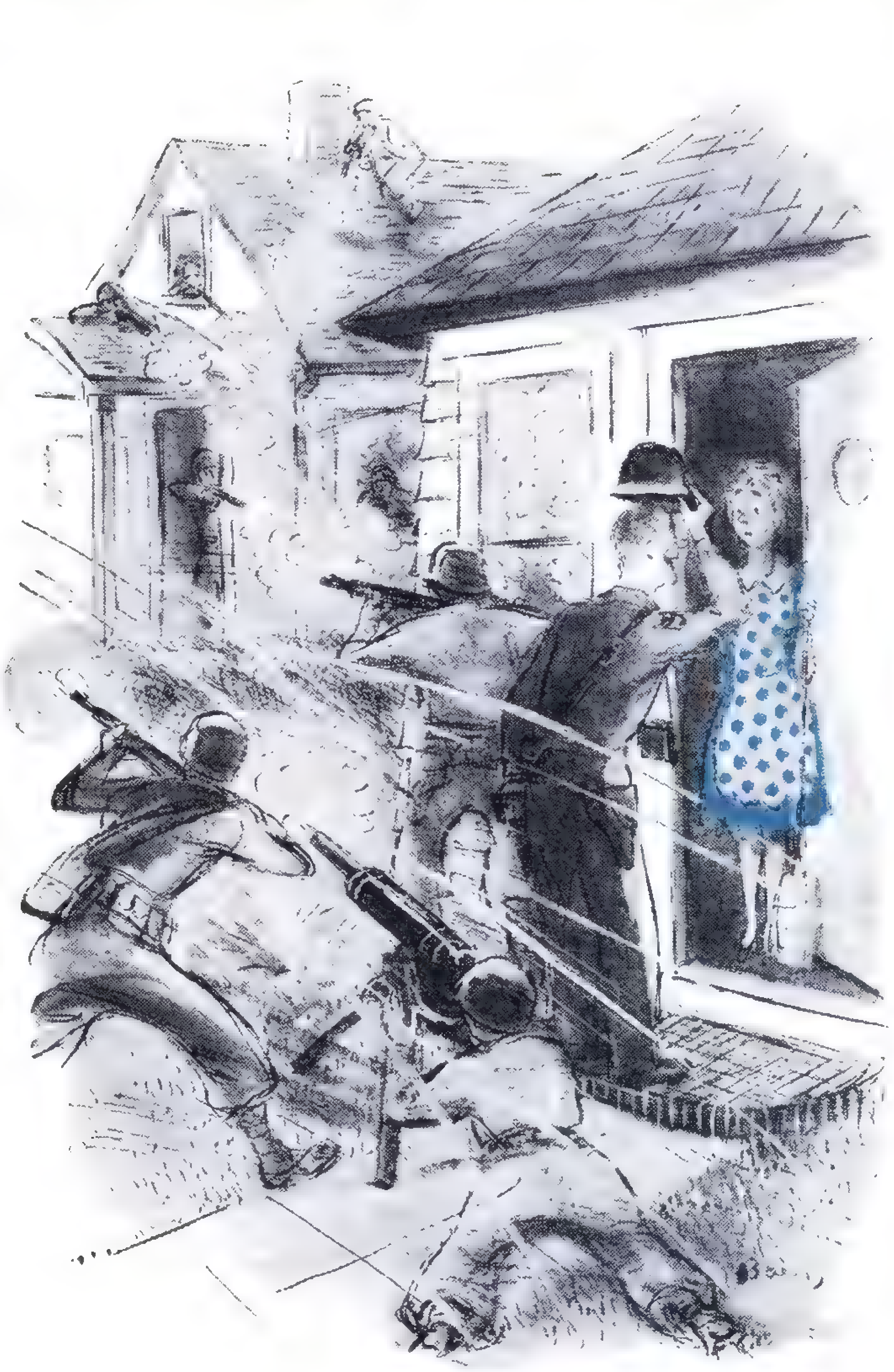
Down the road he could hear the approaching thunder of trucks as they crossed the bridge. They would find their dead man at once. So he went up the hill to the woods. In the verge of them he looked back. Half a dozen trucks were standing at the bend of the road by the dead oxen. He remained on the edge of the forest for a long time until he saw men with dogs. At the first stream he made a trail problem for the hounds and then lay up in a nest of rocks until evening. A free man would have gone straight to Mihailovich but he was not free because of Kossara. He could not find a way through this problem except by the advice of the priest, so he came to the village.

From a little distance the wind carried to him the sound of mourning. He passed behind the houses listening to the thin, childish voices of the women lamenting. Because of the one man he had killed the Germans had taken many lives. When he came to the high ground behind his own house he sat down.

It seemed that for one dish of black bean soup and ten minutes to listen to the mandolin of Kossara he would be ready to die. Three soldiers with shouldered rifles came to the door of the shed.

In one man or even two, perhaps the life could be stifled silently, but three . . . He arose and went to the church.

The door was gone. Everything inside was smashed, even



"May we come in? I'm giving the boys a little practice in house to house fighting"

the holy images along the walls, even the benches for the worshippers. A thousand lives of prayer could not wash away this sacrilege. Now he was able to look farther into the darkness and all was the same ruin, drawn down upon the holy place by his deed. Yovan covered his eyes. He had money in his pocket to buy a single small candle.

He lighted the candle. All the way to the altarpiece the flickering light showed him devastation; still he could not believe that the altar itself would be touched. For a long moment at last he stood; the altar itself was gone. Yovan fell on his knees. He started to pray but found only the names of Dusan and Draja in his throat. When he put his hand to the floor in rising he touched a sticky moisture. The candle showed him a pool of red and he knew well who had died before the altar. The priest had lain there with his great white beard divided on his chest.

Sounds approaching the church made him skulk behind a pillar. A number of uniformed Germans came in with a flashlight. The youngest officer seemed to be of the highest rank. He had a thin face and he smiled continually. Yovan watched with great eyes.

He was dangerously close if God should strike this impious man with holy fire, and then Yovan realized that for this very reason God had placed him there, to do a sacred act. Two bullets remained in the pistol. He aimed first at the ribbons on the breast of the young man but his hand was so steady that he drew his bead on the narrow forehead.

There was a little side portal into the shrubbery. When the Germans rushed out they did not look in that direction.

Yovan waited higher up the hill listening to a bugle that blew a call. Soldiers came with their rifles, so many that Yovan was surprised for he had not known such a number were billeted in the village. Surely, not one was left, even those who guarded his house: so he returned to it, in great strides.

As he opened the door Kossara's face became so white and her eyes so large that she was like a different person. Yovan took her in his arms.

"Tell me what clothes you need," he said. "We will go to Mihailovich."

"I go also?" she asked. *"I?"*

"I shall carry you. You see." He lifted her in his hands lightly. A bugle called frantically in the distance again.

"Be at rest, father," she said. "You shall go alone."

"Alone?" He shook his head.

"Go to Mihailovich," she said. She reached up and took his face between her hands. "Because of helping me they would catch you. You would die."

"Hush," said Yovan. "For our father, the priest, I have killed an officer in the church. Because of this they will kill you little by little, like rats gnawing. So come now, dear one. Here are your great coat, and the boots."

"Will you not go?" she asked, sighing. "Will you not leave me?"

"I leave you, in this place?" The bugle snarled again and he held up a hand for her to listen to it and understand.

"You have a good life to give to our people, but I am only something to carry and drag."

"Do you talk, there? Do you argue?" said Yovan, almost angry. "They will be here and everywhere, murdering. Come."

She picked up the pistol.

"Now that's better," said Yovan. "Be careful of it, my sweet one.... You shall see how light you are on my back."

"Is it true," she asked, "that Dusan and Draja both are dead?"

"God have mercy. Yes they are gone."

"How much that loves you can be lost to you in one day," she said with her head low.

"There shall be payment for these things, too," said Yovan.

"Yes. Yes, I think there shall be," she answered. "God and Saint Maxim forgive me. I am a little afraid of this journey."

"Be careful of the gun," he said. "Now we start, my dear."

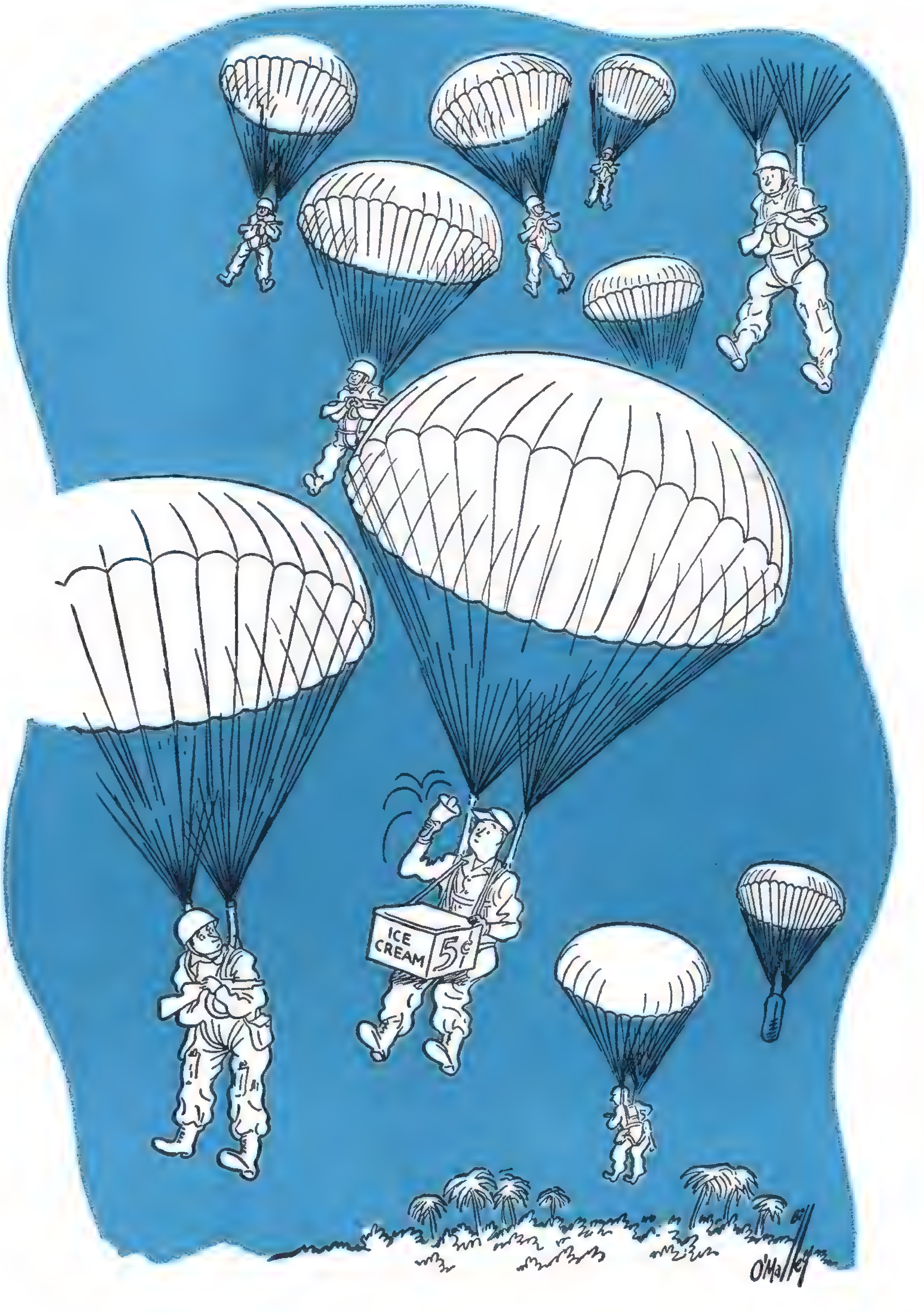
"Say one prayer that will keep me safe," she begged.

"May God keep you close to his breast," said Yovan.

"That is a good prayer," Kossara whispered, and before Yovan had opened his eyes he heard the sound of the gun, stifled against her body.

He held her for a moment. He remembered her pity for all he was losing in one day.

He laid her down with care and stood again with empty hands. The gun had no more bullets but he took it because it was now worth more than life itself. As he stood in the kitchen looking at familiar things, his heart commenced to swell and he got quickly out into the open air. He faced the Cer Mountains, a free man and as he strode with his great steps into the night, the ragged peaks seemed to lift and fall a little against the stars. #



Myself and the Movies

The great American novelist, who has emerged as victor from counters with the film industry, defends Hollywood

by THEODORE DREISER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

My first personal contact with Hollywood and the Movies was in September, 1919. It was an extremely pleasing place and I liked it enormously, so much so that once I was permitted to come to look over the Paramount lot and, possibly, make some realistic suggestions in connection with pictures, I stayed three years. It was either Mr. Jesse Lasky or Famous Players Lasky or certainly some Hollywood magnate, who bought the Mirror Films from under me (I was then the prospective editor-in-chief of Mirror Films of Corona, Long Island, which, after the purchase became an eastern branch of Famous Players Lasky); for some reason, possibly kindness of heart, Mr. Lasky offered me a lump sum to come to Hollywood to do exactly what I have stated above.

I never truly hated Hollywood as a whole—merely certain aspects of it which ran counter to my own ego, which for one reason and another (the sale of a novel like *An American Tragedy* for one thing) caused me to feel that a percentage of consideration, not always at the fingertips of busy men, was due me. Perhaps the most disturbing thing was that, having been called to Hollywood for a job I was never allowed to perform, and having for that reason time on my hands, I was soon in a position not only to hear about all Hollywood characteristics, but to observe the difficult strugglings of the aspirants of that day—girls and boys, men and women—who hurried to Hollywood to display their charms or talents, and to seek the public's recognition of the same.

But, oh, the difference between the dreams and the reality. On the one hand a few hundreds, at the most, strutting their talents before the growing movie audiences of the nation, and being paid, even then, enormous salaries; whereas for the other thousands there remained but a weary parade, day after day, from casting office to casting office, bearing photos of themselves, which brought them nothing. Also to the habitats of a swarm of lying moving picture fakirs, who, well dressed and having a little money, pretended to connections with one and another of the great studios, yet without a trace of such between the lot of them.

I watched it with interest because, as fortune would have it, I was identified with one who, possessing exceptional beauty, was too attractive to be ignored, and so was making her way briskly enough. On the other hand, as a writer, I had plenty to do working on such books as *Newspaper Days*, *Moods* and *The Color of a Great City*. Yet often I was advised that if I wished to see something startling, and at the same time pitiable, I should arise at 6 A.M. and let her drive me to the particular spot or gate where extras apply.

I was not only startled, but from a humanitarian, economic and social point of view, really infuriated by the crass indifference displayed by these already then arriving picture magnates, who, having stumbled upon a social gold mine, could so swiftly and greedily seize upon the endless male and female aspirants as to compel them to arise as early as five or six in the morning and travel miles—private cars being out of the question—in order to reach a certain distant movie gate to be looked over by some young moving picture assistant as one would look over cattle or sheep. And this in order to find among the hundreds assembled there some twenty or thirty "types" for the particular wild west or city mob or country farm festival for which at most some forty or fifty were required. As for the other hundreds advertised for, and then and there swarming around the gate in the hope of a day's work—they had their early rising and their long walk for nothing.

And then the mourning mob!

"And me getting up at five and walking seven miles!"

"And look at my shoes!"

"And now I got to go back again."

"And no telling whether the work is good for more than one day after you get it. You're in big luck if it lasts a few days."

On more than one occasion I watched these depressing mobs of the disappointed—their slow discouraged steps, their depressed, almost shrunken faces. After a time, irritated by this phase and that—the spendthrift gaiety on the one hand (do you remember Fatty Arbuckle?) and the endless waves of disappointed aspirants on the other, I sat down and painted a word picture of it which, to my surprise, was printed in some eastern publication—possibly the first article of its kind. The result was public anti-reaction on the part of the moving picture organizations or their press agents to me personally. At any rate I found myself being denounced as a disappointed sorehead, which most certainly I was not. For the Lasky invitation to come West—although I never got to see him—had netted me several thousand in cash to live on, to say nothing of the sale of my books thus far. No, it was not hatred of the movies as such. I liked them as a new art. Nor was I down on any particular magnate—not even Mr. Lasky. The truth was, as someone has since amusingly but perhaps correctly put it, I was "in leash to the underdog" and, alas, still am.

When I left Hollywood in 1922 and returned to New York to write *An American Tragedy*, I carried no hatred for, as all know, I subsequently sold *An American Tragedy* and later *Jennie Gerhardt* to Paramount, as well as *Sister Carrie* to R.K.O. and *My Gal Sal* to West Coast Fox.

It is true that after buying *An American Tragedy*, for what was then the silent movies, Famous Players Lasky, which later became Paramount, shelved that work until 1930—then announced that it was about to be done as a talkie. I would have thought nothing of this if immediately thereafter I had not been approached by a friend of mine—one J. G. Robin, lawyer, banker, business man, as well as dramatist, author of *Jesus* and *Caius Gracchus*, who said to me: "Didn't you sell that to them back in 1926 before talking pictures came in?"

"Yes," I said.

"But then what right have they to produce it as a talking picture? Silent rights are one thing. These new talking rights are another and buying one does not mean you have bought the other. Why should you let them buy it and shelve it for four years and then produce it as a talkie for nothing? Why not let me get you up a letter stating that you wish to go into court?"

Having been disappointed by the company's long delay of the picture, I felt in the mood to punish them at least to the degree they had punished me. And, as Liveright had later confided to me, if they had picturized the book in 1926, or simultaneously with Patrick Kearney's dramatization of the book in 1927, the sale of the book would have been enormous.

For the third time—Mr. Lasky and I met. The meeting took place in my studio in New York,

Continued on page 159

AMERICAN BEAUTIES, WESTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Margaret Hayes

In Baltimore she was born Florette Ottenheimer. In New York she was re-named Dana Dale. Hollywood dubbed her Margaret Hayes, and so she intends to remain. She figures three names are enough for one lifetime, especially if you hit the jackpot on the third christening. "Ottenheimer" and "Dale" did all right by her, but they ain't Hayes. Her father was an actor and gag man who early trained her steps along the footlight path. Hardly out of pinafores she performed on Baltimore radio stations when broadcasting rooms were draped in green burlap and microphones looked like air-cooled engines. Despite her youth she can claim to be a pioneer in radio.

She once won a scholarship to the Baltimore Law School, which she attended for two weeks. She switched to Johns Hopkins, mainly to perform with that school's dramatic group. There were also vacations at Pottsville, Pa. with a summer theatre group. Stepping from Pottsville to the Great White Way, she got some microscopic parts in short-lived plays. At the Stork Club she met Winchell, who decided her name should be Dana Dale and that she should be a model. In 1940, she was named the best photographer's model in New York.

When she was tested for the role of Scarlett O'Hara, Warners bundled her off to the coast and she has been cooking under the kliegs ever since. She was the gangster's moll in *City for Conquest*, the publisher's wife in *The Glass Key*, the spy in *The Lady Has Plans*, one of the distractions in *They Got Me Covered*. Now she wants to play good girls.

Hayes on Men: "I'm happy about meat rationing—no more ham for me, especially the Hollywood variety. If anything bores me it's spending an evening with a beautiful but vacuous glamor boy. I think writers are divine. An active mind is much more fascinating than a beautiful body."

Vital statistics: *Weight:* 115; *Height:* 5′ 4″; *Nickname:* Maggie; *Husbands:* 2 (none current); *Favorite baubles:* old gold and star sapphires; *Favorite poet:* Emily Dickinson.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL

If interested in getting a lovely Hurrell girl reproduced on a lightweight jig-saw puzzle which can be sent for 3c postage to men in service overseas, see page 158.

Cossacks Defend the Don

Two hundred old men and boys to take up the battle but they were free horsemen, fighters, who knew what they had to do

by STUART CLOETE

• FICTION •

The old man looked up from his desk. Outside a girl was singing, the granddaughter of Ivan Simonoff, his old sergeant major. Her husband was dead—killed, like so many others. She was singing to his child. How many Cossack mothers had sung such songs, such triumphant laments to the babes they held. The songs of the free horsemen of the Don.

A bee laden with honey flew in at the window. The heavy scent of the flowers was an accompaniment to the hum of the bees. So many summers, so many harvests, and now the end was approaching. Alexander Kropotov, Prince he once was, looked at the proclamation lying before him.

"The time has come when we must mount our horses again and take up our swords. Our sons already are for a long time at the front. The enemy has reached our land on the Don. Let us make an unbreakable wall of young men and old men."

He went to the window and called, "Tania . . . Tania, come here."

She stood before him, a young mother holding her son. Tall and slim with a rope of blonde hair coiled on her sunburned neck.

"Tania, send me your grandfather. Send him at once."

From the window Alexander Kropotov could see the combines working. He cupped his hand at his ear. The guns. Vibration of the invisible blows seemed nearer. The fields were red ripe with bearded barley, oats and wheat. Wagons and trucks had carted off the grain. The combines were racing with time.

"Faster, faster, comrades," an old man was shouting. "The grain is ripe and the time is short. The fastest is not fast enough for this reaping."

The old men were looking over the horizon. Kropotov knew what they were thinking. One more wild ride, stirrup to stirrup. Once more the rasp of the sabers from their scabbards. Once more the Cossack cry. They knew, these old men. Their nostrils twitched.

Simonoff was coming through the gate.

"I am here, Excellence." In the study he saluted. "There are one hundred and forty-eight men who can ride, and fifty-two boys."

"Two hundred. But we still are Cossacks. Sit down." He pointed to a chair. "You know the situation, Sergeant Major Simonoff."

"I know, Comrade Colonel. We are to ride again."

"Then here is something you will remember." Comrade Colonel Kropotov, once Prince Kropotov, took a parcel from his desk. "Undo it."

Simonoff untied the wrapping slowly. "The Flag," he said. "The regimental color. You have kept it all these years."

"Yes, the color. It shall fly again for Russia. The old Russia is dead. It must fly for the new. Here, comrade, is the proclamation. Read it to the people and then post it on the door of the church."

Sound of the guns was near now. Women and children were mounted, the babies in front of their mothers' saddles. The two troops of horses neighed to each other.

The men were going to ride through the smoking fields toward the guns. The fire served two purposes: It destroyed what was left of the standing grain and the smoke would hide from the bombers the line of women riding away.

Colonel Kropotov had set his own house ablaze first. Then each man had burnt his home. The church had been left to the last. The priest had set the fire to it. They would find nothing here. The Attman was seated on a splendid bay looking at his people. Never had these men been serfs. They were free horsemen, fighters. His wife was on her white horse beside him. She held his hand. "I am going to give the order," he said. He leaned over to kiss her.

"Give the order, Alexander."

He drew himself up and shouted, "The women go!"

"The women go," the Cossacks echoed. They kissed their wives, old women who rode like girls. The young boys kissed their mothers. Some of the women had sabers at their sides, some had rifles, some carried long Cossack lances.

"Women, go."

The column of women and girls and children moved; it moved toward the endless east of Russia, to Asia, to the safety of the Urals. Anywhere on the steppes was their home. They would have mare's milk for the children and the young horses to eat if there was nothing else.

"Cossacks—Mount!"

The women had faded into the smoke; the men rode toward the sound of the guns.

Nothing could be more fantastic. To pit men and horses against machines! It was not in any sense a real front. It was an area of contact with the enemy.

"If you are willing to take the chance." The tank commander spread out a map on the ground. "The enemy's armor is about here. I am numerically weaker but I will attack and engage him while you take your men around his flank. They are not afraid of us and consequently have prepared a forward dump." The young man put his finger down on the map.

A tank and cavalry combined operation by moonlight. But this was the moment of fantasy.

"We will charge their flank." For an Attman of Cossacks there was no hesitation.

Alexander Kropotov mounted his bay. The word was passed. "Mount . . . Mount . . . Silence in the ranks on the march."

Then they were moving over the plain—a body of men dressed in long Cossack coats, their fur caps on the sides of their heads. Each man was in his best clothes, each wore his medals, each horse its finest gear. If you were to die it was best to die royally caparisoned, with the saber of your ancestors in your hand. The moonlight glittered on silver-mounted daggers, on saber hilts, on beards white against the dark uniforms, on the medals.

The Colonel turned to the boy beside him. "The Flag, Peter."

A murmur went down the line. The Attman has broken out the flag . . . the regimental standard . . . the old flag! Horses' heads came up as the riders tightened the reins. Ten miles to go at a walk, slow canter and trot. The horses must be fresh for the battle.

As the horsemen rode across the blackened fields, Kropotov thought that the women must be well away by now. They could cover fifty miles in a day. He thought of home. His home was gone, he had put the fire to it himself. Across the black fields and past the black ruins of farm houses they rode. After more than an hour, he looked at his watch and beckoned to Simonoff.

"We are near our position. The tanks should be at our left. They will attack in five minutes."

"Yes, Excellence."

"Hold the boys. They will want to gallop in when they hear the firing. Keep them back and together. We have still a mile to go."

The firing began. Over the flat land they saw the bursts of flame

Continued on page 158

THE ESQUIRE CANTEEN

Featuring the dance team from the Versailles Café

And here's *this* month's pin-up floor show, staged expressly for the men in the armed forces. Now in its eighth hectic year, the Versailles has launched innumerable big attractions, including Elsa Maxwell, to the fanfare of its two topnotch bands. Latest but not least are the season's dancing finds, Eleanor Fairchild and Hugh Ellsworth—pictured here in their Harlem number, complete with zoot suit and pickaninny.

A graduate of the University of Michigan, Ellsworth studied dancing to improve his poise, overdid it and thereby shortcircuited a medical career. Miss Fairchild started life as the daughter of a New York University sociology professor, attended an exclusive boarding school, topped that off with a session at Oberlin College, studied to become a concert pianist—and here she is as one of the hottest-footed dancers in town. (It's getting so a Phi Beta Kappa key is almost a without-which-nothing in café society these days and a poor chorine hardly dares venture out for an intimate supper of champagne and oysters after the show without first arming herself with a copy of Roget's *Thesaurus*.)

With all her education, there's one thing Miss Fairchild can't figure out: How 500 people in a nightclub audience manage to make more noise during a performance than 5,000 soldiers in an Army camp audience. Her only theory—and the testimony of other entertainers bears her out—is that men in uniform must be ten times as attentive, as courteous and appreciative as the average customers in mufti.

She and her partner, Mr. Ellsworth, get a great kick out of their many performances—including this one in Esquire—for the best dressed audience in the world. Miss Fairchild's criterion has now become "How'm I doing with the boys in uniform?" And she keeps a weather eye peeled for the warming sight of khaki, olive green and navy blue during her night-club performances—she says they spur her on. She has one complaint: Too many service men seem to be clustered back around the bar and in the balcony. She thinks they ought to have ring-side seats.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTON BRUEHL

Swimming for Your Life

To reduce our sea casualties we must teach every boy to swim far and well enough for complete water confidence

by C. L. SAWIN

• SPORTS •

The first vivid water casualty story of the war, radioed from the South Pacific by Cecil Brown, reported the sinking of the *Repulse* and the *Prince of Wales*. Men drowned by the hundreds because they were not able to swim until the destroyers could pick them up. A year later came the report of American troops landing in North Africa, and how some men failed to reach shore alive, due to heavy equipment and poor swimming ability.

We have the top story of this pathetic casualty list, however, with the sinking of the *President Coolidge*. Operating in the South Pacific with thousands of American troops on board, the *Coolidge* suddenly struck a mine. With the order to abandon ship, cargo nets were thrown over the side to aid the soldiers in their descent to the water. To keep the men orderly, they were called up in sections. It was a nervous time for the boys below decks, waiting and wondering if their turn to evacuate would ever come. The men sang songs and held up under the strain perfectly. Not until the soldiers faced the ocean water did the story take a pitiful turn.

The men clambered down the cargo nets with great speed, but they could not force themselves to release their hold on the nets despite the fact that they were only fifteen feet above the waves, and they were wearing life belts.

Officers finally had to climb down the nets and walk on the men's fingers to break their holds. These men, like several million teen-aged boys now in high schools throughout the nation, lacked water confidence.

As our boys are rushed to new fighting fronts these water tragedies will multiply—unless, of course, the situation is rectified. It is the duty of every American boy to learn to swim well before he is called to the colors. Swimming coaches are agreed that the best time to learn to swim is in the early teens.

During the past fifteen years I have had some splendid young men on my athletic club swimming teams.

Bob ——— was a member of our championship relay and now with two years of Navy life behind him has a commission to his credit.

Two salty letters came to me today. The one postmarked "Jacksonville, Florida" I opened and read:

SWIM TEST

1. *Swim crawl properly, at least 200 yards (so you can breathe when you want to in rough water).*
2. *Be able to swim a half mile, using both breast and side strokes (so you can easily reach that piece of floating debris a quarter of a mile away).*
3. *Precede your distance swim with a jump into the water from twenty feet fully dressed (so you can abandon ship quickly before she sinks and pulls you under with her).*
4. *Float ten minutes with little or no motion (to give yourself a rest till nearby aid can reach you).*
5. *Duck under or surface dive and swim sixty feet under water before surfacing (to escape that burning oil and that sub's machine gun bullets).*

Dear Coach:

A few weeks ago we were out on a routine sweep, attempting to locate enemy mines. I was on the bridge when the helmsmen called my attention to a plane that appeared to be out of control. It was flying low and headed directly at our mine sweeper. Just before reaching us, it banked sharply, stuck its nose into the white caps about three hundred yards away.

Our Captain came up and took over after I had stopped the engine. We could not maneuver our ship close to the plane because of our mine sweeping equipment. I rushed aft and hurried the lowering of the life boat. This was a slow operation and to the despair of all on board, the davits kept jamming. At this moment the plane began to settle. I called for good swimmers. The machinist's mate was the only one qualified to help me. This called for a swim of about three hundred yards to reach the plane, to say nothing of the work of removing the pilots and getting them back to the ship.

By the time the two of us reached the plane, it was settling fast. The machinist's mate, who is a champion swimmer, took in tow the one pilot that we had removed from the plane almost instantly. By now the fuselage was well under water, only a wing tip appeared above the surface. Every effort to dislodge the unconscious pilot meant a dive to the cockpit and each effort meant a deeper dive. The help of only two other men might have saved the second pilot.

After my efforts proved futile, I swam back to the ship and obtained the end of a heavy rope. Swimming back to the plane I managed to get this tied to the wing before all wing buoyancy had disappeared. We then pulled the plane in, hoisted it, and removed the body.

By this time a flying boat had come out with a doctor. Both men were rushed to the hospital, but the second pilot had been under too long. Yesterday, I dropped by the hospital and pilot number one was coming along fine. Probably by next month he will be flying again. It seems a crime that both could not have been saved. Uncle Sam would have had two fine pilots instead of one. BOB.

The second letter was from a former champion distance swimmer, now a bluejacket in Uncle Sam's Navy. It was postmarked "Brooklyn, New York."

Dear Coach:

My first assignment in this man's Navy was to take charge of a gun crew on a merchant ship. Coming off my watch early one morning I went below to my bunk to get a few hours of "shut eye." Before I could disrobe, there was a loud explosion aft. I rushed on deck shouting, "Man the guns." One of my men replied, "All the guns have been blown into the water, sir." The torpedo had struck directly below the gun turret. One member of our gun crew was blown into the water with the guns. Luckily, he was one of the few aboard who could swim well. He returned to the ship in time to assist in putting the life boats overside.

Since being in the Navy, I have heard that in explosions of this type many men lose their lives by being blown overboard and not being able to swim well enough to return to the ship or stay afloat in rough water until the rescue boats have been launched.

Being responsible for my gun crew, I continued to search above and below decks while the boats were being lowered away. One unconscious merchant seaman had been left behind. I picked him up and managed to get him into a life boat. (Admiral Marquart honored me last month with a commendation from Washington for this). Still, three of my gun crew were missing . . .

We had four lifeboats loaded with survivors. At first we attempted to stay together. This lasted one day, and on the second morning none of the other boats could be seen. We rigged up our sail and figured out a course to take us to land, surmising we were in the neighborhood of the West Indies. After the first day we were forced to catch rain water in our sail from the occasional squalls. We each averaged a couple of spoonfuls a day (fourteen of us). I was thankful for the hours I had spent during my high school days in our club pool: the miles we used to swim gave me confidence.

The fourth day we heard the motors of a plane. Boy, was it a thrill to look skyward and see a big flying boat of the United States Coastguard! The plane crew dropped us a packet of food attached to a parachute. It hit the ocean on our leeward side, four hundred yards away. We dropped our sail and turned the boat around. For over two hours we rowed our overloaded boat towards the packet. The wind and current fought against us. Our weakened condition quickly discouraged us from paddling longer. Although we had pulled to within two hundred yards of our object we were too discouraged to try any more.

A quick check of our crew showed I was the only experienced swimmer. Since it was a large package and the water was so choppy they tied a rope around my waist and I dived in. When I reached the object, the crew pulled me back with the rope. The coastguard crew apparently figured we were sailing in the right direction and could reach land without further aid. Actually, it took us another five days.

Included in our crew was the colored cook of the marine service. When we changed the direction of the boat to "tack," our scullery friend would get on his knees and shout, "Oh, Lord, they's changin' the course again, and I knows they's wrong."

Several days later we reached shore and contacted the United States Naval Attaché who took excellent care of us—furnishing food, clothing and lodging. Then, he arranged our transportation home.

After living through nine perilous days on the high seas, I was anxious to discuss it with others in the service who have been through similar experiences. The majority of us have come to the conclusion that during this global war the two most important factors on the high seas as far as personal safety is concerned are swimming and guns. Yours, AL.

PS: The other three boats landed safely on other islands and eventually the entire crew reached the mainland.

With the summer swimming season approaching, I have outlined a program that can easily be sponsored by summer camps, Y.M.C.A.'s, public beaches and country clubs, or better yet, by the boys themselves.

Every boy should master the American crawl, not because it's the fastest method of swimming in the world, but because in mastering it, he must spend plenty of time with his face in the water. Constantly you are exhaling while your face is submerged and gulping your air quickly when the mouth is out of the water for a split second. The chances are that in an emergency at sea you would never choose to swim the crawl, but the perfect breathing control you mastered in swimming the crawl will stand you in good stead every second. In rough water a swimmer cannot always breathe when he chooses.

The breathing can be practiced in any pool or even in a basin of water. First, inhale quickly through the mouth, place the face a few inches under water, and exhale through nose or mouth, depending on which is easier for you.

The arms must be pulled alternately with a smooth, easy stroke. Speed is gained with a slow rhythm, not by force. To accompany the arm pull and breathing with rhythm, the swimming must use the flutter kick. This may be practiced by holding onto a board, a float, or even the edge of the pool and kicking from the hips with a short, fast, even swing. The toes should be well pointed while doing this.

By taking the stroke apart and practicing each phase separately until it is easy, you will be able to make more rapid progress. The stroke should then be put together. First, practice the kick and arms together, swimming with the face down as long as you can hold your breath. Try to keep the arm stroke long and slow while the legs move with a short, fast beat. With this accomplished, add the breathing. Every time the left arm pulls back to your thigh and you lift it up, turn the head to the left, catch a quick breath through the mouth, turn the face back into the water as the left arm reaches forward on its way to another stroke.

An infinitesimal per cent of ocean casualties occur within swimming distance of shore; therefore, ability to swim great distances is of little value as far as distance is concerned, yet it is probably the greatest single factor to develop water confidence. The minimum that a school boy should set for himself is a half mile. He should be able to cover that brief distance using either the breast stroke or side stroke. These two older swimming styles are frowned upon for racing but they have proved supreme in open water.

In executing the breast stroke one imitates the propelling method of the frog. The arms pull simultaneously, then the legs kick simultaneously. This is followed by a short coast on the momentum developed by the stroke and especially the kick. Keep the head out of water at all times. This will prove invaluable in emergencies. It gives you an excellent opportunity to survey your surroundings, look for debris, oil slicks, etc.

The side stroke roughly resembles the breast, except of course as the name implies, it is executed with lying on your side. By using this method in choppy water it is sometimes easier to breathe inasmuch as the waves strike the top of your head instead of perhaps meeting you squarely in the face in the middle of a breath.

Most sea emergencies happen with little or no warning. You may be faced with jumping from a high deck or dropping from nets. For this reason you can, by working up gradually, train yourself to jump (I said jump, not dive) from a height of twenty feet, fully clothed. To dive in emergencies without protection is inviting trouble. The chance of hitting something hard and solid floating in the water is good. It is better to end up with a broken leg than to be knocked unconscious. While training yourself for this emergency, you might as well practice disrobing and striking out on your half mile jaunt through the H_2O. It is best to peel off shoes, ammunition and all heavy material before entering the water if possible, but before going any further, test the buoyancy of your clothing. Sometimes it will hold air and it takes only a little to hold you up. A great deal of water confidence and presence of mind in a crisis can be attributed to being able to float. Keep your head well back to counteract the sinking tendency of those big feet of yours. The lungs should remain three quarters full at all times. You can still live and do this by filling the lungs with all the air they will hold. When you are forced to breathe, let out only a little air and refill quickly. It may be necessary to kick slightly with your feet to keep from sinking. Set up a goal of being able to remain in water almost motionless for a period of ten minutes.

Also, be able to duck under water or surface dive and swim at least sixty feet. When there is oil on the surface, this human submarine operation becomes necessary. A little oil taken into the lungs makes breathing difficult and sometimes impossible.

The swimming standards set up in this article are based on the author's fifteen years of experience in teaching beginners and coaching national champions. It should be regarded as the minimum test . . . the lowest standard school boys should have to pass before their eighteenth birthday. The test is based on the first law of nature—self-preservation.

Water confidence developed from this type of training is as valuable as life itself and once you have it you can never lose it. #

"They must think a lot of us—they raise only one hand for Hitler, but two hands for us"

Front Seat in an Army Bomber

What it takes to be a bombardier, that all-important guy who sits in the meat house and hurls death on enemy targets

by LT. DONALD LEE ARLEN

▪ARTICLE▪

This is the motto of my bombardment squadron: If the mission is difficult, we will do it right away. If it is impossible, it will take *slightly* longer.

I'm a bombardier, a veteran of twenty-six and a graduate of the first class that Uncle Sam put through training school. One of my classmates flew over Tokyo with Jimmy Doolittle; two were lost over the Coral Sea. You could call us veterans guinea pigs, for when I joined up two years ago instruction hadn't been standardized and streamlined for mass production. We know our stuff, but we learned it the hard way.

Today, if you're between eighteen and twenty-six, healthy, reasonably intelligent, not too big and want to get to Tokyo the quickest way, be a bombardier. Ten weeks at a Pre-Flight School, drawing seventy-five dollars a month as an Aviation Cadet, twelve weeks at a bombing instruction center such as Albuquerque, New Mexico, or Midland, Texas, and you get your wings and commission. The Army has a rush order in for twenty-five thousand bombardiers, so come along!

In case you don't know, the bombardier is the lad who sits in the "meat house" in the plexiglass nose of the big bombers. They call it that because, if anything happens, the front man is just "cold meat." He's exposed to enemy fire, and has a tough time getting out in case of a crash. The pilot flies the plane, the navigator sets the course, but when the target is reached the pilot calls "Your ship!" and the bombardier is master. He has a few seconds to adjust his bombsight, aim at something maybe five miles down, and let go the eggs. And when he says "Bombs away," it's curtains for that target.

Right now I'm on submarine patrol, eight or nine hours every day or night. Last Christmas I patrolled for fourteen hours between Florida and Cuba, and my Christmas dinner was baloney sandwiches. All of us get tired. We ride high through the hours in the sky, long lonely hours.

But still we don't get bored. Did you ever see a man yawning on a roller coaster? We fly hard and we relax the same way. You should see the Officer of the Day try to get me up in the morning.

I went to war with three advantages: I owned a light airplane and had flown it a good deal; I had done a lot of horseback riding; with a collection of pistols and rifles that would have shocked a professional, I had had plenty of practice in marksmanship.

But flying was the favorite. The War Department approved me, a dozen Flight Surgeons took me apart and reassembled me. I was in. At flying school in Lakeland, Florida, I descended to the lowest form of animal life—the Dodo. Flying was a business. No leisurely cruises, no carelessness, no show-off. From Dodoes we became flyers overnight. And then I was selected to be an Army Bombardier.

That made me a Hell from Heaven Man, Lord of the Bombsight. My job was to master the world's finest bombsight, the Army's No. 1 military secret.

At Lowry Field near Denver, Colorado, our class started off with fifty-two members. About half graduated. Guarding America's secret weapon—that job was impressed on us right through the course. In a solemn ceremony we took the oath of the bombardier, to guard it with our lives. If ever it came to a question of saving our own lives or the bombsight's secret—we were to demolish the inanimate object first.

We studied in buildings enclosed in high barbed-wire fences, and as lectures and demonstrations proceeded, armed guards circled outside. We were not permitted to take notes; everything was memorized. Every detail of the marvelous instrument had to be pictured in our minds, for no book could be used, no drawings reproduced. It was not easy. One man took notes, was caught, left the school and none of us ever heard of him again. Each week was called a "phase," with an exam each Friday. Flunk one exam and phase, and out you went.

Before we went into the air we had to master a lot of ground work. There were the bomb trainers, those ungainly, slow-moving seats on stilts. Here we'd sit, hour after hour, squinting through the bombsight and aiming at a little "bug" on the floor. On this gadget, which usually moved slowly also, was drawn a ship or a factory or other target. The bombardier made all the adjustments for altitude, wind drift, speed of trainer and target, etc., just as though he were in a real plane five miles up, and let go his eggs. Results of this marksmanship were recorded on progress charts.

During the last few weeks at Lowry we flew six to eight hours a day in the Army's mighty bombers. We soared miles above the target, a tiny shack only fifteen feet square. We bombed it in snow, we bombed it in rain, day and night. We bombed it when the breath on our lips froze from the cold, when the plane's windows were so iced up we had eye space only the size of a quarter, when we were bundled up in fleece-lined clothing weighing forty pounds, and wearing an oxygen mask clamped on our noses. But every bomb moved in closer to the target as we learned to master that fine fighting instrument.

We didn't always hit. One lad missed by a few miles and killed a farm horse. The Army had to pay the bill, and it was strange how the owner suddenly discovered that the dead animal was a first cousin of Man O' War. Once a student fell through the bombbay, and the pilot snappily called out: "Bombardier away!" This happened on ground—no injury.

Bombing is an exact science. The complete record of hits and misses, and those of all America's bombardiers, is kept. We are rated according to our accuracy. If the Army wants some men who can hit narrow targets, such as ships, records show the men needed. If the target is a big factory, say 800 feet square, great accuracy is not needed and less expert marksmen will do. I don't believe I should tell the Air Force average marksmanship, nor my own rating. It is recorded as "errors," the measure of misses from a certain point, and the bombardier who makes the smallest error is the best triggerman.

After three months of training we received our diplomas, wings with the "O" for observers, and our commissions as second lieutenants. I was assigned to a combat unit, yet my studies were just beginning.

In combat squadron I learned aerial gunnery. I learned how to navigate by instruments and charts for thousands of miles without seeing the ground or sea. I learned to know weather, sea, and sky. I can speak fluently the staccato language of the Morse code. I know how to plan attacks to lead formations to objectives and to destroy any target on land or sea.

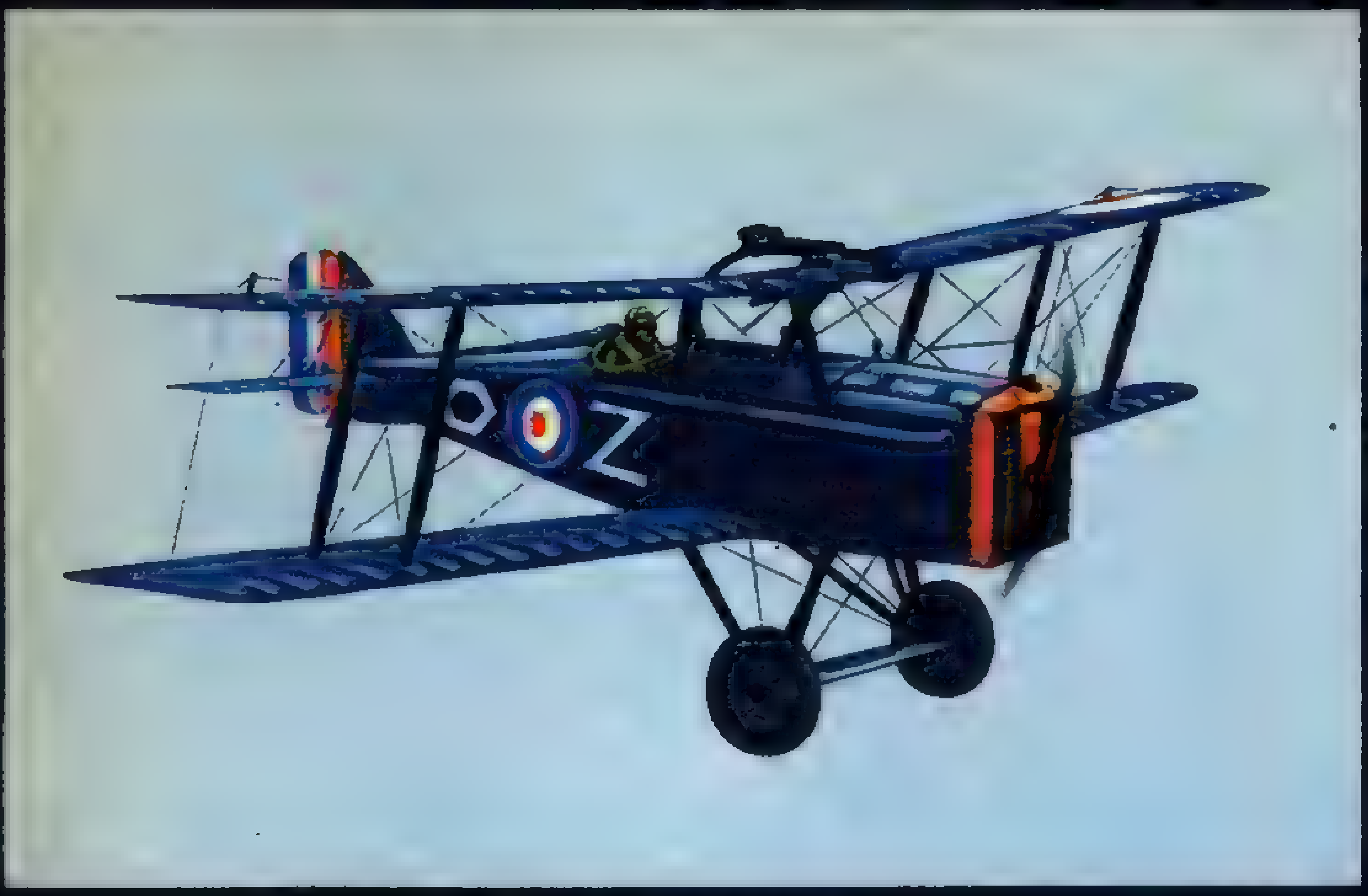
In short I'm an officer of the finest damn air force of the finest damn country in the world. I wouldn't trade places with you, wherever you are. But if you want to join the bombardiers, I'd be glad to move over. ⌗

IN LANGUAGE THEY UNDERSTAND, THE P-39 HAS A LESSON FOR HITLER'S CHILDREN ➧

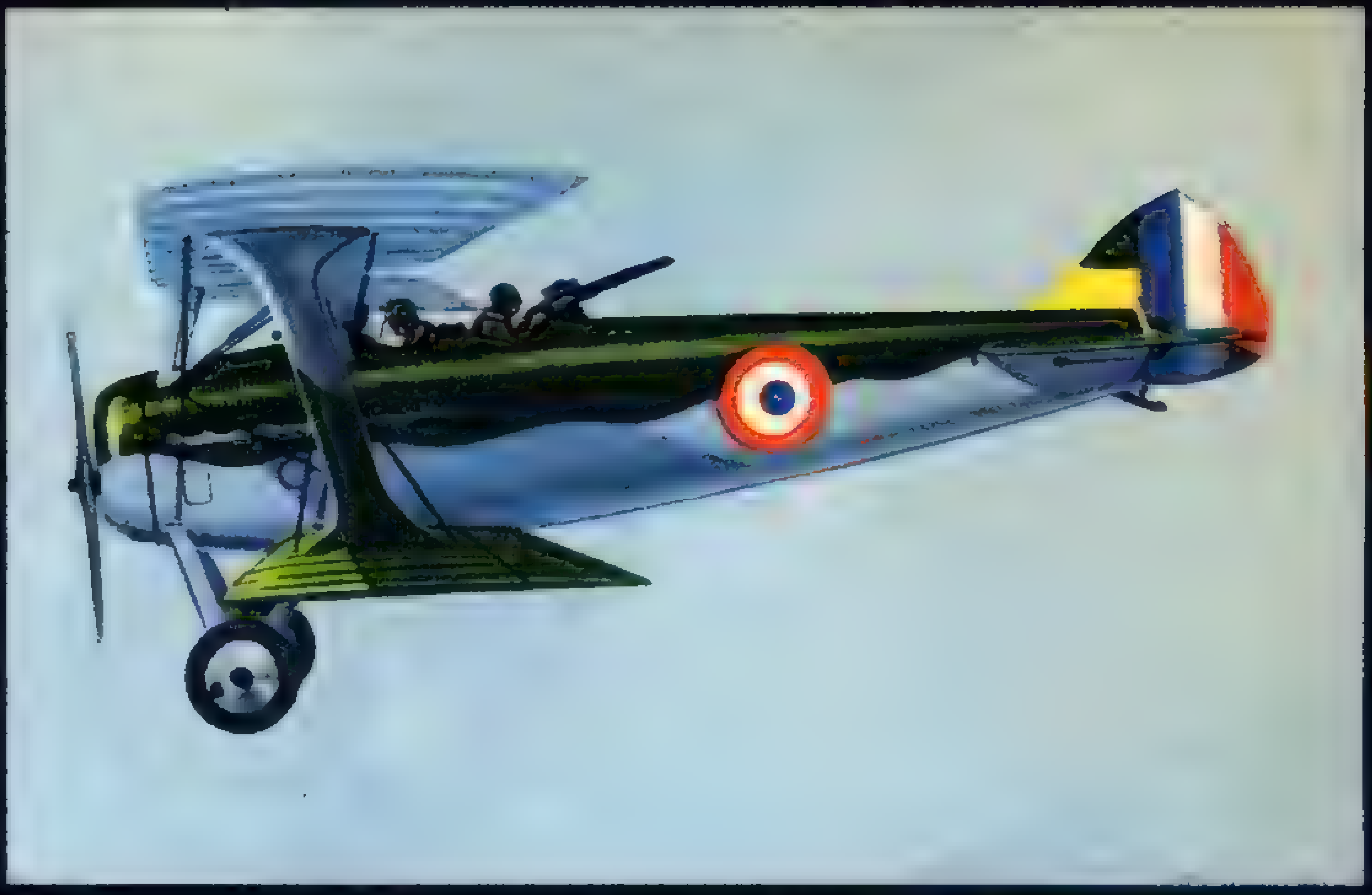
Ist das eine Airacobra? Ja, das ist eine Airacobra . . . Drei Focke-Wulfs, eine Airacobra . . . rat-rat-tat . . . Zwei Focke-Wulfs, eine Airacobra! That's right, children. Dropping the travesty and getting down to sober facts, reports from battlefronts state that all types of German aircraft are reluctant to close with this fast, deadly fighter, known to the U. S. Army as the P-39. This plane which springs fully armed (with at least six guns and one cannon) from the assembly line of Bell, distinguished itself early in the war as our first fighter-pursuit ship to develop a speed in excess of 300 m.p.h. Powered by a 1,000 h.p. Allison engine, it has a wing span of 34 feet. It is highly maneuverable, has defeated enemy fighters and bombers up to a height of five miles, far above its intended range. A report from Russia stated a squadron of Airacobras destroyed 73 German airplanes with the phenomenally small loss of only two planes. Playing a major role in the Battle of the Don River, P-39's proved capable of battling any German machines under complicated aerial conditions. Over Voronezh and other sectors the Airacobra has been tough on Messerschmitts and Junkers. At first Soviet pilots found these fighters tricky to handle, due to the tricycle landing gear which their engineers had not used. But Russians learn fast and soon put into effect new tactics which continually smashed German aerial formations. A report from the Southern Pacific relates that six P-39's flying at 8,000 feet saw eight Jap Zeros several thousand feet below. The Airacobras dove to the attack and one collided with a Zero, wrecking the top half of the rudder, elevator and vertical fin of the Jap ship which disappeared in a steep spiral, out of control. The P-39, which took the impact on its left wing, returned to station only slightly damaged. Gen. MacArthur reported that Lt. Paul G. Brown attacked eight Jap Zero fighters single-handed in his P-39. As he roared down on them, the leading edge of his left wing smashed the tail of a Zero. The Jap plane tumbled out of control and crashed. The P-39 was only dented and returned safely.

A·Leydenfrost

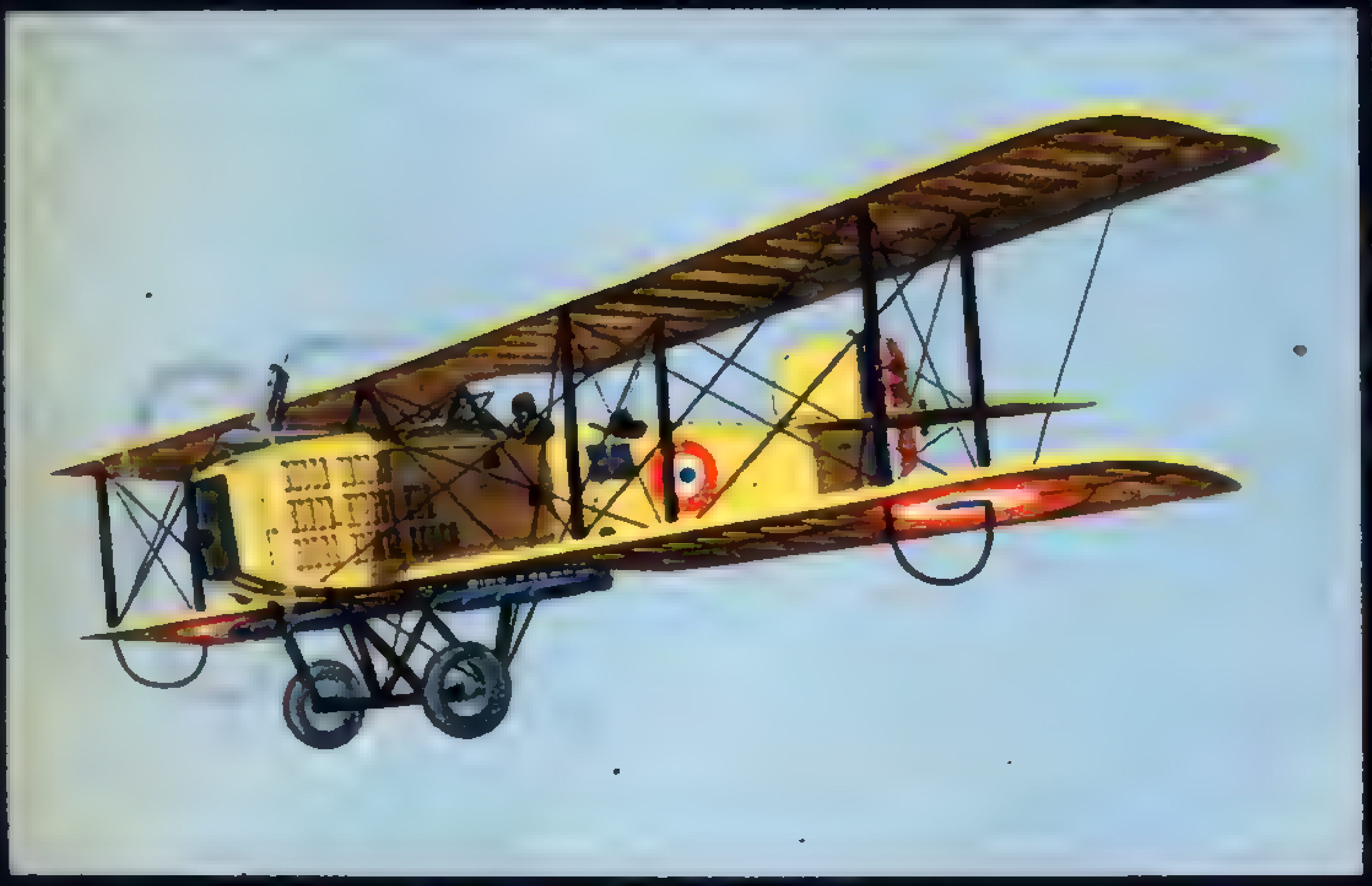
AIR POWER'S FLEDGLINGS *by* Paul C. Maxwell



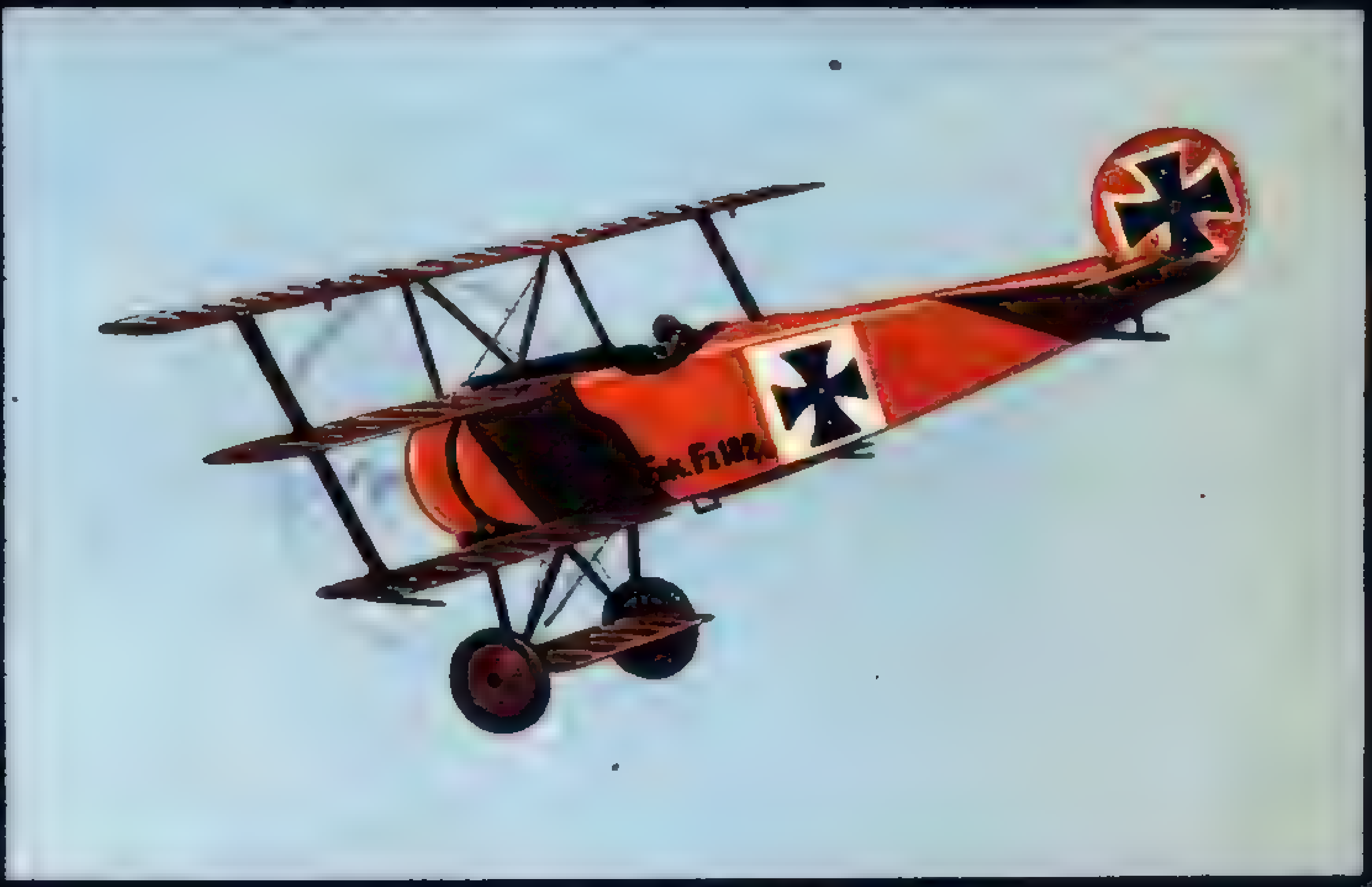
S. E. 5 (British)



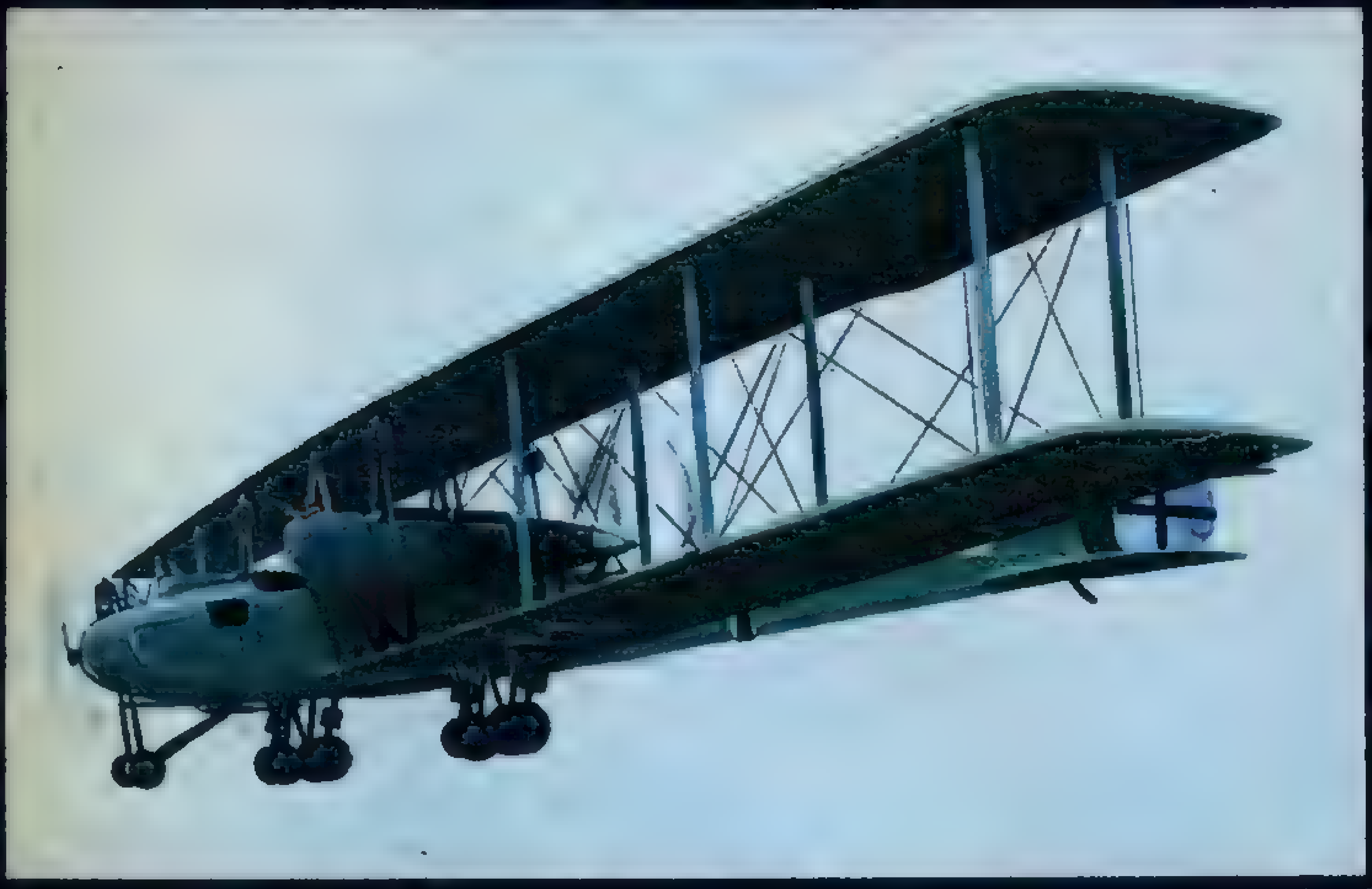
Spad Herbemont (French)



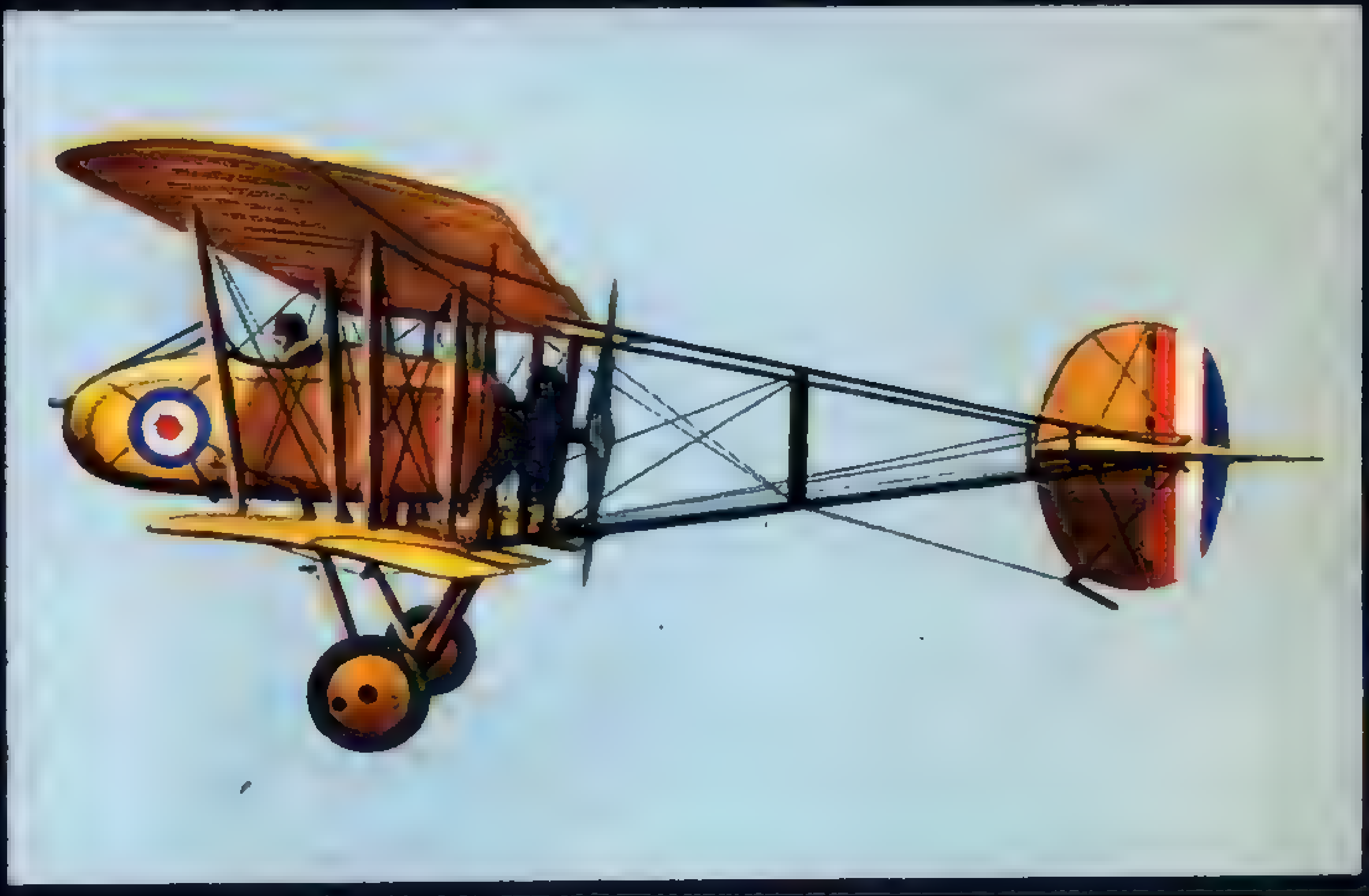
Breguet Bomber (French)



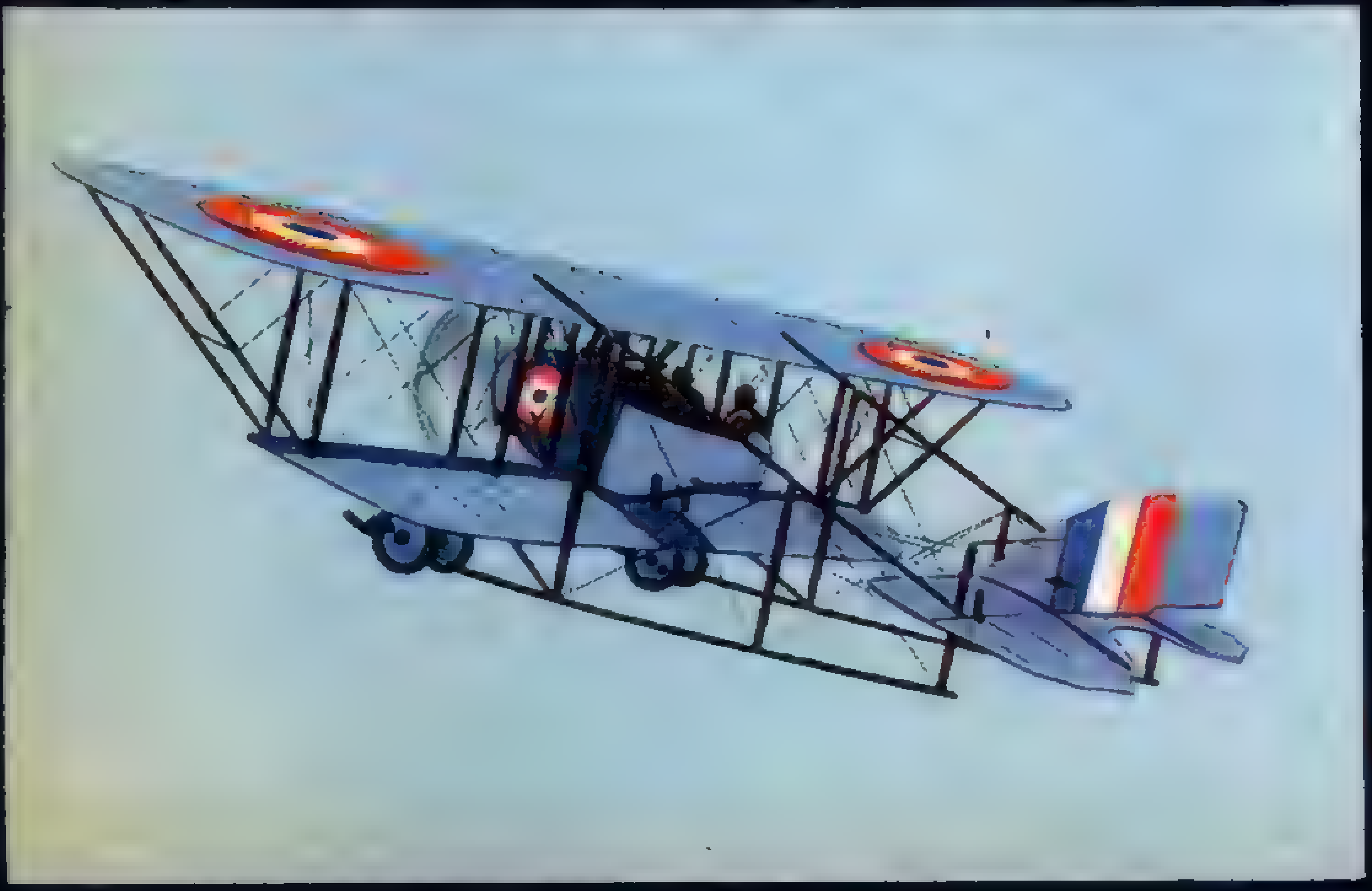
Fokker Triplane (German)



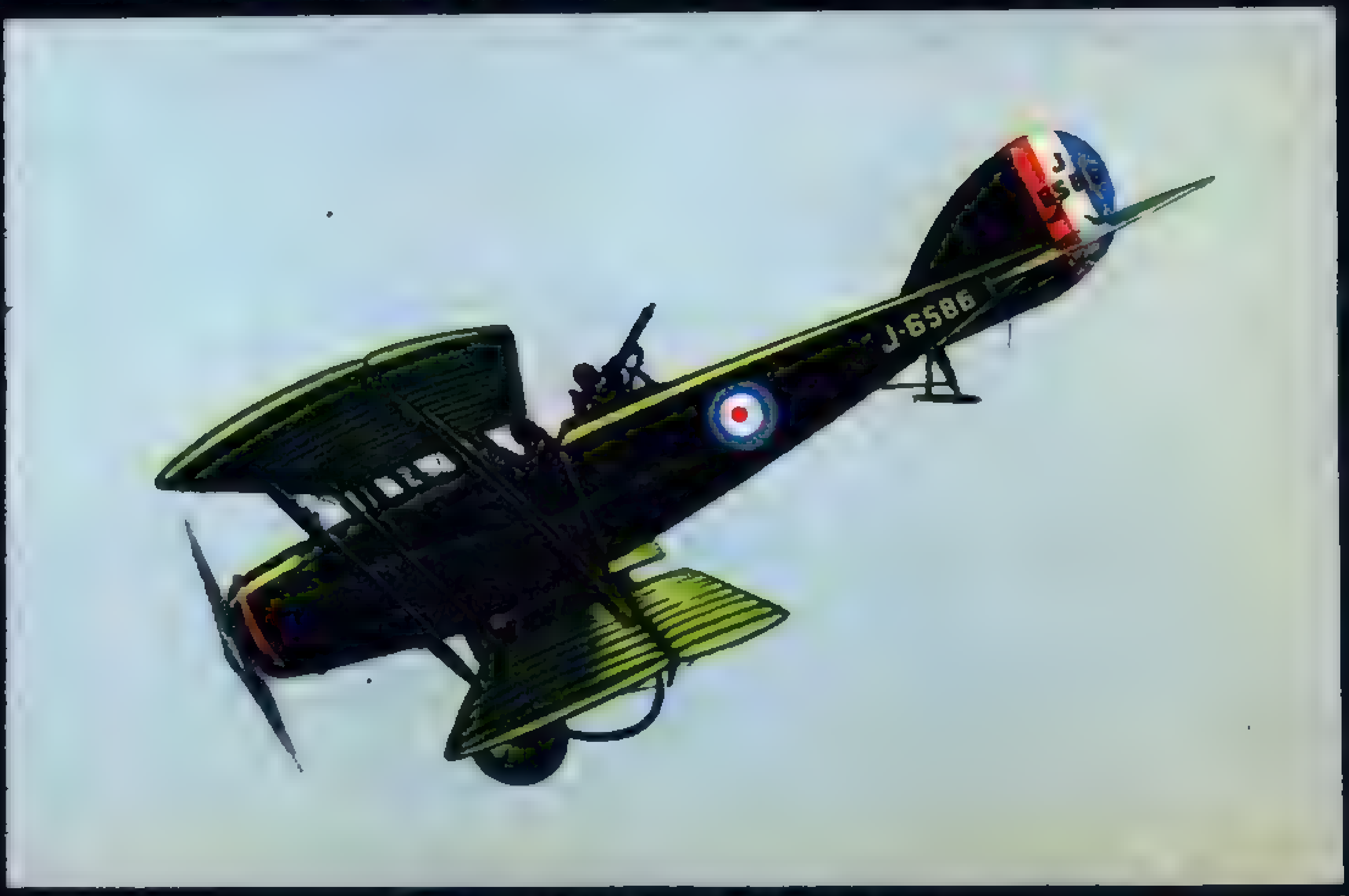
Zeppelin "Giant" (German)



Vickers F. B. 12C (English)

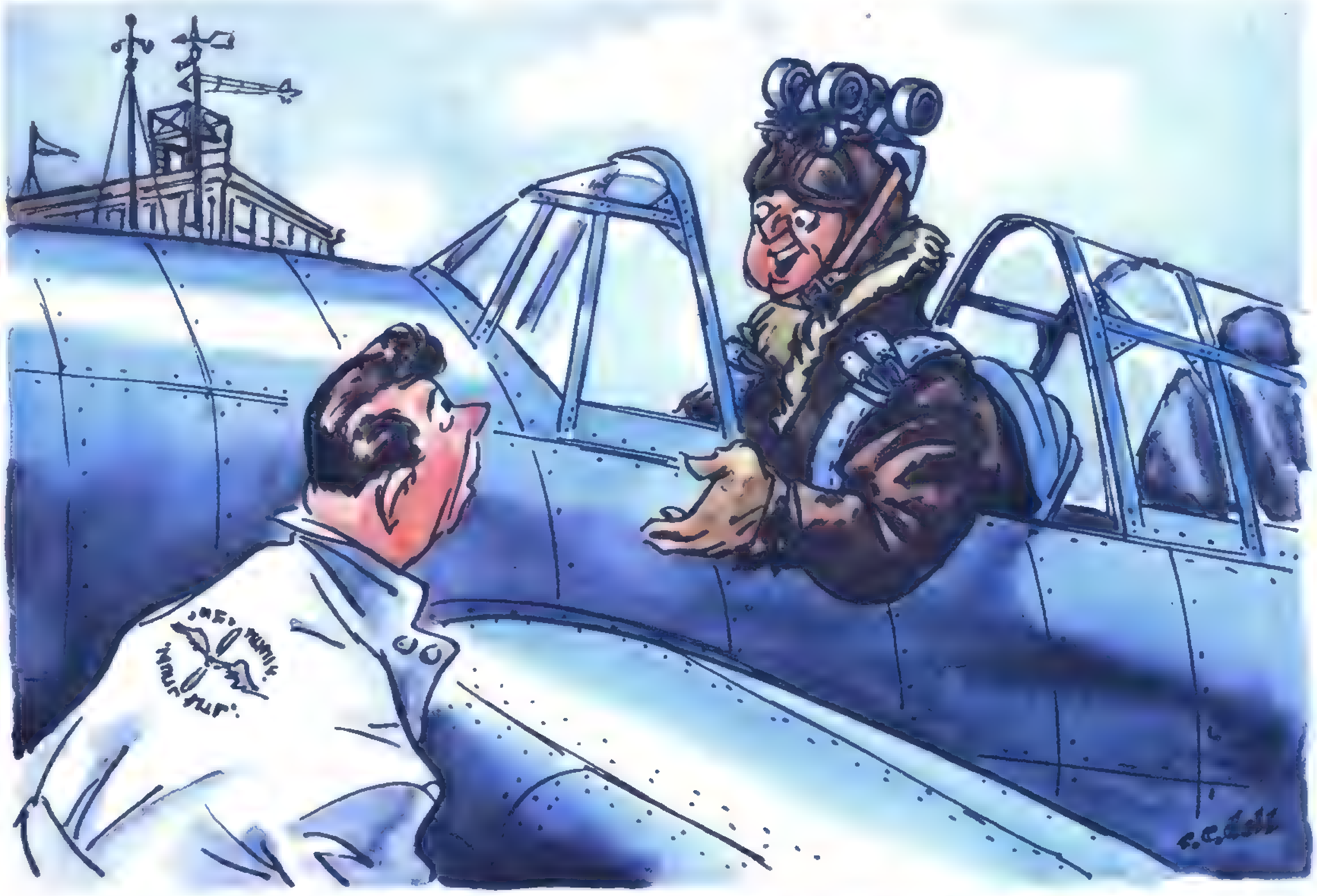


Caudron G 3 (French)



Bristol Fighter (English)

Paul Maxwell

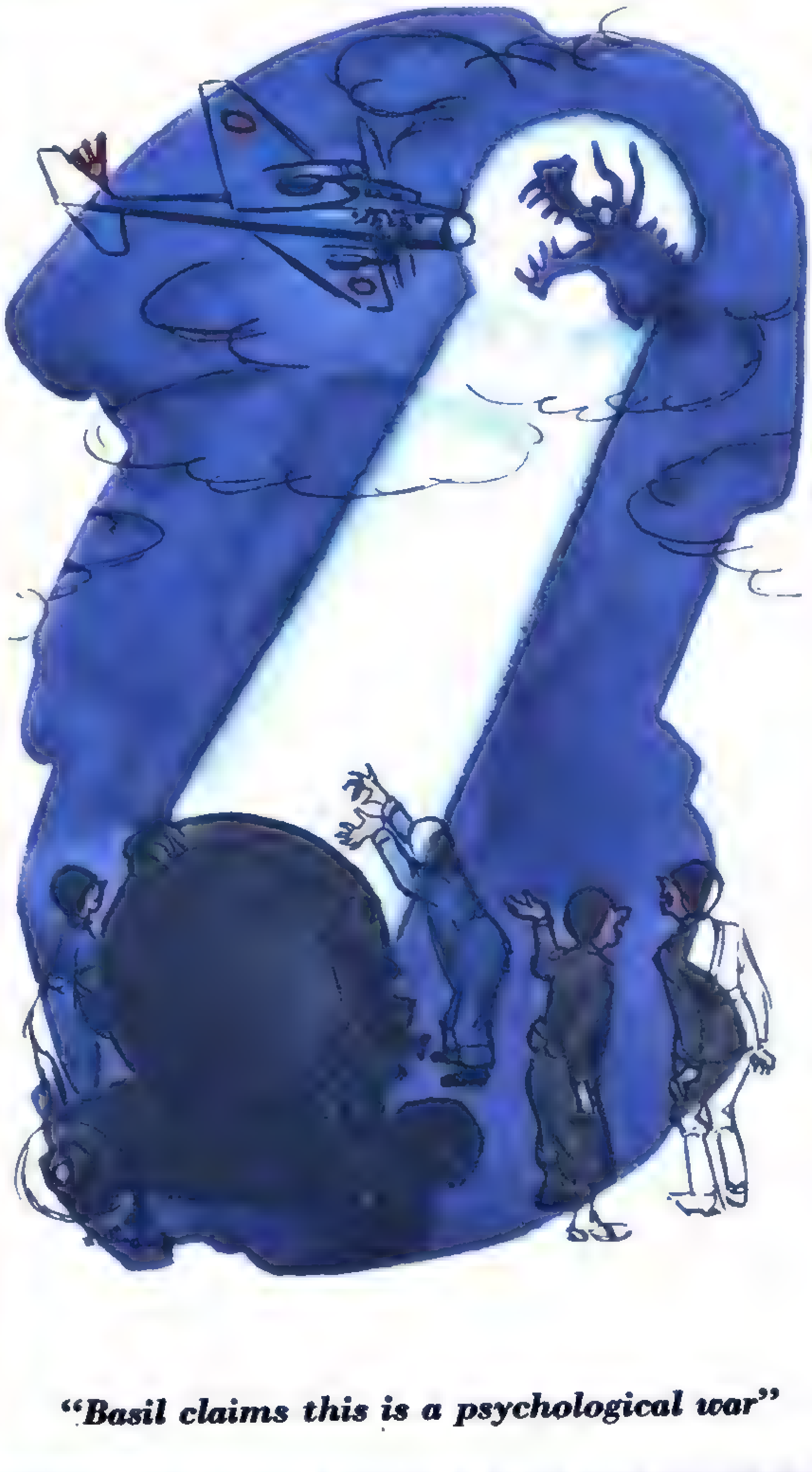


"—and in case my landing gear doesn't work, I come in upside-down!"

PLANES OF THE LAST WAR

An historical scrapbook

THE FIGHTING PLANES of World War I—the agenda for action that led into the aerial behemoths of this war—were paced in maneuverability by the British S. E. 5. Illustrated here in the last chapter of a four-part series, the S. E. 5 when loaded weighed about two thousand pounds and was powered with a two hundred horse power Hispano-Suiza engine. The French, in the war's latter months, used a Spad "Herbemont" to gain excessive firing power. Utilizing a technique employed in today's Bell Airacobra planes, the "Herbemont" had a thirty-seven mm. cannon firing through the propeller hub. George Guynemer, the French ace, scored many of his triumphs in this model, but the bouquet for a genuine advanced design must go to the Breguet 14B bomber. Of steel tube construction, the Breguet had dual controls, battery-supplied light for night bombing, a fixed synchronized machine gun, and automatic control of the lower wing. The observer could operate two guns and adjust his seat for high or low position, with cellon windows being installed for the latter. Competing with the Breguet was the German "Fokker Triplane," designed for extreme maneuverability in low altitude combat action—the famous "dogfights." Patterned after the British Sopwith Triplane, the Fokker illustrated here was the one that Manfred von Richthofen, the "Jolly Baron," was flying when Capt. A. Roy Brown of Canada downed him in 1918 after the Kaiser ace had notched up eighty Allied aircraft. The deep streamlined landing gear axle was in reality a fourth lifting surface for the triplane, and helped the model to climb fifteen thousand feet in seventeen minutes. With a wingspread of one hundred thirty-six feet and five three hundred h.p. six cylinder engines, the German Zeppelin "Giant" was one of World War I's bizarre creations. Designed for long range bombing of Paris and London, the "Giant" would be considered a monster plane even today. Using rotary radial engines to drive its pusher propeller, the "Vickers F.B. 12C" model was one of the early British single seater fighters. It depended for firing power on one or two elevatable Lewis guns firing forward. The 1917 "Caudron G 3" bomber was employed by the French for artillery control, carried a bomb load of six hundred forty pounds, and had a long upper wing span of forty-four feet. Its top speed was only about sixty-three miles per hour, but the "Bristol fighter" utilized two two hundred fifty h.p. Rolls Royce Falcon engines to get up to one hundred twenty-five m.p.h. Flimsy though these models may look alongside today's aerial armadas, they cannot be dismissed with only a commonplace arrogance over the past, because in them was catalyst that reduced continents to islands and brought the touch of war to all mankind. —PAUL C. MAXWELL



"Basil claims this is a psychological war"

Charity Is the Winner

Guardian spirit of the benefit game played annually between Chicago high schools is an athlete turned priest

by MARK COX

▪ SPORTS ▪

Monsignor Daniel Francis Cunningham gave up a major league baseball career to enter the priesthood. And he's never regretted it.

The superintendent of the parochial school system of the archdiocese of Chicago was made papal chamberlain with the title of very reverend monsignor by Pope Pius XI when Cardinal Mundelein returned from Rome in 1938. Such papal honor was the result of the Chicagoan's many contributions toward building the city's Catholic school system into the largest in the world.

However, there's another side to the kindly monsignor with which few are acquainted. It goes back to the days when little Danny Cunningham and his buddies used to scale the wall at the old White Sox ball park at 39th and Wentworth in Chicago to get in and watch their heroes perform. He loved sports then and he went on to become an all-around star at St. Ignatius High and College, and finally achieved his boyhood ambition of becoming a member of the White Sox.

Those incidents involved the days of his youth, but now, at forty-eight, the benevolent monsignor is deriving his greatest satisfaction out of athletics. A matter which brings up the saga of the Chicago city championship football game. This annual fall contest, which pits the winner of the public schools against the victor of the Catholic schools for the city title in Soldiers Field on Lake Michigan's wind-swept shores, has become the greatest high school sports spectacle in the world.

In the first eight years after Mayor Edward J. Kelly took over the game in 1934 and started sponsoring it under the charter of Chicago's Own Xmas Benefit, nearly 1,000,000 paid 797,374 dollars to sit in on these annual classics. The biggest crowd came out in 1937 to watch the highly publicized Bill de Correvont and his Austin High mates take a 26 to 0 victory over Leo. The largest gate came two years later when 117,437 dollars was passed into the till for the privilege of witnessing Fenger and Mt. Carmel battle to a 13 to 13 standstill.

The books reveal Fenger High, with victories in 1938, 1939 and 1940, thanks to a great running back named Don Griffin, as the winner in the now historical series. But the real winners are the 595,759 needy children in Chicago who have received bundles of clothing each Christmas from 1934 up to last season, when the receipts were turned over to the Chicago Servicemen's Centers.

These bundles purchased with the receipts were delivered to every needy child in Chicago, with utter disregard of race, color or creed. In each of the bundles were sweaters, trousers or skirts, hats, gloves, shoes, sox and underwear and where the tykes were too small, snowsuits were substituted.

Here was a revolutionary move, in both its religious and educational aspects. Santa Claus now was visiting many a home where his absence had been keenly felt in the past. Catholics, Jews, and Protestants were competing on the field of sport as friendly rivals, learning for the first time there were items in life high above the level of religious and racial prejudice and malice which had come down through the ages.

The working committee itself was a splendid example of how the whole thing functioned. Mayor Kelly, the chairman, is a Catholic; Lawrence Armour, the packing and bank executive who acted as treasurer, is a Protestant; while dynamic Barnet Hodes, corporation counsel for the city who directed all of the secretarial activities, is a Jew.

Here was perfect unification attained through the realm of sport with charity as the sole financial beneficiary.

However, this situation did not grow and flourish to such proportions overnight. A Chicago newspaper innovated the game as a private promotion in 1927. The enterprise was hardly a success and, growing little better the following year, it was abandoned. A joint emergency relief fund resumed it in 1931 but once again it was dropped, to be repeated in 1933 by the Junior Association of Commerce.

Then in 1934 the game, as it is known today, was introduced. There were a few minor differences to be ironed out in the way of eligibility standards in the City and Catholic leagues but August H. Pritzlaff, physical director of the board of education, and Monsignor Cunningham soon had dissolved these differences in deference to a common cause.

In the most recent basketball season, the same organization broadened its scope and introduced a city championship cage game that swelled the charity total again. Monsignor Cunningham had lifted another page from his own book, and if that can be taken as any criterion, you probably will be reading about a city championship baseball game in the not too distant future. The site? Well, that would be Comiskey park, of course.

Monsignor Cunningham's affiliation with his boyhood idols was as brilliant as it was brief. It all took place in 1916 when the *Chicago Tribune* was conducting a contest open to every amateur ball player in town.

"I think most of them must have been in it, too," the affable educator smiled as he reminisced, "for there were about 2,000 that first Sunday morning when we reported along about September 1. We would attend early mass and then spend the rest of the forenoon playing the Cubs and Sox in split shifts at the two ball parks.

"Finally we came down to the last day and the field had been narrowed down to about 40. The judges were Ban Johnson, the President of the American league, and managers, Joe Tinker of the Cubs and Clarence Rowland of the Sox. We played about 10 or 12 innings and you can imagine the thrill when they singled me out as one of the two winners.

"I recall now as plain as though it were yesterday, John Simmons was the other selected. He chose to go with the Cubs as a pitcher and of course my ambition as a youngster was realized, for I went with the White Sox as a shortstop.

"It's a funny thing, but I never saw Simmons again until just the other day when I met him coming into St. Thomas Aquinas church. I believe he is now a brewery representative."

The monsignor paused a moment and then continued. "I knew then how my friend Charlie Pechous had felt a year previous for he had won one of the awards of a trial with one of the Chicago teams. He went with the Chicago team in the Federal league and later spent several seasons with Toledo in the American association."

Then the benign speaker returned to the topic of his tryout with the Sox. There still was a trace of a sharp batting eye apparent behind his rimless glasses as he related, "We left on the eastern swing and arrived in Boston, our first stop, two games out of first place. The club was fighting furiously for the pennant and it was hardly the spot to inject a

Continued on page 162

AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE

◀ The face and fortune of Blanche Grady

Blanche Grady is bound to have a career in one of the arts. First it was the Dance. The Noyes School of Rhythm in Cobalt, Conn. had been reverberating to the Grady hoofbeats for several years when the beauty editor of *Mademoiselle* came along. It required but three minutes for her to persuade Blanche she was the answer to New York's prayer for a bigger and beautifuler model.

And so it turned out. From 1939 to now, Miss Grady has been one of the front-runners in the Powers stable, specializing in magazine covers, high fashion and cigarette and perfume ads. Inevitably, a committee of artists selected her as One of the Ten Most Beautiful Girls in New York.

Two other Grady ambitions are Acting and Painting. The former entailed two trips to Hollywood, resulting in a number of bit parts. The latter produces numerous 30″ x 40″ oils. (Favorite subject: Blanche Grady.) Dancing has become purely a spectator sport, Miss Grady having resigned herself to being a dance fan instead of a fan dancer; but an honest-to-goodness acting role is still a consummation devoutly to be wished. Meanwhile, Miss Grady carries on as merely one of the best models in the business.

Miss Grady on Men: "To make a hit with me, a man has to be a mixture of good and bad—and the bad is just as important as the good. A fellow who tries to be a gentleman 24 hours a day can be awfully boring. I like a little spice in my date diet.

"Also, I want a man to prove he likes me for myself—not just because I'm decorative, and *not* for my body. And I hate hoarders—men who avoid introducing you to their friends for fear you'll be stolen. I like meeting new people.

"I enjoy going out with service men. They have a hungry look in their eyes—not lecherous, just hungry—but they behave themselves very nicely."

Vital Statistics: *Model Agency:* John Robert Powers; *Home Town:* New York; *Full Name:* Blanche Veronica Joan Grady; *Nickname:* Mike; *Age:* 22; *Height:* 5′ 8½″ with heels; *Weight:* 120; *Bust:* 34½; *Waist:* 24; *Hips:* 35.

WILLIAM RITTER PHOTOGRAPH

Storm Over Shangri-La

Those story-book lama priests who rule Tibet can either oust the Japs or help them sneak into China, India and Russia

by IRVING WALLACE

▪ARTICLE▪

TIBET is an independent country three times as big as California and so isolated that a traveling salesman from India has to climb over a 14,000-foot mountain pass to deliver his brushes.

Its next ruler is a ten-year-old boy whose name (roughly translated) is "Tender Glory, Mighty in Speech, Excellent Intellect, Absolute Wisdom, Holding to the Doctrine, Ocean Wide." Tibetans worship him and purchase from the monks at Potala barley pills containing the child's sacred excretion, a cure for all ailments....

But Tibet is not all ritualistic hokus-pokus.

Geographically it is a Shangri-La, but the current war and the long years of aggression preceding it boosted Tibet out of the political isolation ward. Today everything that happens up in the Himalayas is of vital importance to Main Street Americans, for Tibet guards the back doors of three of our heftiest Allies—China, India, and Russia. Tibetan rulers—they've been totally independent since 1912—could either slam that door to Axis aggression or spread the welcome mat. If Tibet fell to Japan our bow-legged enemies would have a springboard to the riches of India and the heart of Nationalist China, and a powerful garrison on Russia's flank.

In Tokyo last year I discovered that Japan was showing extraordinary interest in Tibet—and, what's more, that her long-time campaign to oust Allied influence was beginning to make unbelievable progress. Progress because Japan knew where lay Tibet's Achilles' heel.

One-fourth of Tibet's male population is priests. It is a purely religious state governed by high priests who are considered incarnations of Buddha. So in 1935, on the advice of the war-mongering Kwantung army, Japan invited a group of Buddhist priests from Inner Mongolia to visit Tokyo and there establish a school of Lamaism. From then on all Japanese propaganda—Tibet has been showered with it, both verbally and in writing—has accented the close religious bonds between the two countries.

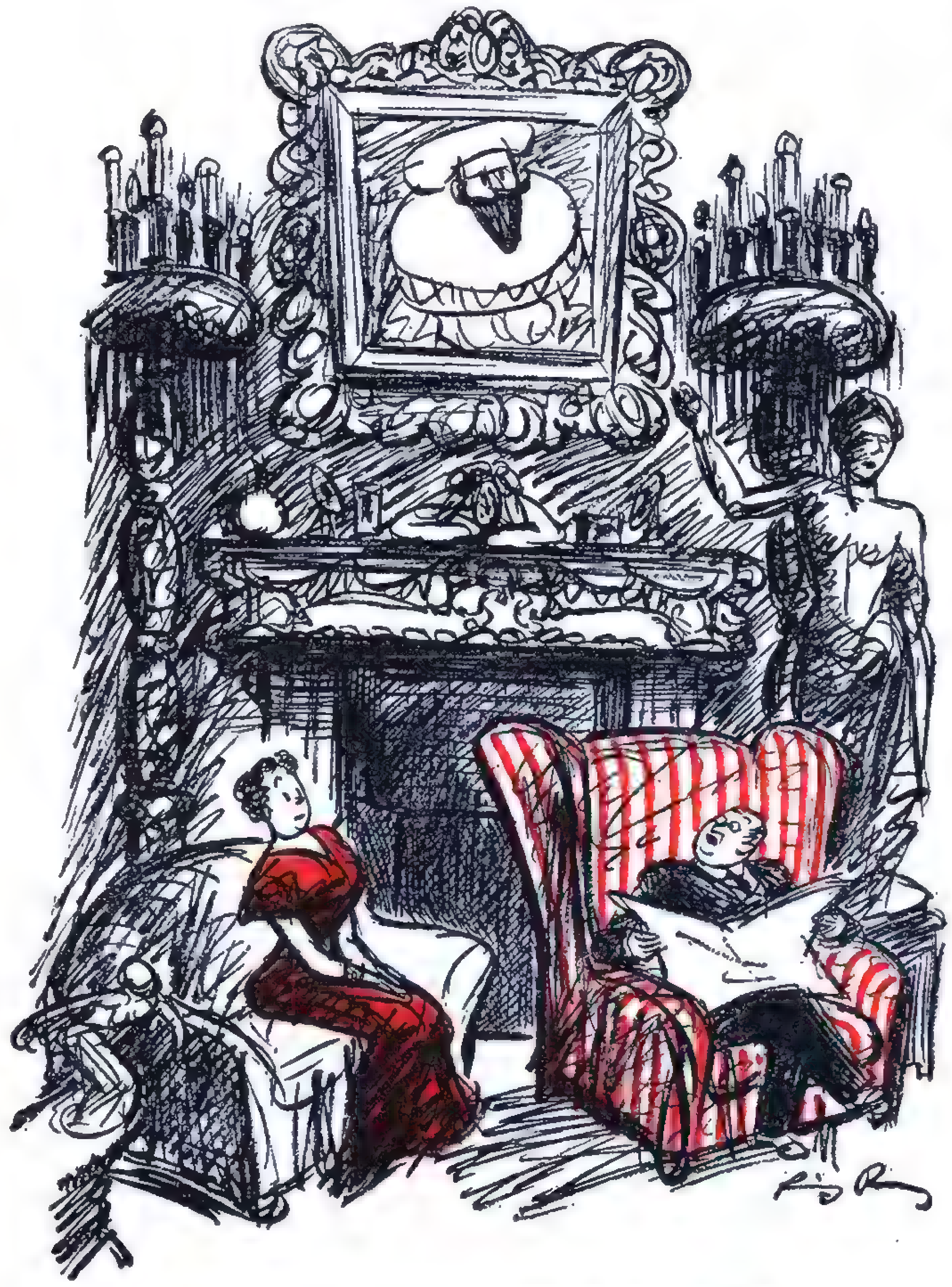
When I first landed in Japan a few months before Pearl Harbor, the Cultural Division of the Foreign Office invited me to drop by for some free books which would give me a "true picture of Nipponese culture." I asked for these books three months later and learned from a smiling, shrugging gentleman: "We have no more books. They have been sent to our friends in the Dutch Indies and in Mongolia and Tibet."

The man whom the Japs would like to make their "best friend" is the ten-year-old Dalai Lama. Actually two men rule—the Dalai Lama, whose powers are temporal, and the Panchen Lama, whose powers are spiritual. In Italy, Mussolini is a sort of "Dalai Lama" and the Pope is a "Panchen Lama." Hawk-eyed British, Chinese and Japanese agents have been watching the ups and downs of Tibetan Lamaism for years.

Let's start back in 1925.

At that time the Panchen Lama, a pudgy god with false teeth, openly disagreed with the Dalai Lama's pro-British treaties. The Panchen Lama stated that a treaty with China would be better for Tibet. The disagreement became so unbearable that the Panchen Lama went into voluntary exile in China. There he remained until 1933, driving an orange auto, traveling in a yellow private train, and receiving 480,000 dollars a year from the Chinese government to influence Mongolians against the Japanese.

Then, in 1933, the Dalai Lama died—and the Panchen Lama, as the second incarnate Buddha, saw his chance to kill Great Britain's power in Tibet and replace it with his favorite, China. Accompanied by 3,000 Chinese soldiers, and a Chinese commissioner named Chao Shou-yu whom he wished to install in Lhasa, the Panchen Lama reached the northeastern border of Tibet in June of 1936. There he was halted.



"If I'm drafted the government will see that you are taken care of"

The Regency Council, at Lhasa, would not permit their Pontiff to enter with Chinese troops. They did not wish to give China an opportunity to re-establish her former suzerainty.

"Your Serenity," the Regency Council told him, "you may enter. All Tibet welcomes you. But you must enter alone."

"I will return only with my Chinese protectors," replied the stubborn Panchen Lama.

And so, while the problem was debated, the Panchen Lama remained in the border town of Jyekundo for two years. Just as the Regency Council was about to accept him with his Chinese retinue, the Panchen Lama, "Buddha of the Boundless Light," fell ill and died.

One-third of the Panchen's bodyguard, 1,000 Chinese soldiers, determined to carry the deceased Pontiff to Lhasa. They swathed his body in linens, propped him in a sitting position, and marched him across the border by force.

Traveling only ten miles a day, the procession moved through Tibet. During cold nights, the Chinese slept in friendly pro-Peiping lamaseries, protecting the rotting remains of the Panchen Lama with dozens of yak-butter lamps.

Late in 1938, the procession reached the city of Kanze. There, Tibetan troops, natty in khaki British uniforms and well armed with British Lee-Enfield long rifles, stopped the Chinese regiment, sniffed at the nauseating corpse of the Panchen Lama, and shouted:

"We want no foreign soldiers in Lhasa!"

For three years, the unembalmed Panchen Lama was held by the Chinese in Kanze. Then, just before the outbreak of the Far Eastern war, the Foreign Office of Britain, realizing it would soon be allied with China, and that the days of appeasement with Japan were ended, asked the Regency Council in Tibet to permit Chiang's troops to enter with the body. The Regency Council agreed.

As things stand today the Regency Council—a small but powerful clique centering around the priests of the Potala lamasery—favors Great Britain, China, and the United States, but the vast majority of influential lay priests leans towards Japan's loudly advertised "Holy War."

Tibet has been a political chessboard ever since 1900 when Great Britain suddenly appreciated its peculiarly important position as a buffer state and requested their Viceroy in India to negotiate with the Dalai Lama. The Viceroy wrote to Lhasa, but his letter was opened by native border guards and returned, with the explanation that it would mean death to forward it. In 1901, the Viceroy sent another message which reached the Dalai Lama, who returned it unopened.

At the same time, the Dalai Lama, realizing he would sooner or later have to ally with one of the outside powers, decided to plump with Russia. Advisers told him that the Czar was a Buddhist, that Russians attended the Tibetan Church, that Russia was the greatest power in the world—and above all, that Moscow was near enough to serve as a protector and far enough away to prevent actual interference.

The Dalai Lama immediately sent two representatives to the Czar. When the news reached the British Viceroy, he was indignant. He commissioned Colonel George Younghusband to reach Lhasa—even if by force.

In 1904, Colonel Younghusband, backed by ample fighting men, started across Tibet. At first, there was no resistence. In truth, Colonel Younghusband talked his way half through the land. Cleverly, diplomatically, he neared his goal. Along the way he saw strange sights, and was the first to record them. He told of natives who lived in tents made of Yak's hair, surrounded by walls of dung. He related of mountain hermits who dwelled in caves, and received food in wooden bowls from villagers below. He reported of many brothers sharing a single wife, and accounted, with true British verve, that natives could resist any amount of cold when they drank buttered tea.

Nearing the Forbidden City, Colonel Younghusband was obliged to talk less and fight more. And thus, at last, Great Britain's crack soldiers became the first foreigners to tramp through Lhasa.

Colonel Younghusband saw everything he wanted—except the Dalai Lama, who had fled before him, to Mongolia, with his court. Only the Panchen Lama, seated on a yellow satin throne in the immense monastery of Tashi-Lhunpo, was there to greet him.

The Colonel lost no time. The Lhasa Convention was held. The Treaty of 1904 drawn up. The Colonel and his men, having paid market prices for their food and shown extreme courtesy to everyone, were well liked. Tibet talked terms. And while Tibetans would not accept a British Resident, they were willing to establish regular communications and trade routes with India, and willing to promise that they would consult Great Britain before negotiating with foreign powers.

The British withdrew, satisfied. The Dalai Lama, who had gone from Mongolia to Peiping, where he had been forced to kneel before the Empress Dowager, returned to Lhasa, full of hatred against China, and with a new love for Great Britain.

Five years later a Chinese army under General Chung Ying marched on Lhasa. Wiring the Viceroy "Big worms are eating and secretly injuring small worms!" the panic-stricken Dalai Lama again fled Tibet—this time toward India. The Chinese offered rewards on his benevolent head, but no one turned him in. They galloped in pursuit, but were stood off by a Tibetan bodyguard. After the Dalai Lama was safe in India they could do nothing but attack his character, so they issued an Imperial Decree deposing him and suggesting that a new Lama be selected. By this, as well as by every other attack on their divine ruler, Tibetans were deeply insulted.

But Tibet remained under China's suzerainty until 1912, when revolution knocked the props from under the Chinese Empire. The Chinese troops in Lhasa were stranded and British and Tibetan volunteers routed them in short order. Tibet has been independent ever since.

Thanks to the Dalai Lama, who returned from exile in India with a bonnetful of new western ideas and subscriptions to the *Statesman Magazine* and the *Englishman Magazine* (neither of which he could read) independent Tibet has always been friendly to the British. The Dalai Lama had become the Living Buddha at seventeen years of age. In the first month of his hectic forty-year rule he heard that the Regency Council, which controls all Buddhas-elect until they are eighteen years old, had poisoned his four predecessors, one at the age of eleven, three at eighteen. His first official act was to have attendants taste all his food before he ate it.

As the thirteenth vice regent of Buddha, he controlled 500,000 priests (not to mention 3,000,000 Tibetans and 7,000,000 Mongolians), and while his earthly power

Continued on page 160

"Gawdamighty! Time flies, don't it? Any day now Maw'll be askin' us to take that dang Xmas tree down"

The Duel with Doremus Abel

All the Confeds and the men in our skirmish line stopped their firing to watch Doremus stalk that Johnny

by ROBERT WALLACE

▪ FICTION ▪

There never was a man like Doremus Abel. God had a real likely piece of black granite on hand, so naturally He made a Maine man, but He left the fire going a minute too long and burned Doremus Abel's chin as black as a tarred turnip. Some say the fire burned his insides black too, which I never heard Doremus Abel deny.

When Lincoln called up volunteers Doremus took his gun and went. It was a long-bored hand-made rifle, and its bullets had a hiss like the meanest snake you ever heard. When he was firing in the skirmish line in the morning the Confeds took sharp notice, and in the afternoon word got around among them that Old Scratch himself had come to fight for the Union.

He wasn't big, as Maine men run, being an evil fingerling just over six feet, but he wasn't a man to forget. The eyes in his head were as black as his jaw, and his body was lanky and tough as an old whippletree. Didn't talk much, only if he saw you were going to sit down on a rattlesnake he'd maybe grin a little. There never was a man like Doremus Abel.

One time he caught a Johnny sniper in a cellar pit, caught him between loads. Doremus jumped into the pit, and when he saw that the Johnny had a sheath-knife he threw away his gun and pulled his own.

When it was over, some of us had got up to the edge of the pit and were looking down inside. The Johnny was no slouch at the hand-to-hand and I guess Doremus knew he had been in a fight. His knife was a dirty red-blue, and maybe he saw the green look in the recruits' eyes, because he made a long speech.

"Red, ain't it?" he said, wiping the blade.

Doremus had dug himself in at Pea Ridge behind a stone, and all the morning he had shot his gun, until the heat waves danced off the barrel. He could hit a pauper's wallet at three hundred yards with that gun, and the space across from him was pretty quiet now, except for one man.

That Johnny was a hard man, too. Every time Doremus would shoot he'd shoot right back, so that the stone in front of Doremus looked like a mower had run into it with a saw-toothed blade. The bullets made grooves in it, kicking up powdered limestone into Doremus' face. His black jaw was covered with white from it.

In the afternoon Doremus had cleared out a hundred-yard wedge in front of him, and when Lieutenant Jowett saw it on his rounds he clapped him on the back.

"Out o' the way, ye cussed fool," snorted Doremus, "while I fix that Johnny yonder."

The Confed fired quickly and knocked off a chunk of Doremus' stone. Doremus spit out the spatterings and dug out the corners of his eyes with his nails. "Eyah," he said quietly. He wanted to get that Johnny.

Around four o'clock most of the men in the line knew about it, and the firing grew listless and sporadic. They were watching Doremus stalk the Johnny.

At four-thirty the gray boys cut their shooting down to a whisper. They were watching too.

By then Doremus had sized up his man. Whenever he took a shot the Johnny would shoot back fast, always waiting for Doremus to shoot first. Doremus ground his teeth and grinned. He had a plan.

He took his canteen and put it cautiously up on the rock in front of him. When it came time for the Johnny to shoot, his bullet knocked it off.

Doremus looked over then and saw the Confed's canteen, up on his rock, and just in the spirit of fair play he spanked it off the stone too.

You could see that the Johnny was laughing. He put up a cartridge-case and Doremus put up another, and both of them shot.

After a while Doremus seemed to get careless. When he put up his belt-buckle he exposed his whole arm, but the Johnny ignored the opportunity. Soon the Confed stuck out his own arm, and before long it got so that both men were getting up on their knees to set up targets.

Finally Doremus reached in his pocket and pulled out a handful of change, a half-dollar and six new pennies. When he put the half-dollar up on the rock a murmur went down the line. The Johnny knocked it off on his second shot. Doremus did better, hitting the Johnny's coin in one try. Nobody along the whole line was firing now, and on both sides of Doremus men were standing up, some of them taking and laying bets. Mostly on Doremus.

"Ping!" went the Confed's half-dollar.

"Eyah! Confederate money!" snorted Doremus. Then he put up one of his pennies.

When the Johnny nailed it on an offhand shot the odds slid back to even money. The Confed could shoot, but the men near Doremus knew that he was a harder man.

Both of them were wrapped up in their shooting. Doremus had begun to stand up to place his targets, and before long the Johnny was standing up too, laughing. When Doremus had only three pennies left you couldn't hear a noise all along the line.

For a moment he turned his head to one side, so the men near him could see what he was going to do when his pennies were gone.

The Confed smiled and waved his hand.

When he had one penny left Doremus began to grin. The Johnny had been standing up in full view for some time now, laughing and shooting.

Doremus put up his last penny, his black jaw hanging down in a broad grin. The other man had been putting up cartridges, having no pennies of his own. He knocked off Doremus' coin.

Doremus got up very casually, as though he were going to put up another. The whole ridge was still as death. When he was at full height he yelled,

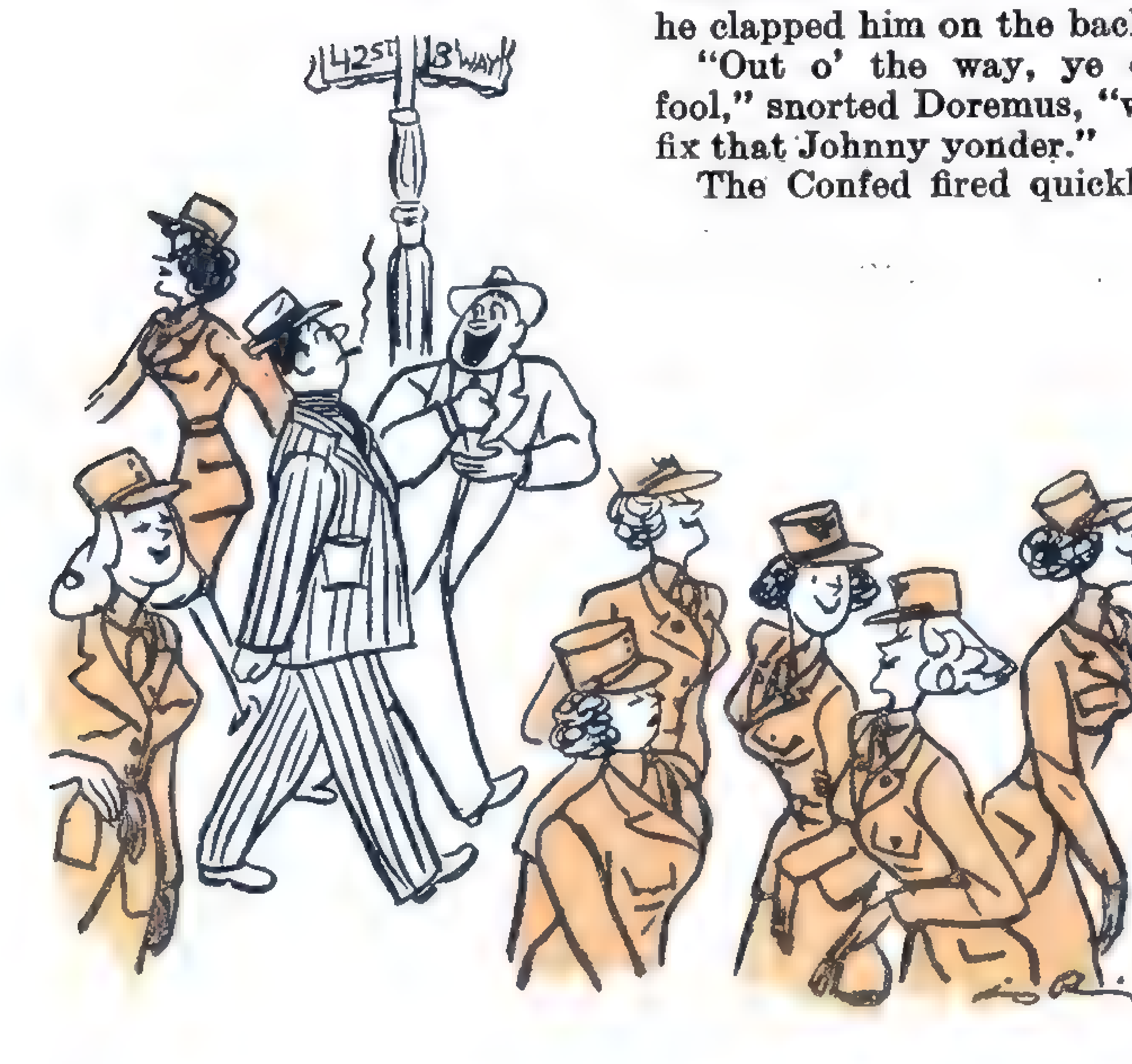
"You can shoot at pennies. I give you that. Stand there now, one shot for keeps and the best man takes home the bear's hide."

The Johnny had started to jump back in his hole and he stumbled. Doremus waited for him to get set with his gun to his shoulder and both rifles went off at the same instant. There was only one noise. The Johnny threw up his hands and pitched forward on his face, with a hole in his chest as big as Doremus' half-dollar. He was dead before he hit the ground.

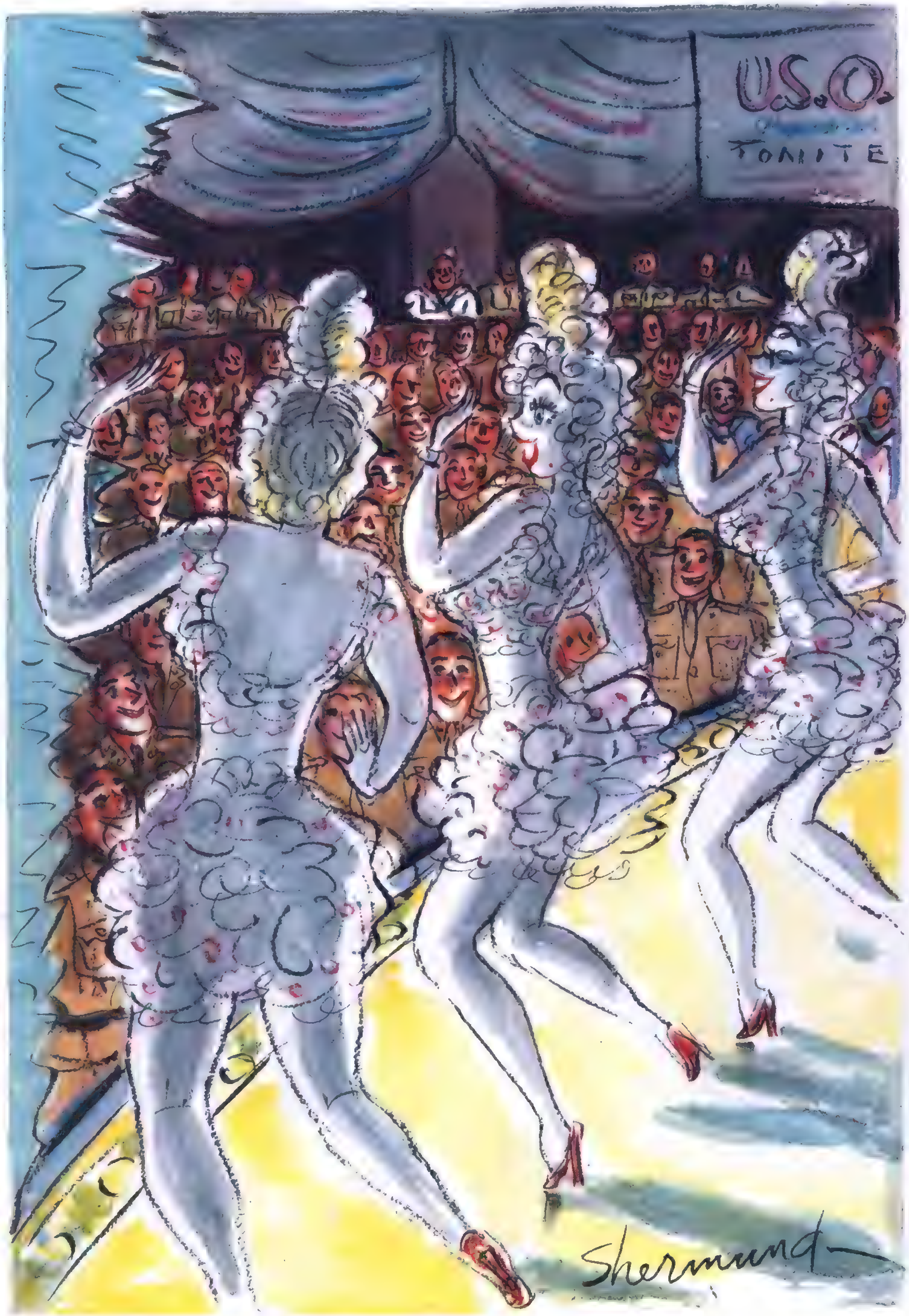
Firing broke out quickly on both sides. For fifteen minutes the air hummed with bullets, the larger balls droning more deeply overhead. Then somebody stopped shooting and noticed Doremus.

He was lying down behind his rock, where he had jumped after shooting the Johnny, and out along his left side a stream of blood was trickling.

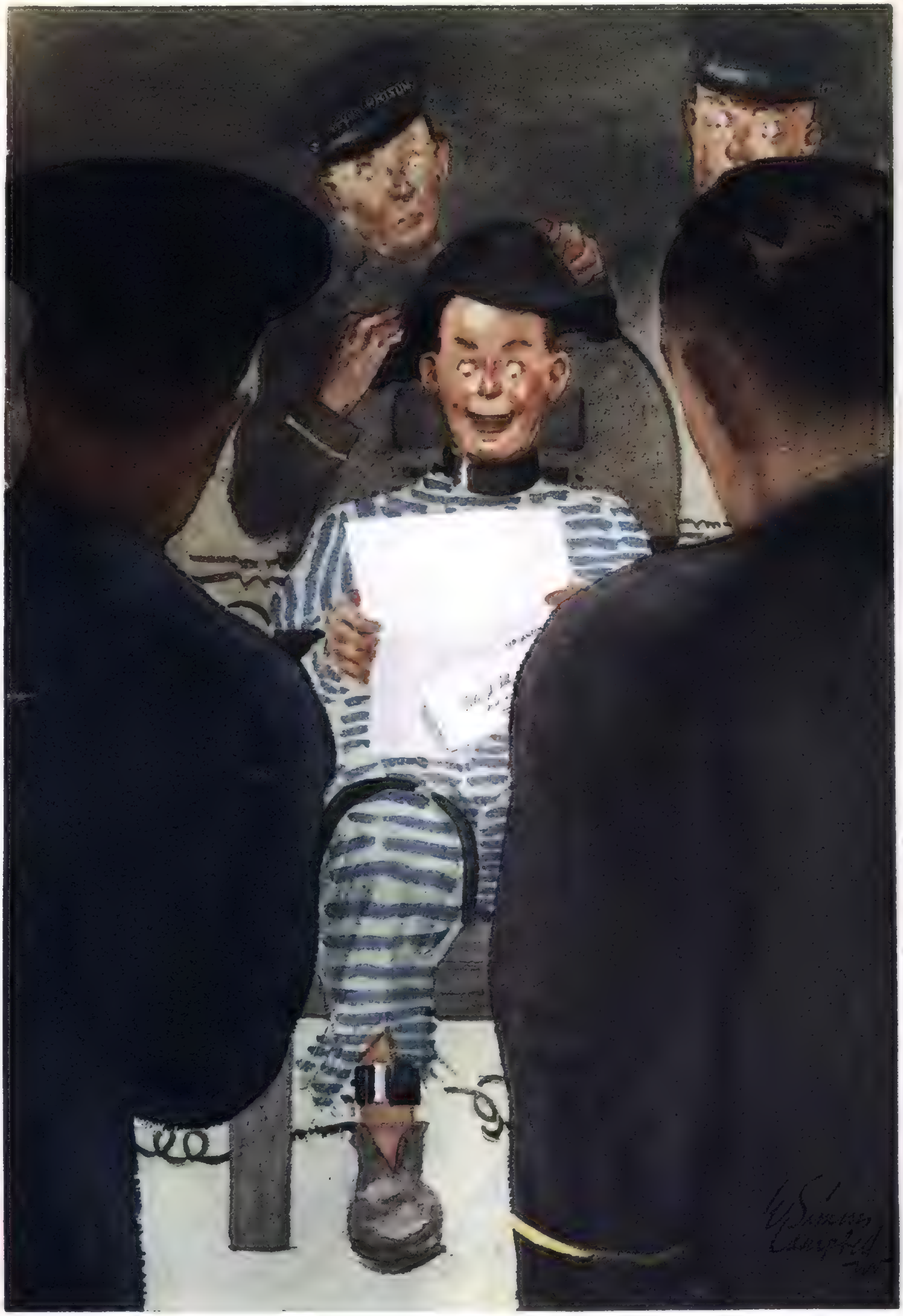
The surgeon couldn't get the bullet out until too late, and Doremus died on the table without opening his mouth. The surgeon knew bullets, and when he finally got the slug out of Doremus he saw that it had been fired from a hand-made gun. At nightfall they buried him, just as the Confeds were burying their own dead across the ridge. The men in the company swore a lot among themselves, because they had liked Doremus, and because they knew there never was a man like him. ⌗



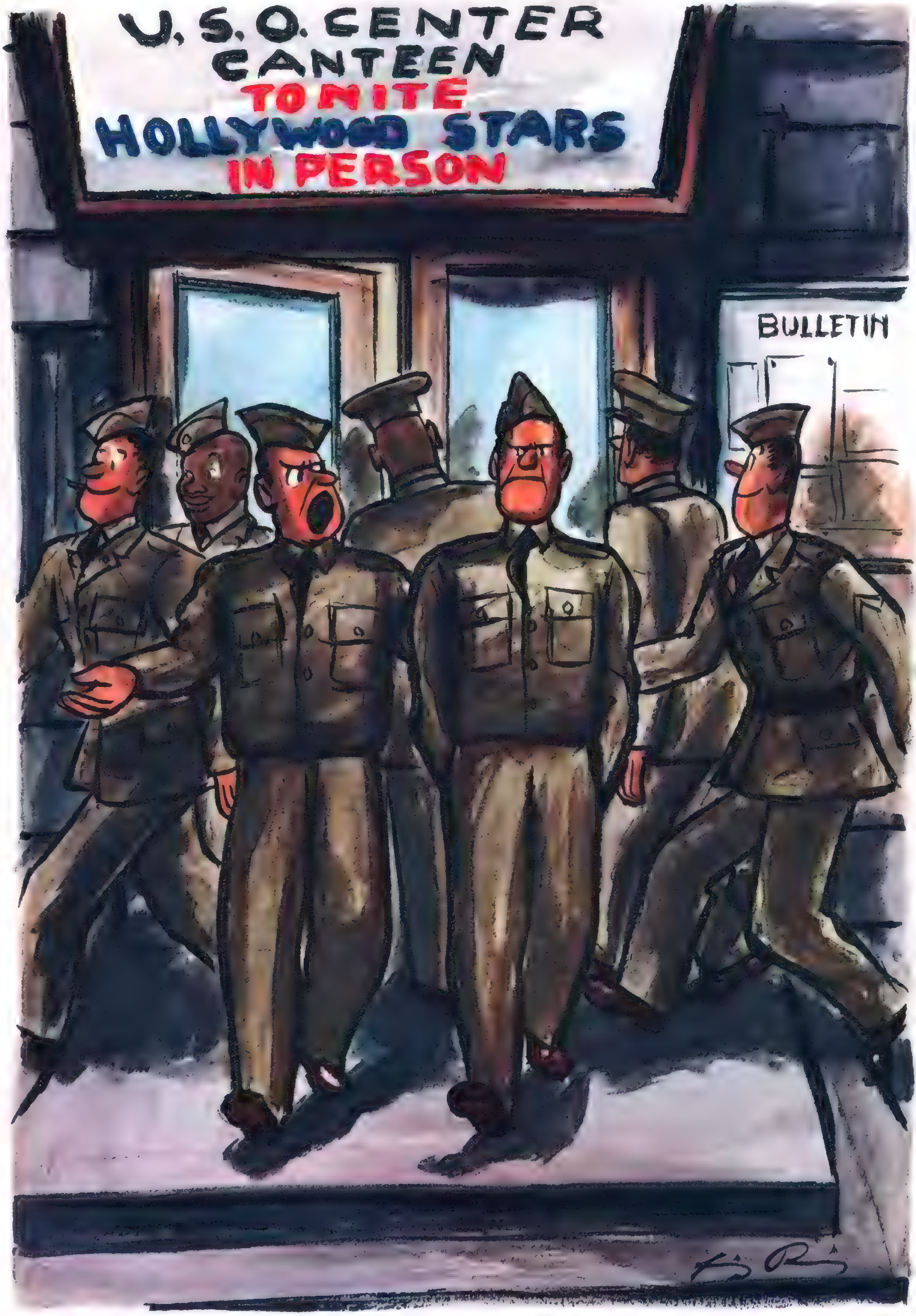
"I just got a great idea for a song, Mac—'When Ma Comes Marching Home'!"


U.S.O.
TONITE
Shermund

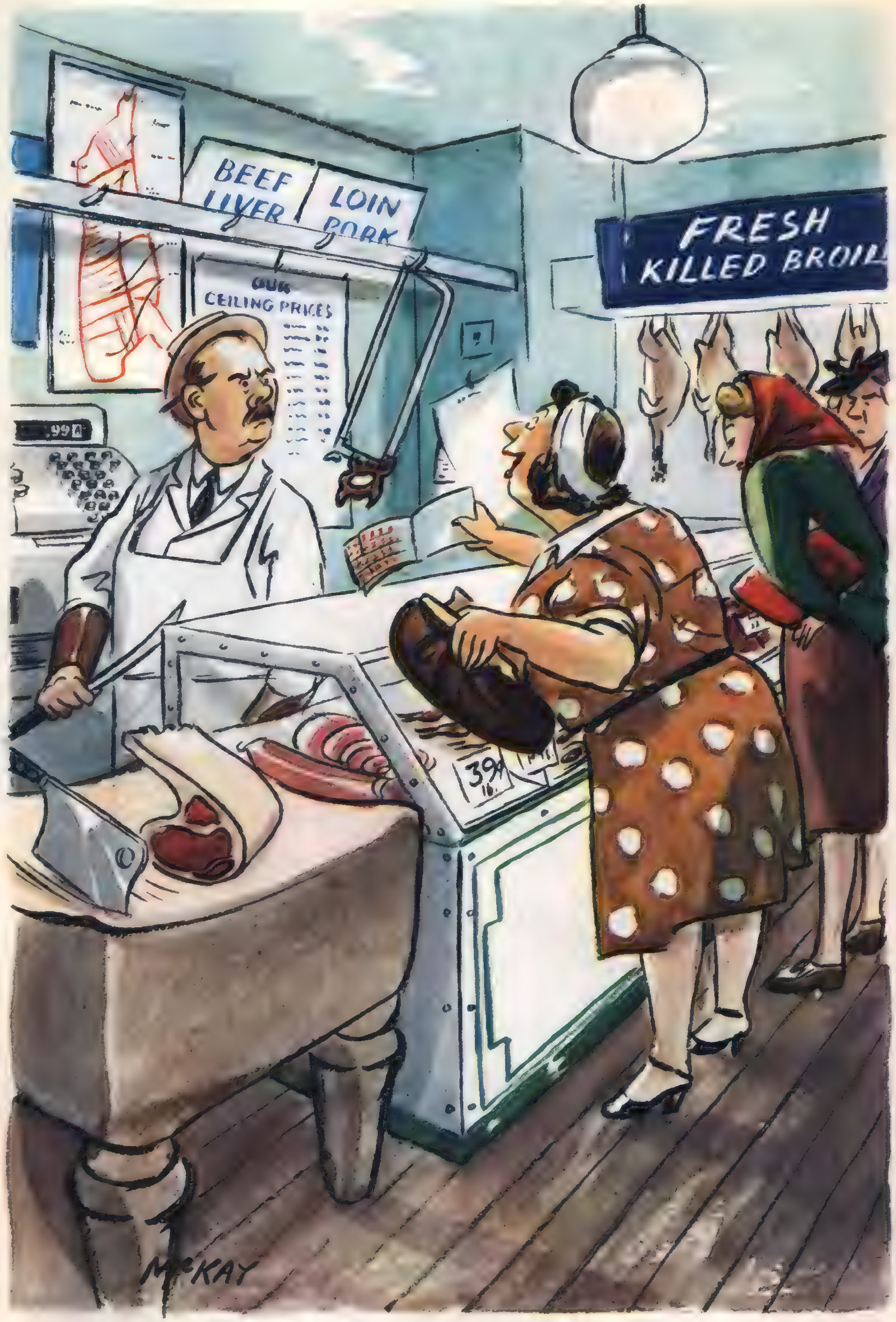
"That's what I like about this job—you get to see such oodles of handsome men"



"Oh, boy—I've been drafted!"


U.S.O. CENTER
CANTEEN
TONITE
HOLLYWOOD STARS
IN PERSON
BULLETIN

"Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich, Lana Turner, Gene Tierney—when are we gonna meet some babes we can really get to know?"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"I knew when the army started to feed my Sammy they'd have to ration the rest of us!"

The Downfall of Innocence

She had that sublime faith in herself and her fellow man possessed only by the very young, and he cherished it

by BUDD SCHULBERG

• FICTION •

HER legs were shapely and firm and when she crossed them and smiled with the self-assurance that always delighted him, he thought she was the only person he knew in the world who was unblemished. Not lifelike but an improvement on life, as a work-of-art, her delicate features were chiseled from a solid block. The wood-sculpture image came easy to him because her particular shade of blonde always suggested maple polished to a golden grain. As it had been from the moment he stood in awe and amazement in front of the glass window where she was first exhibited, the sight of her made him philosophical. Some of us appear in beautiful colors, too, or with beautiful grains, but we develop imperfections. Inspect us very closely and you find we're damaged by the elements. Sometimes we're only nicked with cynicism. Sometimes we're cracked with disillusionment. Or we're split with fear.

When she began to speak, he leaned forward, eager for the words that were like good music, profundity expressed in terms that pleased the ear while challenging the mind.

"Everybody likes me," she said. "Absolutely everybody."

It was not that she was conceited. It was simply that she was only three. No one had ever taken her with sweet and whispered promises that turned into morning-after lies, ugly and cold as unwashed dishes from last night's dinner lying in the sink. She had never heard a dictator rock her country to sleep with peaceful lullabies one day and rock it with bombs the next. She was undeceived. Her father ran his hands reverently through her soft yellow hair. She is virgin, he thought, for this is the true virginity, that brief moment in the time of your life before your mind or your body has been defiled by acts of treachery.

It was just before Christmas and she was sitting on her little chair, her lips pressed together in concentration, writing a last-minute letter to Santa Claus. The words were written in some language of her own invention but she obligingly translated as she went along. "Dear Santa, I am a very good girl and everybody likes me. So please don't forget to bring me a set of dishes, a doll that goes to sleep and wakes up again, and a washing machine. I need the washing machine because Raggedy Ann's dress is so dirty."

After she had finished her letter, folded it and asked him to address it, he tossed her up in the air, caught her and tossed her again, to hear her giggle. "Higher, Daddy, higher," she instructed. His mind embraced her sentimentally: She is a virgin island in a lewd world. She is a winged seed of innocence blown through the wasteland. If only she could root somewhere. If only she could grow like this.

"Let me down, Daddy," she said when she decided that she had indulged him long enough, "I have to mail my letter to Santa."

"But didn't you see him this afternoon?" he asked. "Didn't you ask for everything you wanted? Mommy said she took you up to meet him and you sat on his lap."

"I just wanted to remind him," she said. "There were so many other children."

He fought down the impulse to laugh, because she was not something to laugh at. And he was obsessed with the idea that to hurt her feelings with laughter was to nick her, to blemish the perfection.

"Daddy can't catch me-ee," she sang out, and the old chase was on, following the pattern that had become so familiar to them, the same wild shrieks and the same scream of pretended anguish at the inevitable result. Two laps around the dining room table was the established course before he caught her in the kitchen. He swung her up from the floor and set her down on the kitchen table. She stood on the edge, poised confidently for another of their games. But this was no panting, giggling game like tag or hide-and-seek. This game was ceremonial. The table was several feet higher than she was. "Jump, jump, and Daddy will catch you," he would challenge. They would count together, *one, two* and on *three* she would leap out into the air. He would not even hold out his arms to her until the last possible moment. But he would always catch her. They had played the game for more than a year and the experience never failed to exhilarate them. You see, I am always here to catch you when you are falling, it said to them, and each time she jumped, her confidence increased and their bond deepened.

They were going through the ceremony when the woman next door came in with her five-year-old son, Billy. "Hello, Mr. Steevers," she said. "Would you mind if I left Bill with you for an hour while I go do my marketing?"

"No, of course not, glad to have him," he said and he mussed Billy's hair playfully. "How's the boy, Billy?" But his heart wasn't in it. This was his only afternoon of the week with her and he resented the intrusion. And then too, he was convinced that Billy was going to grow up into the type of man for whom he had a particular resentment. A sturdy, good-looking boy, big for his age, aggressively unchildlike, a malicious, arrogant, insensitive extrovert. "I can just see him drunk and red-faced and pulling up girls' dresses at American Legion Conventions," Mr. Steevers would think. And the worst of it was, his daughter seemed blind to Billy's faults. The moment she saw him she forgot about their game. "Hello, Billy-Boy," she called and ran over to hug him.

"I want a cookie," said Billy.

"Oh, yes, a cookie; some animal crackers, Daddy."

She had her hostess face on and as he went into the pantry, he could hear the treble of her musical laughter against the premature baritone of Billy's guffaws.

He swung open the pantry door with the animal crackers in his hand just in time to see it. She was poised on the edge of the table. Billy was standing below her, as he had seen her father do. "Jump and I'll catch you," he was saying.

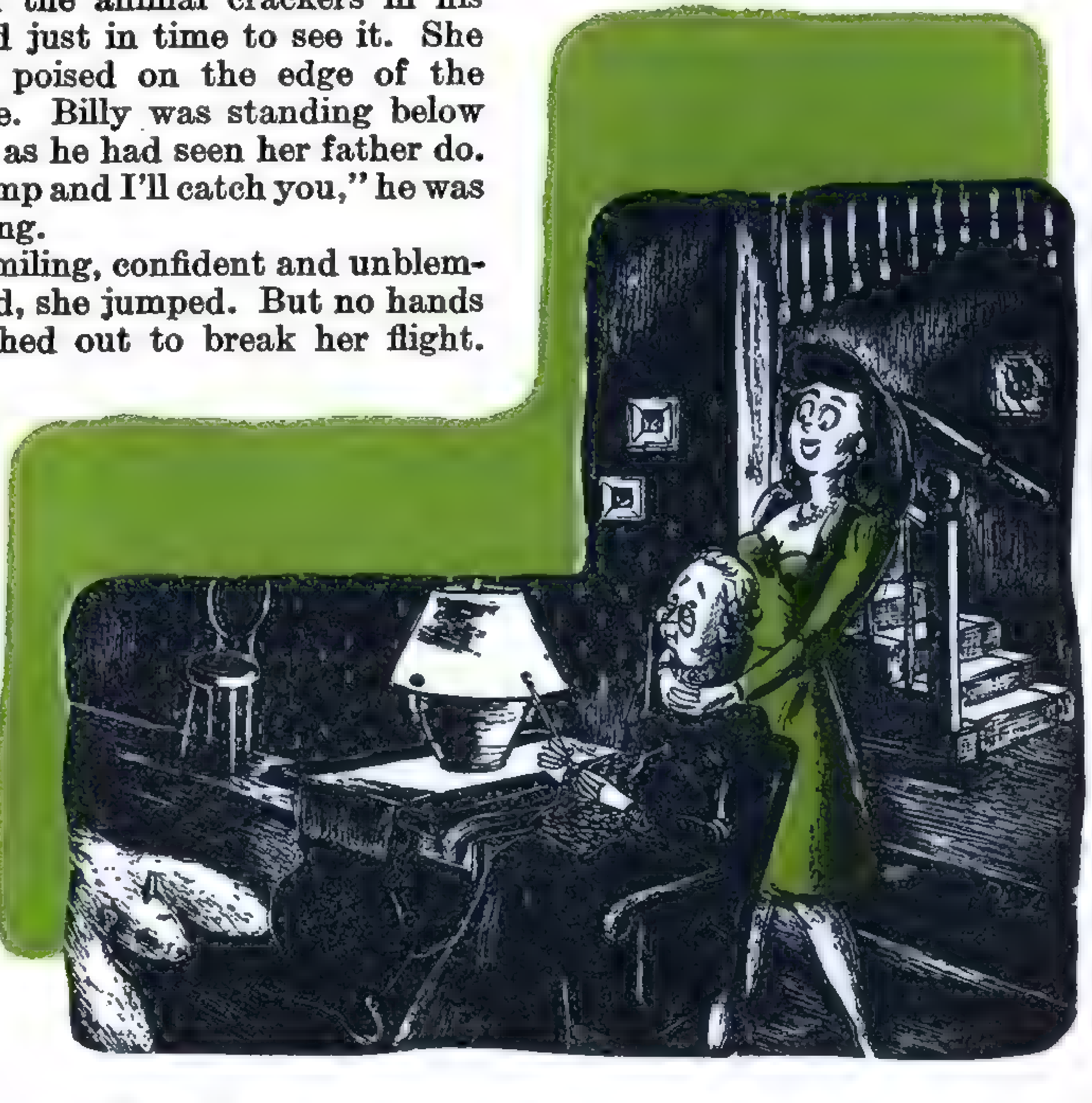
Smiling, confident and unblemished, she jumped. But no hands reached out to break her flight. With a cynical grin on his face, Billy watched her fall.

Watching from the doorway, her father felt the horror that possessed him the time he saw a parachutist smashed like a bug on a windshield when his chute failed to open. She was lying there, crying, not so much in pain as in disillusionment. He ran forward to pick her up and he would never forget the expression on her face, the *new* expression, unchildlike, unvirginal, embittered.

"I hate you, I hate you," she was screaming at Billy through hysterical sobs.

Well, now she knows, thought her father, the facts of life. Now she's one of us. To jump and find no one waiting to catch you. It had to come sooner or later, this fall from the pedestal. Now she knows treachery and fear. Now she must learn to replace innocence with courage.

She was still bawling. He knew these tears were as natural and as necessary as those she shed at birth, but that could not overcome entirely the heavy sadness that enveloped him. Finally, when he spoke, he said, a little more harshly than he had intended, "Now, now, stop crying. Stand up and act like a big girl. A little fall like that can't hurt you."



"Grandma, can you give me a few pointers on tandem bicycles—I've got a date for a ride tonight!"

The Esquire Sports Poll

Majority favors increased matériel and personnel allocations to enable high schools to carry on athletics

by **HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON**

• SPORTS •

THE QUESTIONS

I

Do you believe that the high school physical education program is important enough to justify withdrawal of certain matériel from the war pool for such equipment as climbing ropes, chinning bars, vaulting paraphernalia, rubber-soled gym shoes, etc. for Ranger and conditioning drills, etc. * *; or do you think that such matériel should continue to go to the military* [ ]? *79.38%

II

Do you believe that the collateral values of competitive sports which foster courage, stamina, aggressiveness, team work, etc. are great enough to justify permitting the allocation of such supplies as gas and rubber for the transportation required to keep these events going * *; or do you think that other national needs preclude such use of rubber and gas* [ ]? *76.17%

III

Do you believe that the high school physical education programs are of enough value to the country to justify allocation of needed trained personnel for the task of supervising and directing these programs in the country's 25,000 high schools * *; or do you believe these especially trained people are more useful to the country elsewhere* [ ]? *89.07%

IV

Do you believe that the health of these high school students is an important enough asset to the country to warrant the government's giving assistance to the local communities in carrying out health inspection of high school students and correction of whatever "strains and drains" may be revealed by these check-ups * *; or with the shortage of doctors and medical supervision should these be used in other fields* [ ]? *82.94%

V

Do you feel that going in for organized attention to the physical conditioning of our high school youth is a case of undue regimentation and, in fact, the "very thing we're fighting against"—and that we should let the kids grow up in their own way [ ]*; or do you feel that it is a worthwhile investment in the future of the present-day high school students to oversee their development* * ? *91.69%

A FELLOW can see a dog and pony act and be so impressed he will gasp: "Ain't it wonderful what them beasts can learn!" Yet he can look around at that big show, American Living, and see that in many respects his fellow citizens don't learn so quickly as some little four-legged mutt billed as "Hector, the Hound with the High School Brain."

For evidence, one need gaze no further than the field of physical education of high school students. Despite the unnecessary sacrifice of life and time of young American soldiers caused by physical unfitness for modern warfare, and notwithstanding the sickening showing of selectee physical examinations, some educators and government officials remain ignorant of the pressing need of a broad, intensive physical conditioning campaign for high school and college students.

We are saving fat, scrap, rubber, petroleum, silk and nylon hosiery, and war bonds and stamps; but there are some who simply can't get it into their heads that the most important saving is that of boys, and that the time to start that thrift campaign is *now*.

Consequently this Esquire Sports Poll appraises opinion on the pre-military physical training of high school age boys of whom there are approximately 4,000,000 in the United States. Another thing that shouldn't be overlooked is the necessity of physical conditioning for the girl high school students. With the rush of young women into industry, it has been noted that many girls can't sit or stand at work long enough to be effective in war industry.

Participating in the Poll were the public, sportscasters, sports editors, leading state and city physical educators, and the men at Keesler Field, Mississippi and Jackson Barracks, New Orleans. Located on the east bank of the Mississippi a few miles below New Orleans, Jackson Barracks is one of the oldest and most beautiful of our Army reservations. It is situated almost exactly on the site of the Battle of New Orleans, and named for General Andrew Jackson who defeated a larger and better-armed British army there in the War of 1812.

The post was established in 1826, and the building of the barracks was completed on the last day of the year 1835. Until October, 1921, the barracks were occupied continuously by United States troops except for one year during the Civil War, when the Confederate army was in possession.

In the year 1854, four great American soldiers were stationed at Jackson Barracks. Lieutenant Ulysses S. Grant was Post Quartermaster; Lieutenants Pierré Beauregard and George B. McClellan were drawing up the plans for the Port of New Orleans; and Robert E. Lee was a subaltern under orders there.

During the Mexican War, the post was used as an evacuation hospital. On October 21, 1921, it was turned over to the National Guard of Louisiana and was a training ground for that organization until the beginning of the present emergency. Acres of print have been devoted to the men who fly the Army's huge B-24 Liberator bombers, but too little has been said about the green-clad ground crews who make it possible for them to fly. These men are being trained by the thousand at Keesler Field near Biloxi, Mississippi.

Named for Lieutenant Samuel Reeves Keesler of Greenwood, Mississippi, a World War I flier who was killed over France in 1918, this field was started on an old golf course in June, 1941. Only eight months later it graduated its first class.

As the Army began to rely more and more on "accepted" types of planes, the Technical Training Command began setting up specialist schools, and Keesler Field was chosen for the training of men in B-24 mechanics. Students who have been selected for training by their aptitude scores first enter the school's Aircraft Tools Branch. Then they move on to aircraft maintenance fundamentals, hydraulic systems, engines, electrical systems, fuel systems, structures, instruments, propellers, and inspection.

This may not be the most spectacular job in the war, but Colonel Robert E. M. Goolrick, veteran Army flier who is commandant of Keesler Field, points out that it is one of the most vital. No combat pilot would ever want to go into action without first having his plane checked over by these men in green.

With large numbers of troops having to be transported across water and with frequent sea action, rope exercises (Question I) have proved valuable in teaching warriors to abandon ship and to pull themselves out of shark-infested waters. Many injuries have been sustained from rope-burns followed by immersion in salt water. Yet schools have difficulty in getting rope for use in teaching and strengthening students in this detail of self-preservation.

Supporting the need for more allocations of needed matériel was A. H. Pritzlaff, Director of Physical Education in the Chicago Public Schools and President-elect of the American Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation, who declared: "The physical conditioning of our high school boys and girls is of vital importance today not only for their development towards future military service but to condition them properly for their place on the production line. The war will be won by the boys and girls of today, and their physical efficiency will depend upon whether they can take it and be ready to carry on as the future citizens of this country."

Although testimony of officers who have participated in actual combat indicates that team games have developed valuable coordination, spirit and resourcefulness in the American soldier and sailor, this sort of training has been sharply restricted (Question II) in American high schools. Especially the high schools in the smaller towns and rural communities have had their team sports competitions curtailed by travel restrictions.

Answering the charges that sports have failed because of the prominence and popularity of the varsity teams, James E. Pixlee, Chief of Physical Training, Army Air Forces, reasonably pointed out that: "We should not condemn the athletic program unless a large portion of the personnel taking part in this program is found unfit. The great numbers of unfit is an indication of the failure of an overall program, not the athletic program. In reality our failure has been to develop a proper basic physical training program to supplement and form a base for this activity program. It must be realized that unskilled and undeveloped personnel cannot be included in unlimited athletic competition. The development of unskilled and unfit personnel to a state needed in competitive athletics is fundamentally a problem for the physical training section of a physical fitness department. A mistake commonly made by universities, colleges and secondary schools is to set up athletics and physical training as two separate programs under separate heads and with little coordination. These two programs are essentially one and should be coordinated as one program. Education under a democracy implies the right and privilege to rise to one's own ceiling of performance, and physical development should not be limited by anything other than capacity to achieve."

Alfred Anderson, Director of Physical Education and Recreation, St. Louis, agreed that the first need was for "physical education for all students. Competitive sports are fine if not confined to a few gladiators. We need more gladiators. When all students have a full opportunity to engage in the physical fitness program, then we want as much inter-school competition as possible."

"Intramural sports," said **Strong Hinman,** Assistant Superintendent of Schools, Topeka, "provide the same values as do interscholastic sports and make it possible for more to compete." **Bill Woodside,** Paris, Texas, *News*, declared: "High school sports serve the same purpose as the Navy's Pre-Flight Schools. Maybe not so intense, but on a bigger scale." **J. Albert Dear, Jr.,** *Jersey Journal*, Jersey City, thought: "It is an Army and Navy duty to protect the youth of the country now in high school against any general abandonment of sports because from these youths the Army and Navy must get recruits of 18." **Emil Rath,** Director of Physical and Health Education, Indianapolis, said: "In cities, those physical virtues can be developed without much travel; in isolated communities, they should be curtailed."

As forecast in Esquire over a year ago, the nation's high schools and colleges are short of physical instructors (Question III). Would a lend-lease arrangement applying to Army and Navy physical instructors for temporary assignment as high school instructors be wise use of this personnel? Agricultural workers are released from military service to raise crops, and the same principle should be applied to high school physical education, as youth is the best crop we have.

"There are thousands of former athletes past 38 years of age," said **J. G. Taylor Spink,** editor of *The Sporting News*, "who could be used as supervisors or directors in schools for conditioning the students." **Major Eliot V. Graves,** State Supervisor of Physical and Health Education in Virginia, believed: "Prepared instructors should be left in the schools to enable the preparation of our high school boys and girls." **W. H. Rhodes,** London, Ontario, *Free Press*, explained that: "Throughout Canada, liaison officers and coaches are taught this branch after enrolling for overseas service, whereas proper teaching of athletics in high schools would have found the country better prepared." **Major John L. Griffith,** Big Ten Athletic Commission, thought: "We should have this trained personnel, but I do not feel that we need to take men out of the Army, as the British did, to do this job."

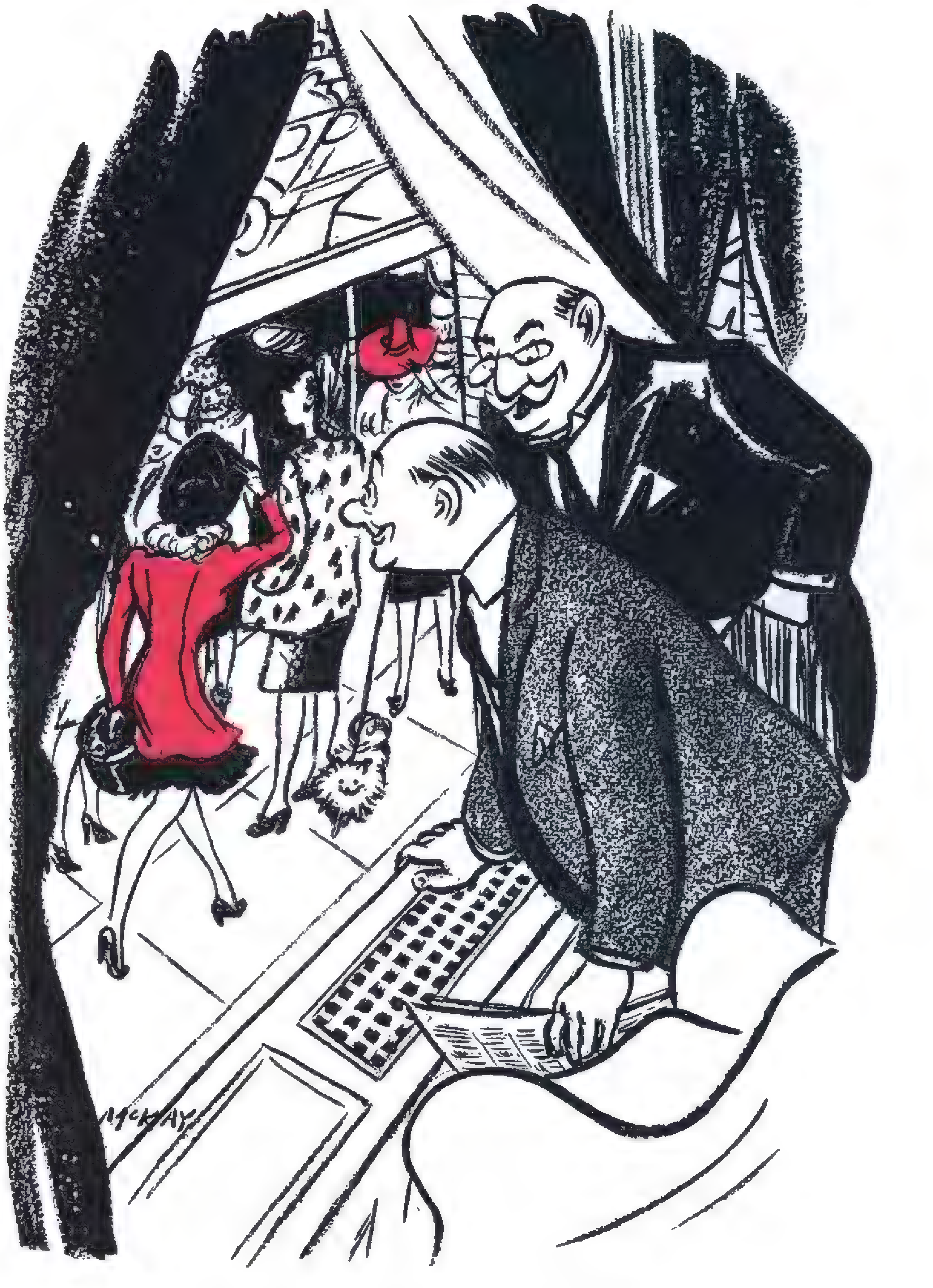
A note on salesmanship was provided by **Bill Moeller,** Hamilton, Ohio, *Journal-News*, who said: "Here in Hamilton we have an excellent instructor, James Grimm, physical education director of Hamilton High School. His classes were not especially well attended when listed as calisthenics. Then he called them 'Ranger Training,' and he had so many boys he didn't know what to do with them."

With approximately one-third of our doctors now in military service, it's a cinch that organic defects of youngsters (Question IV) seldom will be located and corrected unless they're obvious enough to call for professional attention. Even then, lack of funds may keep the lad from getting the treatment he needs.

Selective service physical examinations reveal the majority of physical deficiencies of selectees are those that medical, optical and dental service must correct before physical training can make the youth fit for fighting. Findings of correctible physical deficiencies were so frequent in examinations of Naval flight candidates in Chicago that a plan for financing necessary treatment was worked out by the Chicago Junior Association of Commerce and the Naval Pre-Flight Board headed by Lieutenant Commander Carl G. Olson. The plan provided for repayment by the fliers after they qualified for pay.

Franklin J. Gray, Director of

Continued on page 126



"This is what I miss—in the country all you see is the green grass and the trees!

Please Pardon My Scream

Since most radio fans feel and sleep better after they've been terrified, the networks give them horror shows

by RICHARD G. HUBLER

▪ARTICLE▪

The radio networks' discovery for 1942-43 is that the way to amuse Americans—about 12,000,000 at a time—is to scare them so badly their blood streams turn around and start running in the opposite direction. Unless their hands are clammy, their breath short, their pulses pounding like the bass drums in a Tschaikowsky symphony, it seems radio listeners just aren't having a good time.

Ever servants of the people, the networks are giving their audiences what they want. Today, all but one devote thirty minutes of their choice Sunday night time to horror. On the Blue Network are the *Inner Sanctum* mysteries with Raymond and the squeaky door. Mutual presents *The Shadow*. Columbia serves a double-header: *The Whistler*, and *Lights Out*. Even semi-independent stations like WJR: Detroit, WGAR: Cleveland, and KMPC: the most powerful independent in the West, feature a Sunday festival of gore called the *Hermit's Cave*. The 33-station Don Lee hookup, the Mutual net in the West, is considering reviving the notorious *Witch's Tale*, a blood-letter of a few years back. The Red-NBC network, which once produced *Lights Out*, is the only system without a bona fide horror program and it is making a frantic, *sub rosa* search for a shocker.

Why, you ask, should millions of Americans (*Lights Out* reported a Crosley rating of 9.1, or nine million listeners, after its first six broadcasts) choose to relax of a evening with their teeth chattering an obbligato? Even the radio producers don't know.

"People want to escape from the horror of the headlines," is the explanation offered by Arch Oboler, producer of *Lights Out*. Horror shows are a kind of homeopathic treatment for people grown tense because of the war—to cure the chills, give 'em more of the same. Of course radio horror is an escape. It is fantastic and impersonal. Its vampires and gouged-out eyes, and poisoned toothpicks provide us with an emotional release but never inconvenience us by being tragic or true. After all, as one director puts it, nothing that has been written can compare to the actual horror of Dunkirk.

J. Donald Wilson, the genial producer of *The Whistler*, believes mystery and fantasy shows are popular not because they freeze the blood but because they create suspense. "I like to think of my listeners in a whodunit mood," he explains. "It's the age-old attraction of the human puzzle." On the other hand Hyman Brown, producer of the *Inner Sanctum*, says there's no formula, "except an engrossing script and a logical explanation at the end."

There were some early horror shows, notably several imported scripts on the Columbia workshop, but the true founder of today's blood and guts school of radio was *The Shadow*. *The Shadow* started thirteen years ago with a ghastly laugh and a swish of a cloak. He flourished during the Depression when, just as in wartime, we liked to hear about people worse off than ourselves. His victims died in good horror tradition—one was stabbed by an icicle, another was slain by the kiss of a crow with a cyanide-tipped beak, a third eaten by flesh-eating ants.

Close after *The Shadow* came Arch Oboler's shockers which, within a few months after they started in 1936, had 110 listening clubs from coast to coast. And there was the *Witch's Tale*, on Don Lee. All these programs, "coagulating cagliostros" as they were known in the trade, enjoyed great popularity. Oboler's midnight show alone had about 5,000,000 listeners.

When *The Shadow* began diluting horror with social conscience and the *Witch's Tale* and others went off the air, blood flowed undammed in the broadcasts of KMPC in California. Under the direction of a twenty-eight-year-old writer named Huston, KMPC became the citadel of true, unalloyed horror.

At least four people were killed every broadcast. None of them died quickly. Today a quick death, by Huston's definition, is pushing somebody into a vat of boiling acid. He builds up lovely heroines and turns them into werewolves or burns their eyes out with hot irons. He presents a cute, chucklesome baby—and feeds it alive to an angry python.

"I thought of feeding a small snake to the baby," says Huston, "but it didn't seem horrible enough."

One of Huston's recent heroines went crazy and hacked her father to bits, handed each bit to her ghoul lover. The last line of the show was: "Here's the head, Joe! Don't drop it!"

Like any other of the horror shows, the sound effects of KMPC are a good deal of the drama. One of which Huston was particularly fond was that of a woman vampire attacking another woman. "First, I had a real belly scream off-mike," says Huston. "And a good big gurgle up close. Then the vampire snaps her jaws and drools for fifteen seconds."

The cutting-off of heads is done with a cabbage and a cleaver. The burning-out of eyes is done by jabbing a hot soldering-iron into a ripe, juicy peach. Breaking bones are snapped carrots. Twisted-off limbs or broken necks are tortured stalks of celery. Rhubarb, watermelons, and cellophane are also used but Huston claims these are military secrets.

Things like chains, groans, shots, sighs, screams, death-rattles and howls are, of course, standard stuff. *The Whistler* uses a flat lugubrious whistle and footsteps. *Lights Out* has the tolling of a bell and the hollow recitative: "It—Is—Later—Than—You—Think!" (cribbed from a sundial). *The Inner Sanctum* has the opening of an excruciatingly creaky door and the pseudo-genial tones of a fellow named Raymond.

About the only props indispensable to the shockers are an organ, a thunder sheet, and a sneering laugh. The organ, used on all of them for time-bridges, is invaluable. A weird skirl on the keys is often worth a hundred words in creating atmosphere. The *Inner Sanctum* show is especially notable for this. *The Whistler* sometimes uses a harp. But all of them use a bass and grisly master-of-ceremonies to keep the plot rolling.

The actors in the horror programs have to be among the most versatile in radio. The men must usually have bass voices, the women must have good, loud screams. The official Hermit, a mild, inoffensive little man named Mel Johnson, knows thirty-two dialects. So far, only one mistake in characterization has been chalked against him. In a background portrayal of a Nazi, he said: "Ha! Yah! Sure!"

They have to know how to use the various microphones expertly and get around the studio smartly without knocking over sound props and screens. They must know how to talk into megaphones, into filters, between box-walls, how to estimate the decibelic kickback of a scream or the soulfulness of a prayer. Most important, they must be able to cry,

Continued on page 135

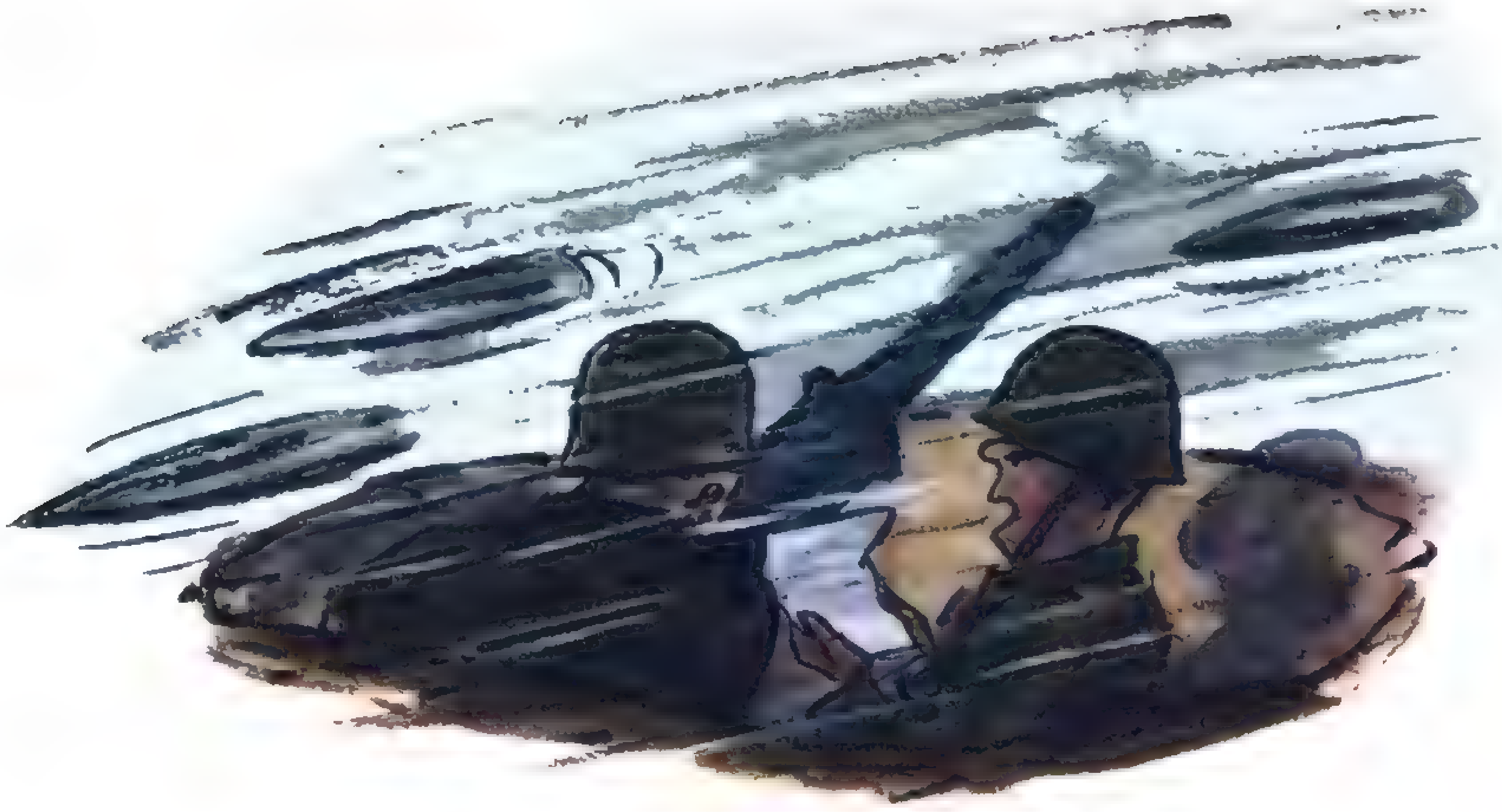
"CHRISTMAS IN JULY"

June Harris, one of the nebulae of Hollywood ➧

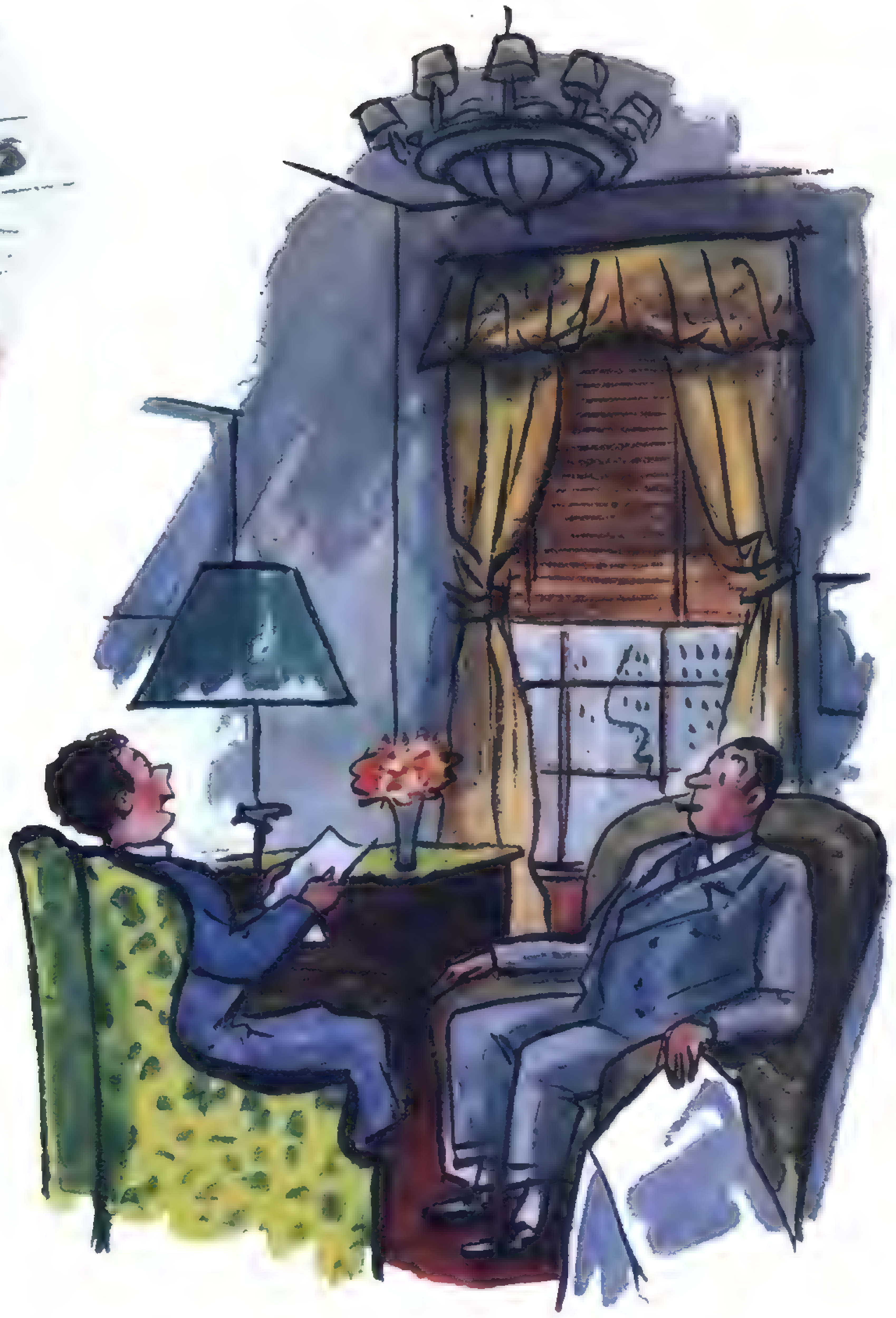
Once during childhood when a fellow first-grader found a nest of baby rabbits out in the prairie, we combed the surrounding countryside for weary miles, hoping to duplicate his wonderful luck. Now we publish this vision of Christmas at its loveliest, which our cameraman apparently discovered during a hiking trip, with a feeling of responsibility for the hundreds of bigger boys who may climb the highest mountain and still not find June Harris. Seeing her here, a more glowing picture of a Night on Bald Mountain than mere music could convey, it is hard to imagine that Earl Carroll didn't come to her instead of vice-versa. Yet last autumn, when the Vanities were wowing the audiences at the Los Angeles Orpheum, June Harris was an unnoticed usherette, sighing like Juliet as she showed the customers their seats in the balcony. Weary of hiding her light under a bushel of checkstubs, she passed through those famous portals and asked Earl Carroll for a job in his show. He vouchsafed one glance, impersonal as a stockyards appraiser, and one question. "What is your weight and what is your waist measure?" Since her reply exceeded the right answer to that thirty-five-dollar-a-week question, he gently advised her to count her calories and return in a month. June did and now she displays her improved waistline in *Let Freedom Swing*. Believing in the old mossbucket about genius and hard work, she takes daily dancing and dramatic lessons. (And let Hollywood's stars look to their Oscars.) Ever mindful of the motto on Mr. Carroll's door, she rides horseback to keep herself supple and eschews whipped cream with her banana splits. She hopes eventually to have a figure like Hedy Lamarr's. Those who remember *Ecstasy* say the latter feat is surely not beyond reason. The only man in June's life she says (and you can tell that to the Marines) is her sailor brother. She modestly explains it is only his buddies' loyalty that makes her a favorite pin-up girl on the seven seas. What would you say?

Vital Statistics: *Height:* 5' 7½"; *Weight:* 124; *Bust:* 35; *Waist:* 24; *Hips:* 35; *Age:* 18.

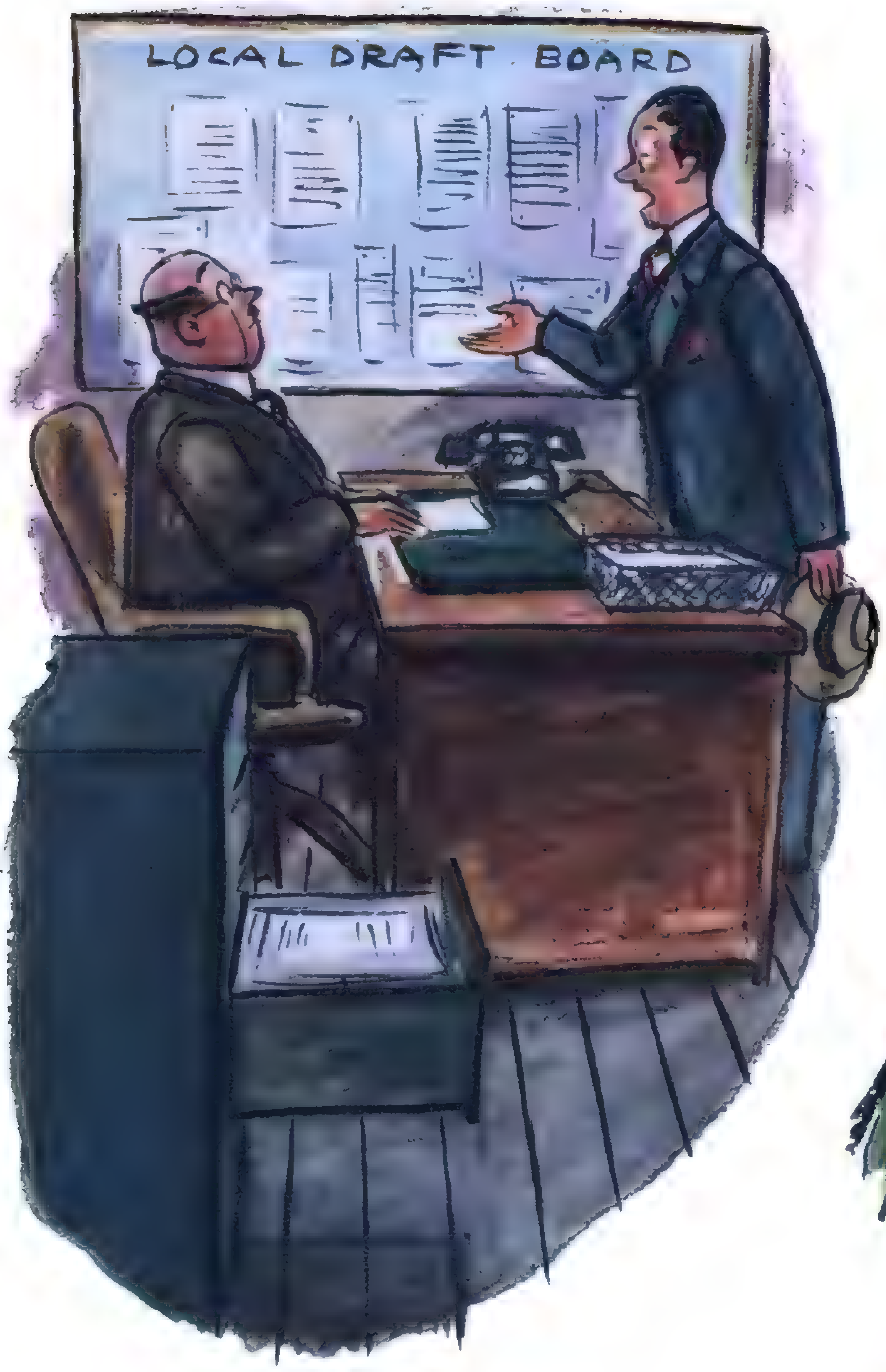
HENRY WAXMAN PHOTOGRAPH



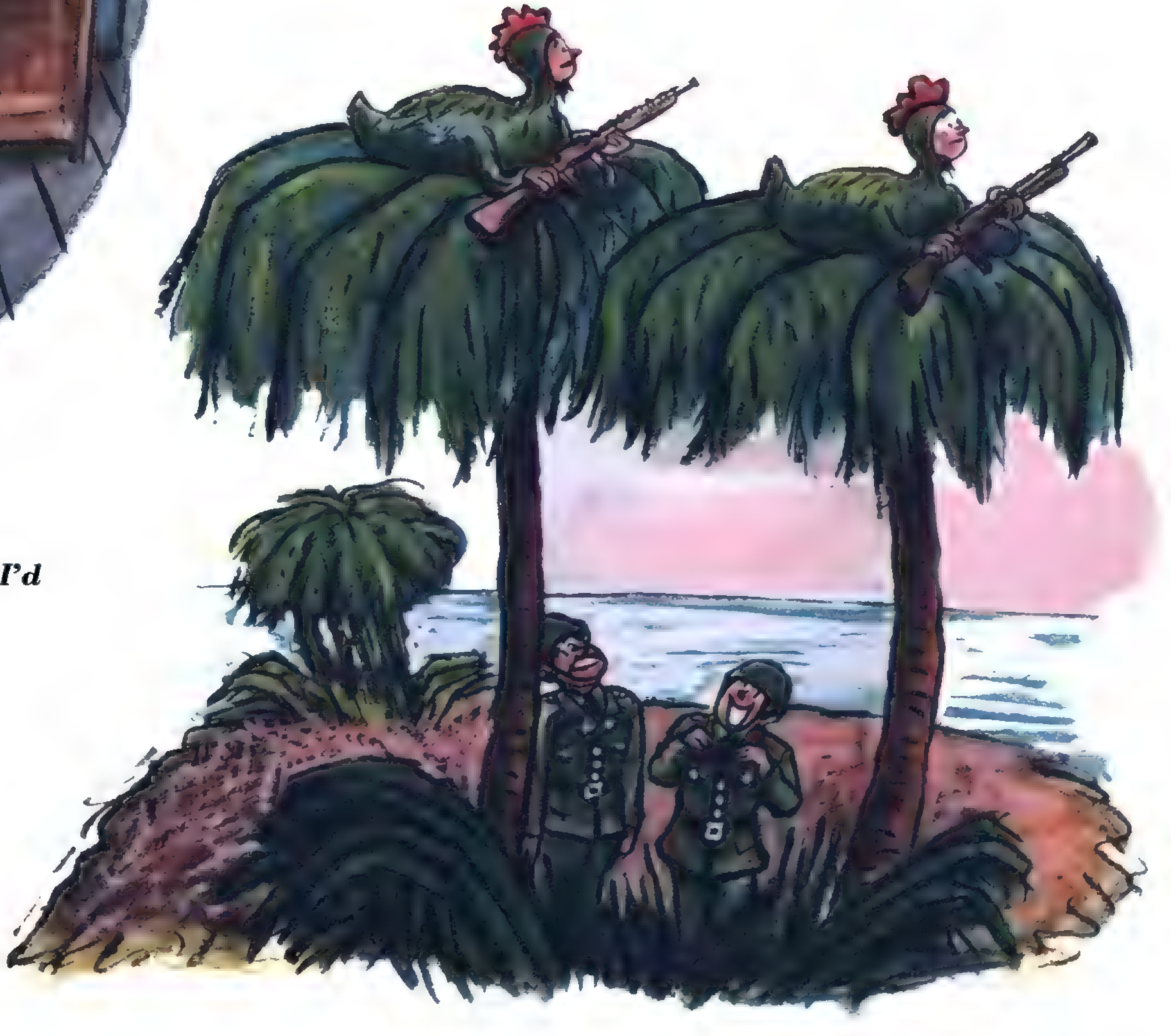
"Peggy's still complaining about the bathtub faucet"



"Junior wants us to send him some dime store jewelry so that he can put over some deals with the natives —what kind of deals do you suppose"



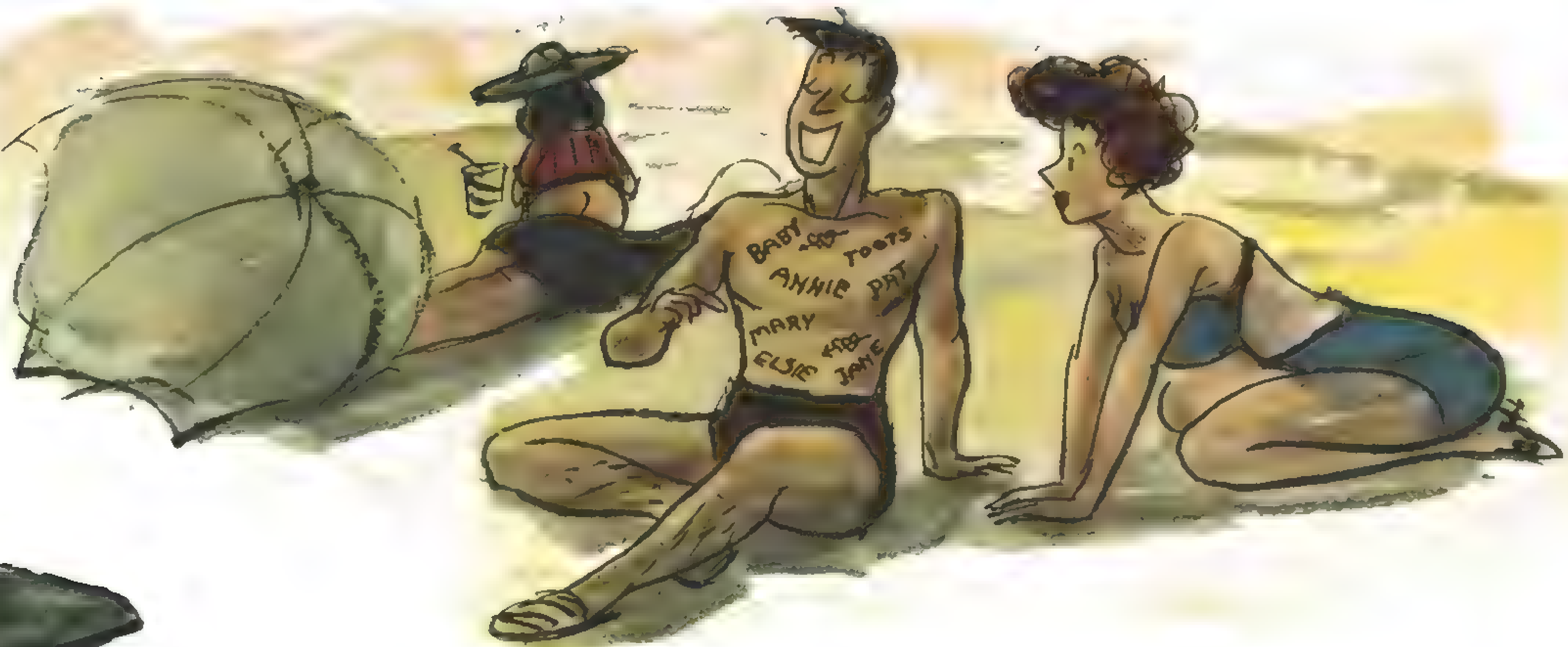
"I want to get a new suit—but I thought I'd consult you people first!"



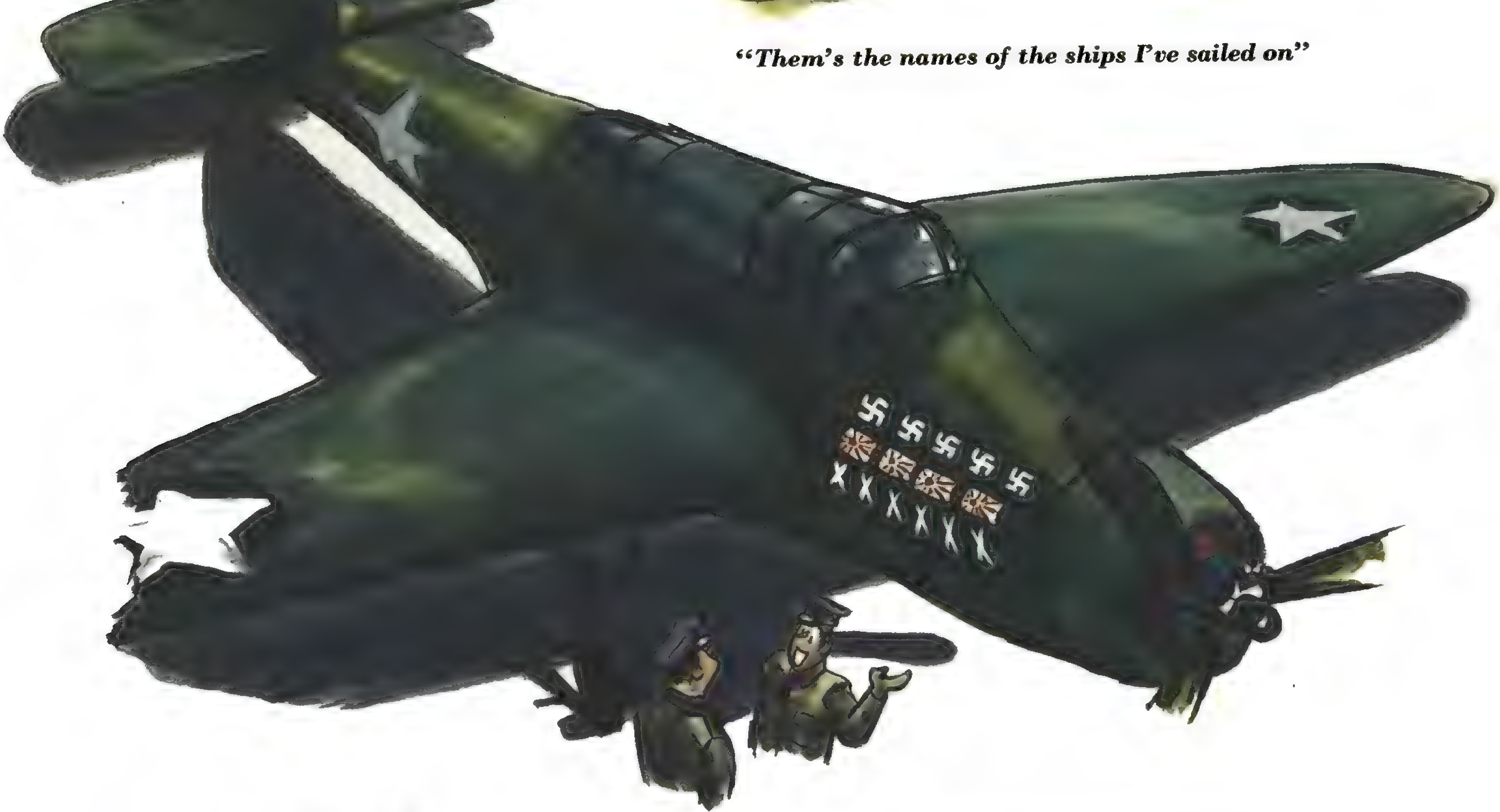
"Pretty clever camouflage job, even if I do say so myself!"

Forth with July

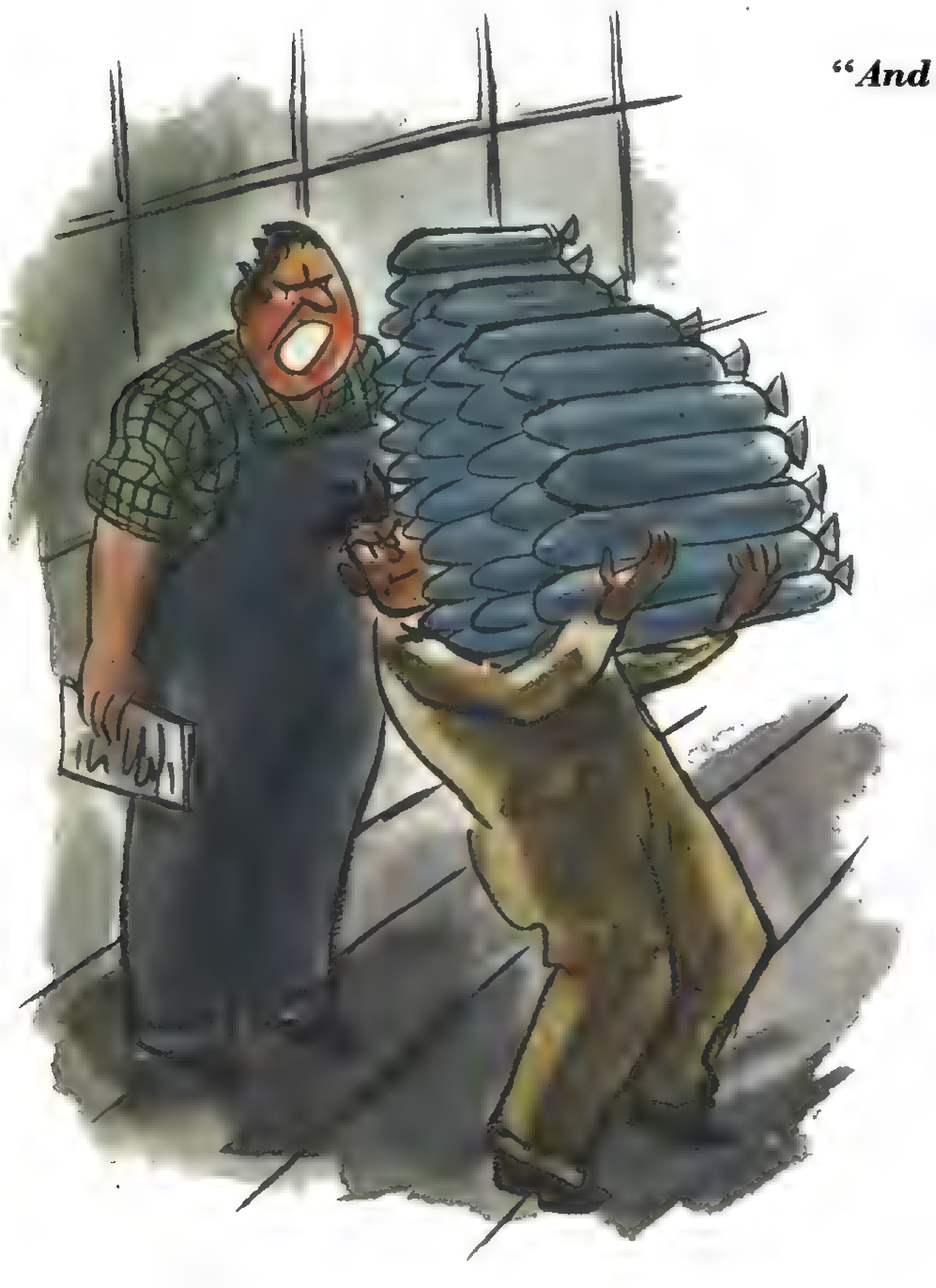
by IRVING ROIR


BABY
TOOTS
ANNIE
PAT
MARY
ELSIE
JANE

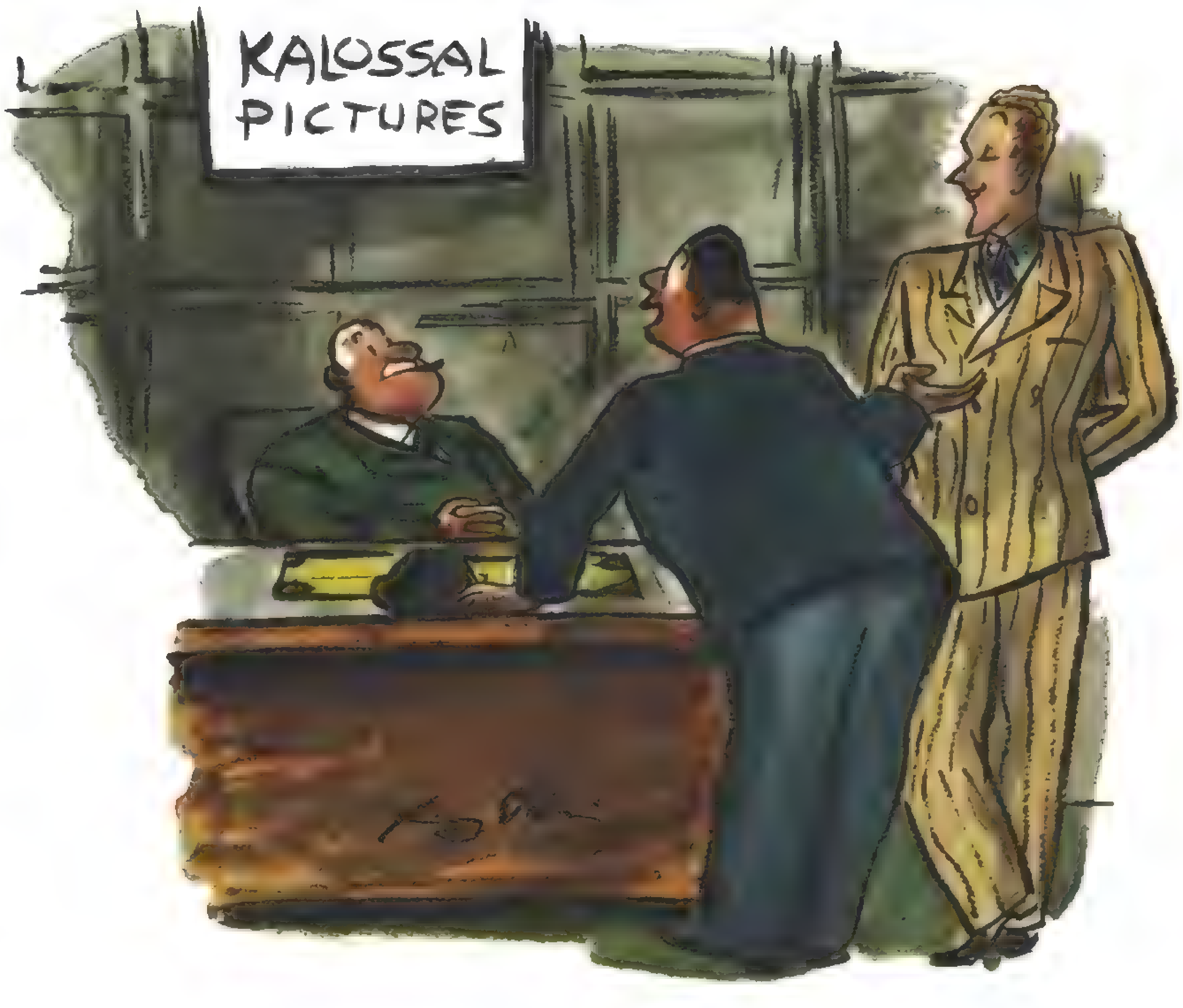
"Them's the names of the ships I've sailed on"



"And the bottom line, sir, is the number of girls I kissed"



"Okay, Mulrooney—you're fired"


KALOSSAL
PICTURES

"Look at him—the Perfect Male Movie Star—young, handsome, 4-F—and he don't own a yacht"

Pugs Never Die of Old Age

Statistics on boxers show most of them last about three years in the ring and pass out for good before they're forty

by SIGMUND SAMETH

• SPORTS •

MAYBE Pete Norton expected to knock readers right out of their chairs when he wrote that "Boxing Builds Bums" back in the November issue of Esquire. Actually he was pulling his punches. He didn't say half enough, as anybody can learn from a walking tour through Cauliflower Row. Because shortly after it builds the bums, boxing kills them!

It takes just thirty seconds for a potential ring careerist to learn cruelly what most fight fans never comprehend. Six-ounce sweat-soggy gloves offer less protection to good health and looks than they do to an opponent's metacarpals. What's more, a clever boxer who "breaks" his gloves by repeated flexing can work the padding back from the knuckles to almost any degree desired.

During the gravy years, a fighter's physiognomy, be he champ or chump, is apt to get considerably mussed. Puffy ears, money bag eyes, and a shattered nasal cartilage are milestones on the road between headline and breadline. But pugilistic punishment does more than aesthetic damage. Boxing's occupational disease is death.

Those are admittedly strong words. They are uttered in the awareness that they indict one of America's million-dollar sports. Medico-legal literature in four languages seems to bear them out.

Have you ever seen a ruptured liver tagged and bottled in a medical museum? It's not a pretty exhibit. Yet smacked just once, the right way, with a gloved fist, a normal functioning human organ can be popped open like an overripe orange and transformed into a post mortem specimen in a couple of hours.

Tom Johnson, Big Ben Brain, Jim Belcher, and Jack Bartholomew, all bare-knuckle plug-uglies, died of ruptured livers from body punching. A few of their contemporaries reached a ripe old fighter's age of fifty years despite tortured innards. Fifty-one old-time fighters were cased through sports records. Of that group, thirty-six died directly because of ring punishment.

Brutality didn't end when fists were "cushioned" with leather. Of fifty modern glove fighters studied—fifteen of them champions—the average age at death was 39.12 years. Professor Pitkin would claim they practically died a-borning. That's a respectable prime of life for members of less hazardous callings.

Three short years plus a fraction is the average champ's tenure in the legalized mayhem profession which *Variety* once dubbed the Biff Biz. *Sic transit gloria!* Of boxing's cast-off dregs—the Horizontal Hooligans—it is almost impossible to trace records. After a pug develops a chronic susceptibility to K.O.'s ("round heels" the trade calls it) he's washed up even as a ten-bucks-per-round punching bag. He quits the ring and generally dies an obscure death without the benefit of autopsic findings.

Of forty-nine "retired" fighters, names on request, five are cripples because of boxing beatings, five are blind, ten suffer chronic invalidism, two are in mental hospitals, and sixteen are poverty-stricken poolroom attendants, dockwollopers, porters, night watchmen, peanut peddlers, and training camp buffoons.

Gene Tunney hung his fight togs on the peg while the getting out was still good. Training for his second Dempsey fracas, he clicked heads with a spar mate and as he straightened up, took a long left to the jaw. Without going down or staggering, he lost consciousness and proceeded automatically to become a ruthless killer.

The next thing Gene knew he was flat on his back in his cabin by the lake, wondering who he was and how he'd got there. He discovered his own name written in the neckband of a sweat shirt, but it took hours for him to recall fact after fact about himself. He had no idea whether he'd fought Dempsey yet or not. His head felt as if it were full of hot water.

For three days Tunney remained isolated, asking guarded questions about himself of his trainers. The newspapermen reporting the story had to be deceived. Not till years later did Gene explain why he had stopped training. During those frightening days he decided on retirement. A sport in which such "accidents" could happen was too dangerous. He never regretted leaving the ring.

Others have not been so lucky. In one of the dullest, yet most sensational slamborees of fistic history, clever, hard-hitting Ernie Schaaf suffered a fatal intracranial hemorrhage at the hands of Primo Carnera.

The Acromegalic Italian had landed a clumsy left on his dancing target while the crowd roared with laughter. Schaaf caught off guard teetered to the rosin. His eyes wandered around the ring focusing first on the timekeeper, then on second Jack Sharkey. At the count of nine he tried gallantly to rise. Finally the blond boy from Boston lapsed into an unconsciousness from which he never recovered.

Relatively few boxers have been killed under floodlights within the squared circle. Ring fatalities end amidst the hush-hush of a hospital private ward, sometimes weeks after a contest.

One hundred and twenty-four such cases have received complete medical documentation by physicians in connection with legal investigations. The causes of death as determined by coroners' inquests included fractured occiput, glottis oedema, intestinal rupture, myocarditis, multiple brain punctures, status thymolymphaticus, and spinal dislocation. Fight fans who would like to cuddle up with some cozy reading matter about their favorite sport are referred to the vast literature dealing with clinical aspects of boxing. The *Index Medicus* is found in most public libraries. Many of the monographs it lists contain illustrations printed in full colors depicting the ex-organs of ex-prizefighters. Turn the pages quickly if you're squeamish.

Again and again, whenever pugs end on the autopsy slab, the phrase "subdural haemorrhage" is repeated with learned nods of the head. Drs. Carr and Moody of San Francisco Hospital have proposed a separate term, "Boxer's Haemorrhage." A series of post mortem findings on fighters who had fought and died was collected. The verdict: Danger stalks the ring whenever a boxer becomes groggy from repeated blows.

"At such a time," said the learned doctors, "the musculature is more relaxed than normally and muscle tone is definitely decreased. The motion of the head upon the cervical vertebrae is more pronounced and acute angulation of the brain stem is possible upon flexion and extension of the head." A sharp uppercut administered to a dazed fighter in such a condition results in a "pinching" of the brain stem over the tentorum and a rupturing of brain membranes which may lead to fatal Boxer's Haemorrhage.

No single blow in boxing has accounted for as many K.O.'s as the well-aimed crumpler timed to explode on the button of an adversary's chin from below and in

Continued on page 169

◀ BROADWAY FOR THE BOYS

An excerpt from *By Jupiter*

THE musical comedy nonsense of *By Jupiter*—from which we present this double-eyeful for the benefit of fighting men who can't see it in the flesh—takes place in the land of Amazonia. Here women rule and fighting fillies march off to war singing, "Oh, how I miss the boy I left behind me!"... they plunder villages, grab the males and have a glib way of referring to easy men as "pullovers."

In the midst of these goings on, wing-footed Ray Bolger capers and mimes in his best form as he accompanies the Amazons on their way to do battle with the Greeks. When he gets there he is confronted with the vision re-enacted on the opposite page. Naturally, a few plans get stymied pending the usual happy blending at the end. The name of the vision, playing a gushy Grecian camp follower, is Irene Corlett. (Greek women were sissies and let their men do the fighting.) Starry-eyed Miss Corlett, a ballet-trained dancer who once won a scholarship at Rollins College, is flanked by four Amazonian warriors: (reading from left to right) Betty Jo Creager, Bobbie Howell, Anitra Upton and June Graham.

Incidentally, footnoting the stage performance is an interesting soliloquy in the theatre program—*Case History of a Non-Combatant* by Richard Rodgers, who composed the music to Lorenz Hart's lyrics.

"My job is writing music. I am 40 years old. I have a wife and some children. Decided last March to win the war. Took and passed an Army Air Force physical. Received a letter from Washington saying sorry, they had enough composers flying bombers. . . .

"I developed a handsome sense of frustration and couldn't look a man in uniform in the lapel. Called a conference with myself and attended. Suddenly realized a couple of things. I pay taxes, and promptly. If someone asks me for a song to help the war effort, I write it. I buy war bonds. I do not repeat rumors. I work hard at my job. I hoard nothing. Am I a sissy? You bet your life! I want to be able to look that man in uniform in the lapel. I don't believe I'll ever be able to look him in the eye. I owe him too much."

JON ABBOT PHOTOGRAPH

Ad Libbing With Esquire

SOMETHING FOR THE TROOPS

There is a young dancer in Tunis
Who goes by the name of Eunice
When she does her dances,
All men she entrances,
And none care what the tune is.

There is a young dame in Algiers
Who makes all the fellows give cheers.
She ain't mercenary,
She likes to make merry,
And all she wants is free beers.

There is a sweet girl in Bizerte
Who enjoys being flirty.
She kisses the fellows,
But still there are bellows,
'Cause she stops when she gets to thirty.

ENTERTAINMENT NOTES

New York City: After a three weeks' try-out on Broadway, *Fluffy Stuff*, a new musical comedy, will have its gala premiere at Camp Rookie next Saturday night. If successful, it will then tour the nation's service camps. In an interview this afternoon, Miss Sandra LaFleur, star of the show, stated: "Yes, of course we're nervous, but with good preliminary success in New York we feel confident that we will click when we hit the big-time. We've all got our fingers crossed."

Camp Topkick, Ala.: Every man in the camp, from lowly private to colonel, is proud of the honor bestowed on this camp. In a nationwide poll of over a thousand stage, screen and radio stars, Camp Topkick audiences were voted as the most discriminating, appreciative and polite in the entire country. "Wow!" commented Corporal Joe McGrimmick, "we beat out the WAACs by seventy-two votes!"

Chicago, Ill.: The Amalgamated Broadcasting Company announces that it has recently added three more stations to its Purple Network. These are Camp Drillground, Iowa; Fort Shavetail, Fla.; and Camp Paratroop, Oregon. "This means," commented a top official, "that the comedians will be able to broadcast from one of our chain stations no matter at what camp they happen to be at the time. Formerly they sometimes had to travel to out-of-the-way studios in Hollywood or New York to do their broadcasts—a bad handicap, transportation problems being what they are."

Fort Infantry, Neb.: All hands here are unanimous in praising the meteoric rise to the top of Eddie Fulgan. Entering here only two months ago as a green rookie, he now occupies one of the most important and responsible positions in the entire camp—that of chief, or four-star, dramatic critic of the camp. Fulgan—now *Major* Fulgan—has reviewed sixty-three different shows in the past eighty-five nights for the camp paper. In all that time he has never missed a deadline or penned a dull review. Says an informed official, "Fulgan's a second George Jean Nathan. He promises to end up as dramatic critic-in-chief of the entire national training program."

"Bad News Travels Fast" used to be the old saying but some newspapers seem bound to prove that "Bad News Sells Fast."

DETECTIVE DUPE SCORES AGAIN

The scene opens with Chief of Police Cuthbert walking the floor. He speaks: "Here this man Fosdic has been murdered a week, we know his wife killed him but not one of my quarter-witted staff has been able to find her."

His stenographer looks up from her work and asks: "Did they find any clues?"

"Only two, first that she had a cold and second that she was crazy about reading magazine advertising."

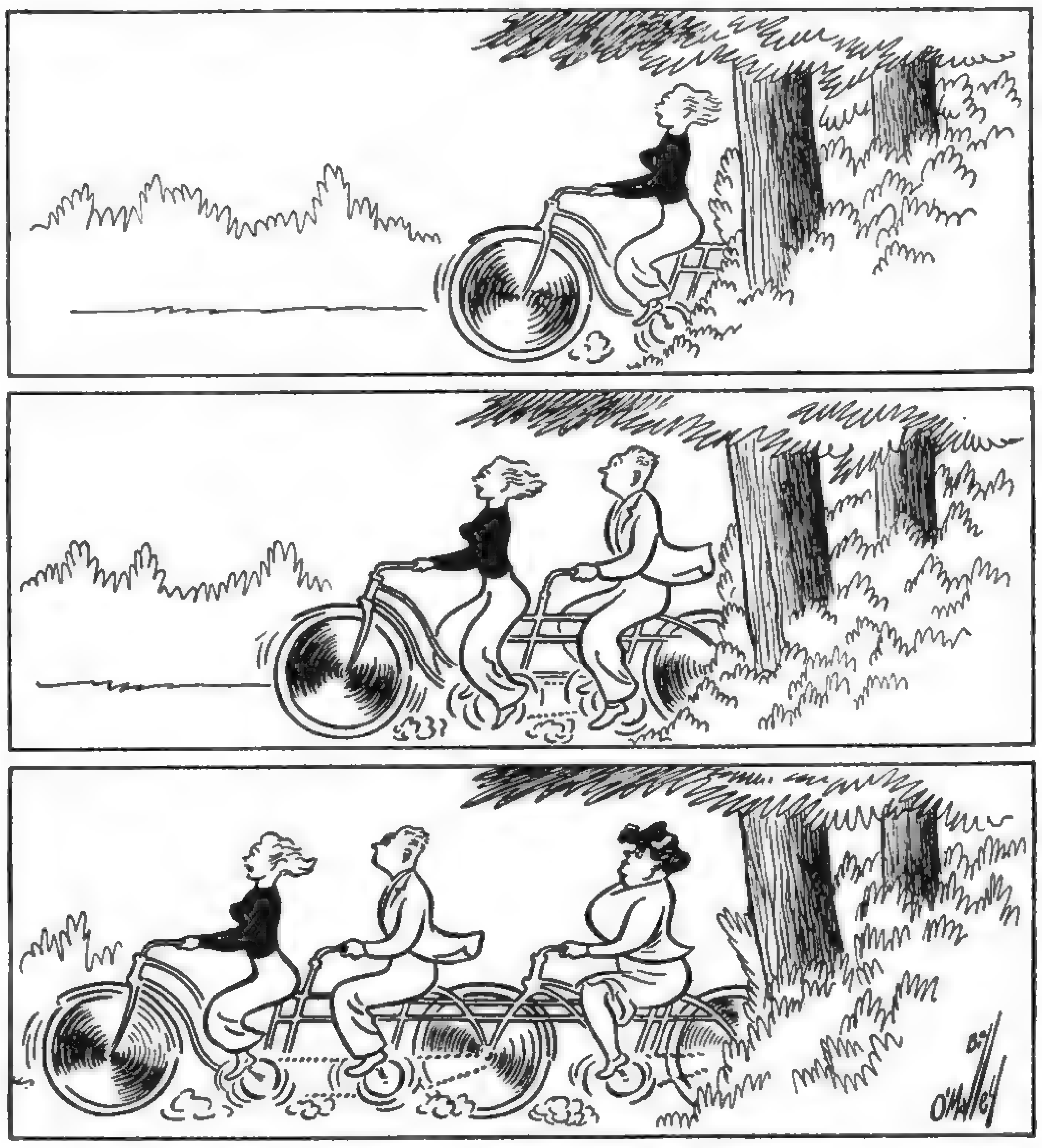
"That sounds like a case for Detective Dupe."

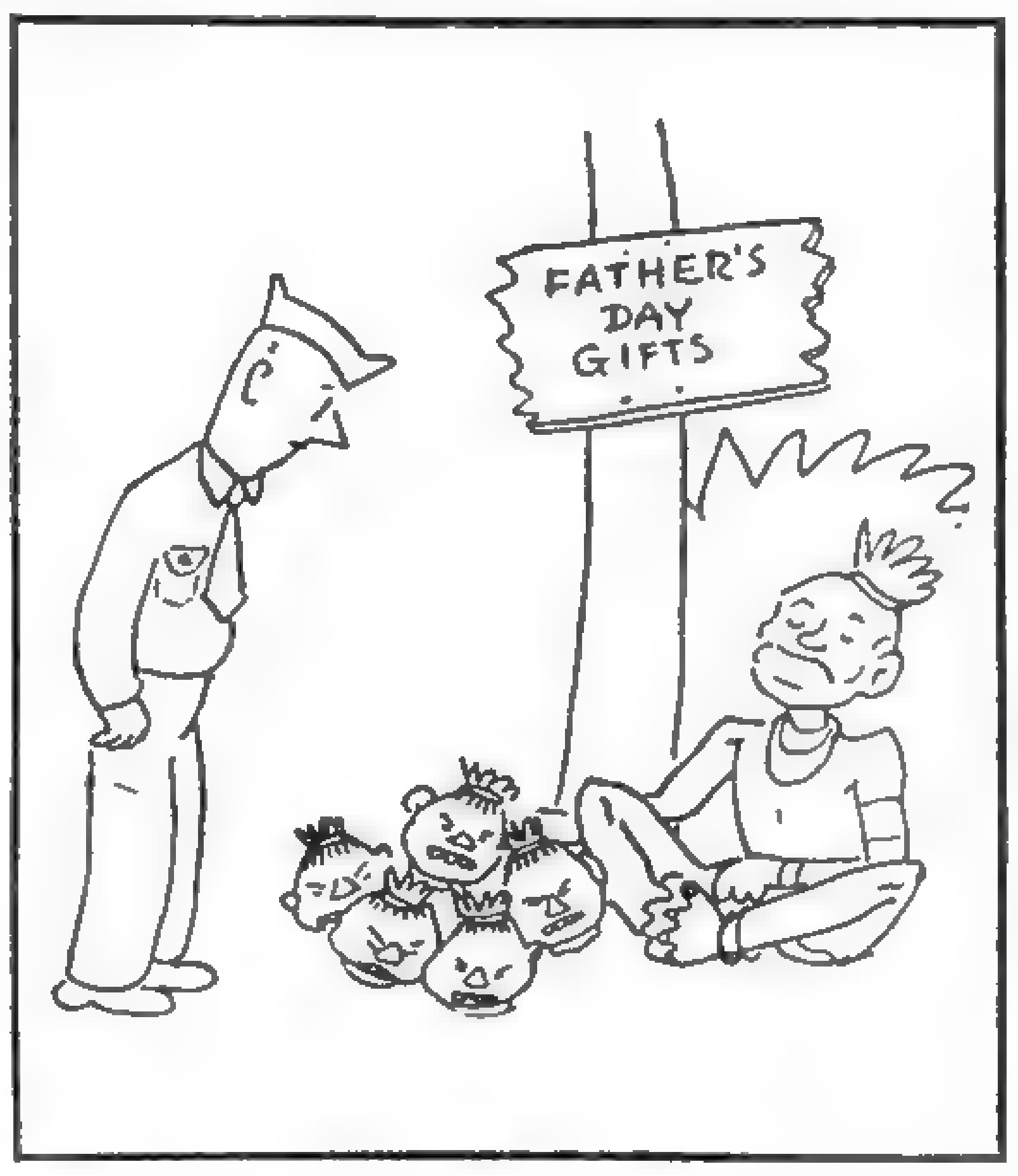
"He makes me feel like a dope, but call Dupe."

In his English basement apartment Detective Dupe lays aside his French horn and listens to the phone ringing; pretty soon he answers it. The Chief of Police explains to Dupe the case and the two clues. Dupe takes the case. . . . And now because of the paper shortage we skip 200 pages and pick up the story after Dupe has captured the wily Mrs. Fosdic and is delivering her, handcuffed to Chief Cuthbert.

Cuthbert is delighted: "How on earth did you catch her, Dupe?"

"This was a case for pure deduction . . . she had a cold . . . she read magazine ads . . . I reasoned she would use Kleenex for her cold. So I went to the Fosdic home, picked up the lead and I followed that trail of used Kleenex over six states. When I faced her with her crime she confessed."





LITTLE MRS. FIX-IT

There's nothing my wife likes better than to putter around the house after she gets back from work at Colossal Aircraft! The other day when she was away at work one of the faucets started leaking. I called up our plumber, but she said she couldn't possibly send a girl up until the day after tomorrow, so there was nothing for me to do but wait until the better half came home. When she got here, it was a cinch, of course, for her to fix the faucet after that training course in mechanics that Colossal had given her.

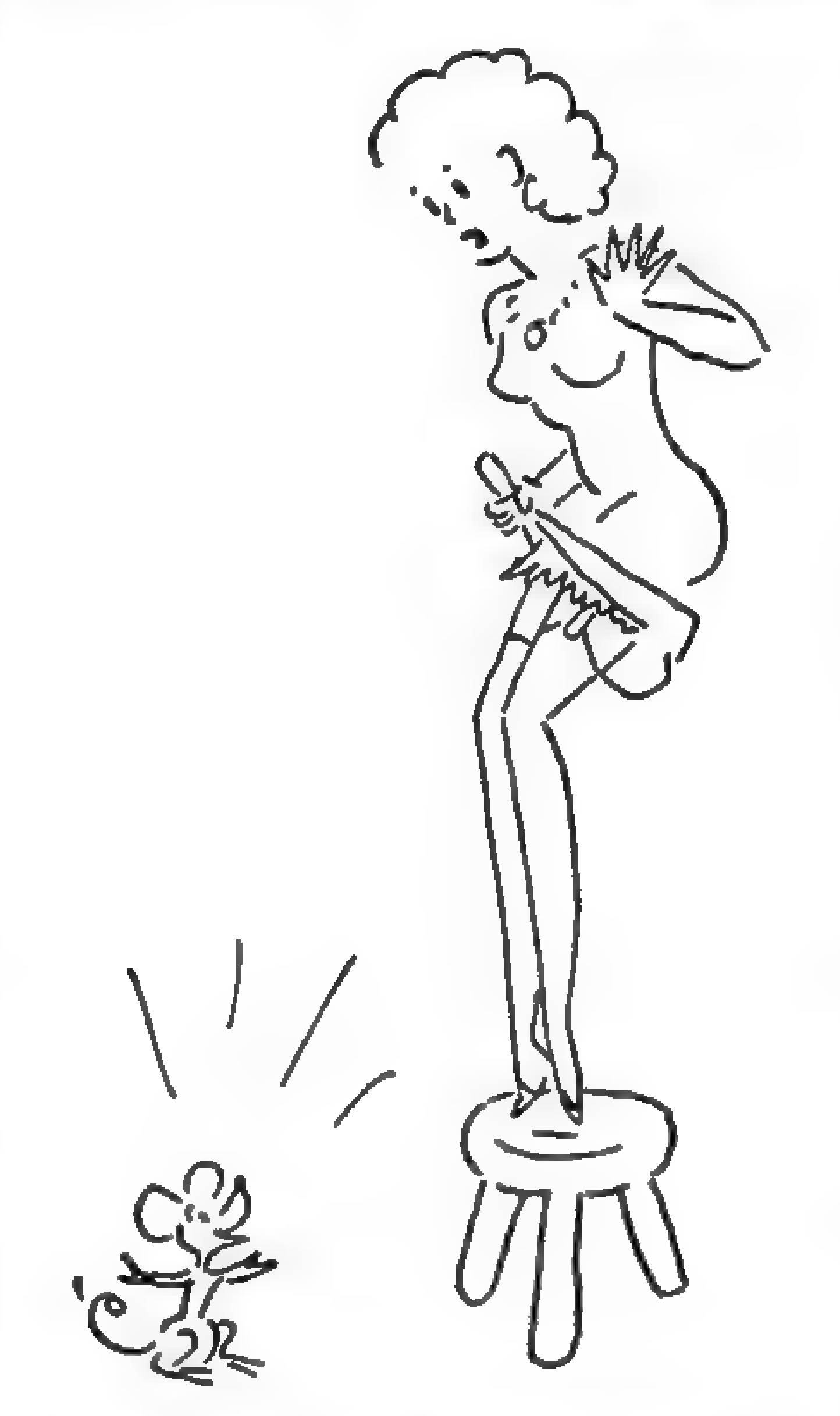
"And before you change out of your work clothes," I added, "you might see why the gas stove isn't working better—and the cord on the electric iron is broken—and something has gone wrong with my typewriter." She was still at work when I told her dinner was ready, but she had made all the repairs I asked her, and had started to make a model tank for Junior out of odd bits of bric-a-brac that the salvage committee had refused. "I just don't see how you do it," I told her admiringly, whereas she kissed me lovingly on the forehead and said: "Darling, if I could make a cheese soufflé like you I wouldn't worry because I didn't know a drill press from a variable-pitch propeller."

So men, take my advice and get married. Oh sure, I know that women have their faults. Sometimes they're arrogant and condescending when they try to explain things to us. And when two or three of them get together I'll admit it may be a little boring to have to listen to their technical talk about arc welding and prefabrication and electrolysis. But take it from me, gents, when the washing machine breaks down or the radio goes dead right in the middle of an exciting household chat, it's a mighty comforting thing to have a handy woman about the place.

An air cadet gag that gives the upper classmen delight is to catch a "Zombie" with his belt a bit loose—he is then ordered to cut several inches off it and must go around the rest of the day looking like an hour glass—until he can get to a store and buy a new belt.

DEAR DOCTOR HEARTTHROB: *What are improper relations? Sixteen.*

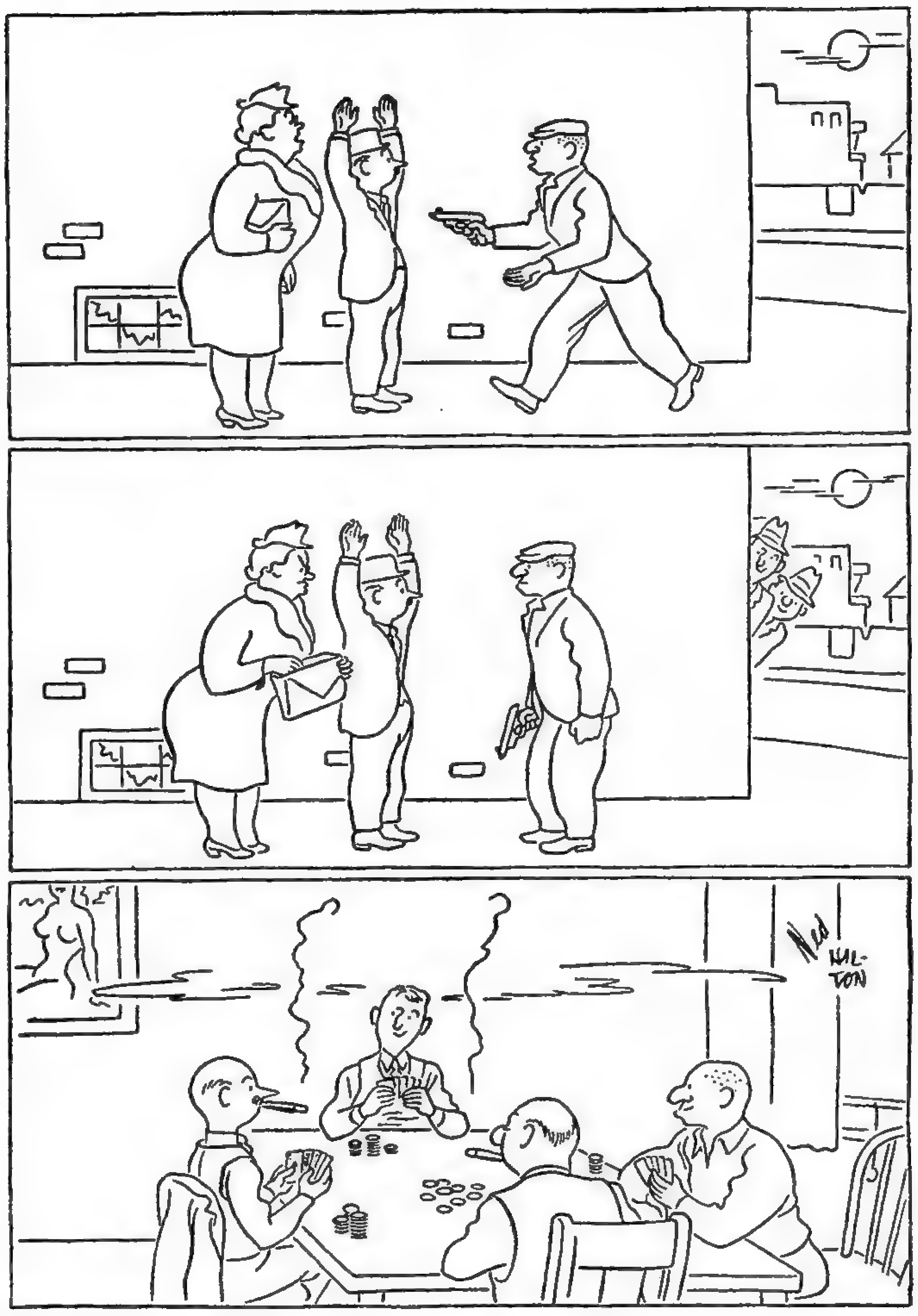
DEAR SIXTEEN: *Uncles who won't wear sox.*



"What is this strange power I have over women?"

Some of those gypsy fortune tellers are good showmen. Recently a friend of ours was having her tea leaves read when the gypsy stopped suddenly and staring at the tea cup said: "Pardon me just a moment—here in the leaves is a message for me—per-son-al."

The honeymoon is over when she starts throwing kisses.



Sam and Joe were pardners in a factory that made a little money, so Sam ran an ad for a steno, a gorgeous girl answered, she had youth, poise, coloring, and she knew how to wear clothes. Sam hired her on the spot. He introduced her to Joe and when she talked she couldn't speak English.

Joe was furious: "A stenographer you've got who don't understand you who never even saw a typewriter."

"For that I'll hire two others," said Sam, "this one I'll keep for looking."

Gus, inventor, is working on a pair of dice without spots for people who want to shoot craps without gambling.

Modern Proposal

"Darling, how about marrying me? I love you with all my heart. —And incidentally I had the doc look at it the other day, and it's got a murmur. Nothing serious, but it's sure to land me in 4-F. Anyhow I was thirty-eight last month, so there's nothing to worry about. Besides, you know I've got a good job in Colossal Aircraft, and I've just been put in the personnel department. That means when we're married I can get you a swell job—on any shift you want!

"Of course you know that job entitles me to a C-card. And just to make things better, my car averages twenty-one miles to the gallon. Hm. I know what you're worrying about—my tires. Well, they've all been under 5,000 miles! I've got the house all picked out for us, sweet. Yep—you've guessed it—it's got a coal-furnace. And they promise to fill the coal-bin right up to the top when I sign the lease . . . Is it attractive? I'll say. It's got the nattiest smartest-looking weather-stripping you ever saw—from top to bottom. And the walls are insulated with the swellest-looking rock wool. I tell you that house is the snuggest, most draught-proof one in town. Just light a match in the living-room and the temperature goes up two degrees!

"So, how about saying 'yes', dear? And I've saved the best for the last. Do you know the three things in the world I hate most of all? Well, I'll tell you. They're beefsteak, coffee and sugar. Can't stand the sight of any of them! This means that you'll have my ration card all to yourself, as well as your own, and—ah! I *knew* you'd never turn me down!"

The Newscaster at Home

"What's the matter, Fred, did you have a bad day at the studio? You look sort of glum."

"Well—"

"I know. It was probably those Russian dispatches. I know how difficult they are."

"Nope. Say, I breezed through 'em! I took 'em like Timoshenko took Mineralne Vodi, like Golikoff took Serafirmovich, like Lt. Gen. Vassilii Chuikoff took—"

"Yes, dear, I understand. Well, don't tell me you've had another run-in with the rest of the staff. They accused you of high-hatting them last week."

"Not a chance, dear. I've got over that attitude, and from now on I'm staying right in line. When in Medjez el Bab, do as the Medjez el Babans do, I always say."

"You weren't trying to give advice to the technical engineers, were you?"

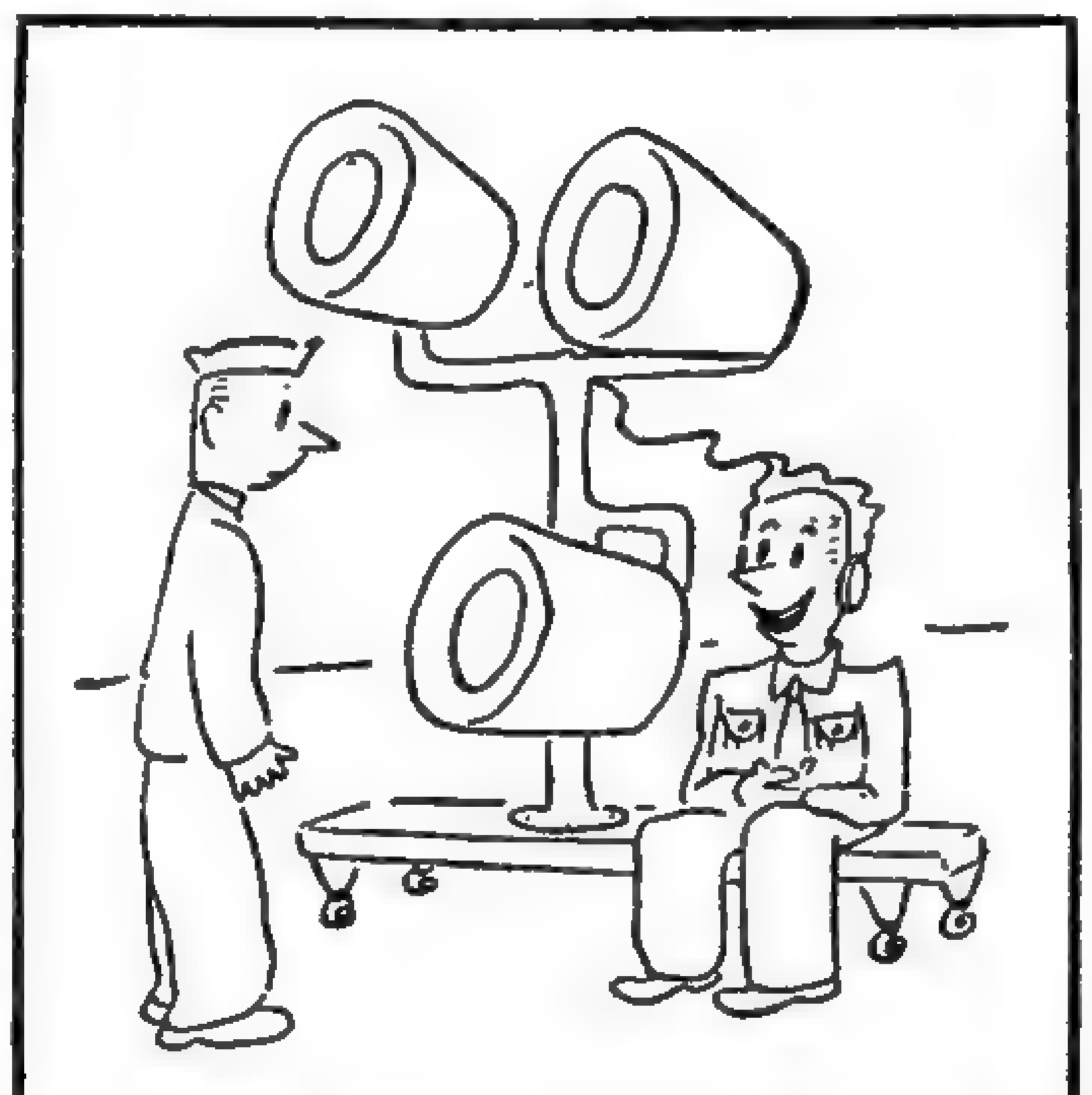
"Of course not! What kind of fool do you think I am? That would be like carrying oil to Belorechenskaya, or—to put it another way—rubber to Soengaipenoek."

"It wasn't the news itself that depressed you, was it?"

"Not a chance! The Japs took it on the chin again, and that's good news in any language, including the Scandinavian—and the Trans-Caucasian, the Saudi Arabian, the Jugoslavian, the Baluchistanian, the Balik Papanian, the—"

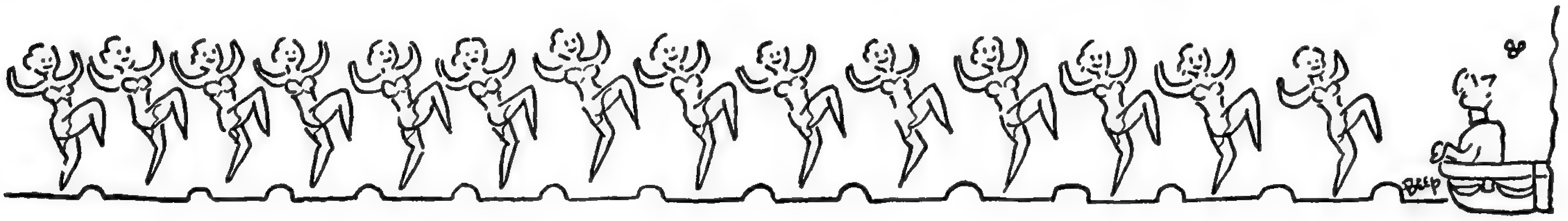
"Now take it easy, dear; remember you're off duty now. Come on and tell me. Just what *is* the trouble?"

"I went and messed up the domestic news again. At the very last minute they handed me a special dispatch, and I mispronounced 'Bridgeport'."



"Some woman on the North Shore is sure giving her husband hell!"

We listened to a children's thriller on the radio and we suggest that the radio company broadcast a statement something like this: "Children, please ask your parents to leave the room; the following program may overexcite them."



The Great American Face

Musing on Grant Wood's *American Gothic*, the masks of movie actresses and war's leveling of the average masculine pan

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

SEVERAL months ago, when I was still beating the big bass drum for a moving picture called *Casablanca*, a bull-headed adversary, an unromantic, unregenerate skeptic named Frank, brought up the most extraordinary objection. "How," he asked, pausing for effect, "how can anyone imagine that girl being in love with a man like Bogart, with that face, when she knew a man who looked like Paul Henreid?"

A lot of American girls, fortunately, do not feel the way Frank does. I mean fortunately for the movies; Mr. Bogart has to look after himself. He has the kind of face you see all over the United States; in courts of law and behind the wheel and on the belt and everywhere. It is rugged, not sensitive; it isn't too well composed; parts of it might go better with another face. But smack it on the screen anywhere, and people would say, "the Americans are coming." Paul Henreid's face reminded me of Scandinavians I had known, rather than Germans; it is delicate, well-modeled; its responsiveness is ten times as great as the half-impassive American front. And behind both of these, there was a third face, that of Conrad Veidt, who died a few months after the picture was made. It was one of the great expressive instruments of the movies, ever since the day when, in *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, Veidt fluttered his eyelids and came out of the somnambulist's dream.

I am not interested in proving the superiority of any type of face; I am leery of anthropologists; the great American face interests me chiefly because it has in it bits and pieces of the faces of Siwash Indians, Sicilians, Suffolk squires, Neanderthalers, and most other races. I feel free to say that there are even some American faces which could strike terror into any but a mother's heart.

Last winter the Museum of Modern Art gave an exhibition of 20th Century Painting and provided a beautiful criticism of the art of painting portraits—as well as a fine display of the great American face. The trick was to provide, after many of the paintings, a photograph of the people who had been painted. The key to the whole thing was the famous *American Gothic* of Grant Wood, with a photograph of Mrs. Nan Wood Graham and Dr. B. H. McKeeby. Mrs. Graham is Wood's sister; she and Dr. McKeeby are the originals of the couple that stands before the famous Gothic barn, she with the cameo, he with the pitchfork; both looking dour and hard and ready to be used as an example of the frustration of American life.

Time has wrought great changes; as the years passed, Mrs. Graham got younger and prettier; Dr. McKeeby filled out a bit, a smile curved away from the grim set of his lips; and in the photograph, these two made a picture which could illustrate the normal attractiveness of life in America. In Dr. McKeeby and the Gothic farmer, the great American face is long and lean; the mouth-line is fairly straight; the wrinkles come early; but it is not a face of unmitigated gloom.

I myself never took *American Gothic* to be a mean commentary on American life; and I don't think Grant Wood ever meant it to be. But it was so taken. Even the effect of the barn, looking like a church to which bigots might go, was looked on as criticism. Actually, I think, Grant Wood made a picture of something that interested him. In doing that, he had to leave out what was unsuitable; and the unsuitable thing, at that point, was the assurance of Mrs. Graham, the flexibility of Dr. McKeeby.

In the movies we are familiar, sometimes all too familiar, with the faces. And by a paradox, the faces become less and less defined, as we see them more and more. Recently I saw a page in a magazine devoted to the faces of famous people in the movies—faces which are passed over in favor of other portions of the human anatomy. This is done with women—and whoever plays Tarzan. Men's faces are neither neglected nor featured. And that's good for them—because—in the end, the movie makes the great American face almost entirely masculine. The face of woman, in the movies, becomes a mask.

Every once in a while a producer restores a girl's face to the movies. Sam Goldwyn did it with the face of Merle Oberon, letting us see her own eyes, and the general contours which had been hidden under an "oriental" makeup; Ann Sheridan displayed a remarkably good face, oomphless but attractive, when she got the chance; but the bright angels of make-up generally destroy more than they create. I saw a picture recently in which Loretta Young looked enchanting for three shots, the rest reducing her beauty to the common denominator of the screen-puss.

I don't know what the effect of make-up may be; but it seems to me women's expressions are not so quick under the layers of base and powder and cream and shadow. Maybe the false eyelashes make too much work for the eyelids—I've never seen a really seductive wink since Edna Purviance's. The quick flash of an emotion, the passing of a shadow across a face, apparently cannot be accomplished under panchromatic make-up. And make-up for color seems to slow up the responses to such a point that every emotion is painfully telegraphed ahead and you wait for it to arrive.

Men's advantage is that a man must never *look* made-up on the screen, whereas women must. So your Bogart or Cooper will appear natural; while the great beauties of the screen will approach the norm or standard, the almost faceless face, the face without features or feelings.

I understand that cosmetics may soon be hard to get. Maybe we shall see the relative planes of nose and cheekbones and forehead, without distortion of highlights. Maybe discreet use of cosmetics which ordinary women know will come to Hollywood as a revelation.

Unless it does, the great American face will remain male. While uniforms are making women's figures trimmer—or easier to see—the service cap and the lifted visor and the pushed-back helmet are projecting men's faces tremendously into our foreground. We are getting to be familiar with national types—with faces reminding us of German, Italian, Slavic, Negro, Irish, Scottish, Norwegian, Jewish and Oriental backgrounds; and at the same time we are present at the emergence of a composite American face upon which the vast experiences of immigrant and pioneer has written its story. Meyer Levin and Colin Kelly did not look too much alike; they worked together and died for one cause. Something of their common life eventually comes out in the way the faces of Americans look.

That is why it isn't a bad idea to let our expressions appear. Women are also undergoing amazing experiences today; and it's hardly worth while to conceal them. ##

AFTERNOON OF A MARINE ➧

STEP right up, Devil Dog, don't keep the girls waiting. Surely they've seen you before somewhere—say in Kokomo. All right, since the formalities are over, you probably know what to do. Just take your best photograph and a pair of scissors (an old penknife will do), cut out your handsome pan and paste it in the blank space north of the collar and south of the cap. Now that you're in, how do you like it? Nice scenery around here, eh? And don't squawk about the embarrassment of riches. According to your story, and you're stuck with it, a U.S. Marine is easily the equivalent of a sailor plus a soldier. So this double date, this intriguing dilemma in which you find yourself, should present no serious problems. Besides, manpower on the home front is scarce and it's an old tradition of the Marines never to shirk one's duty.

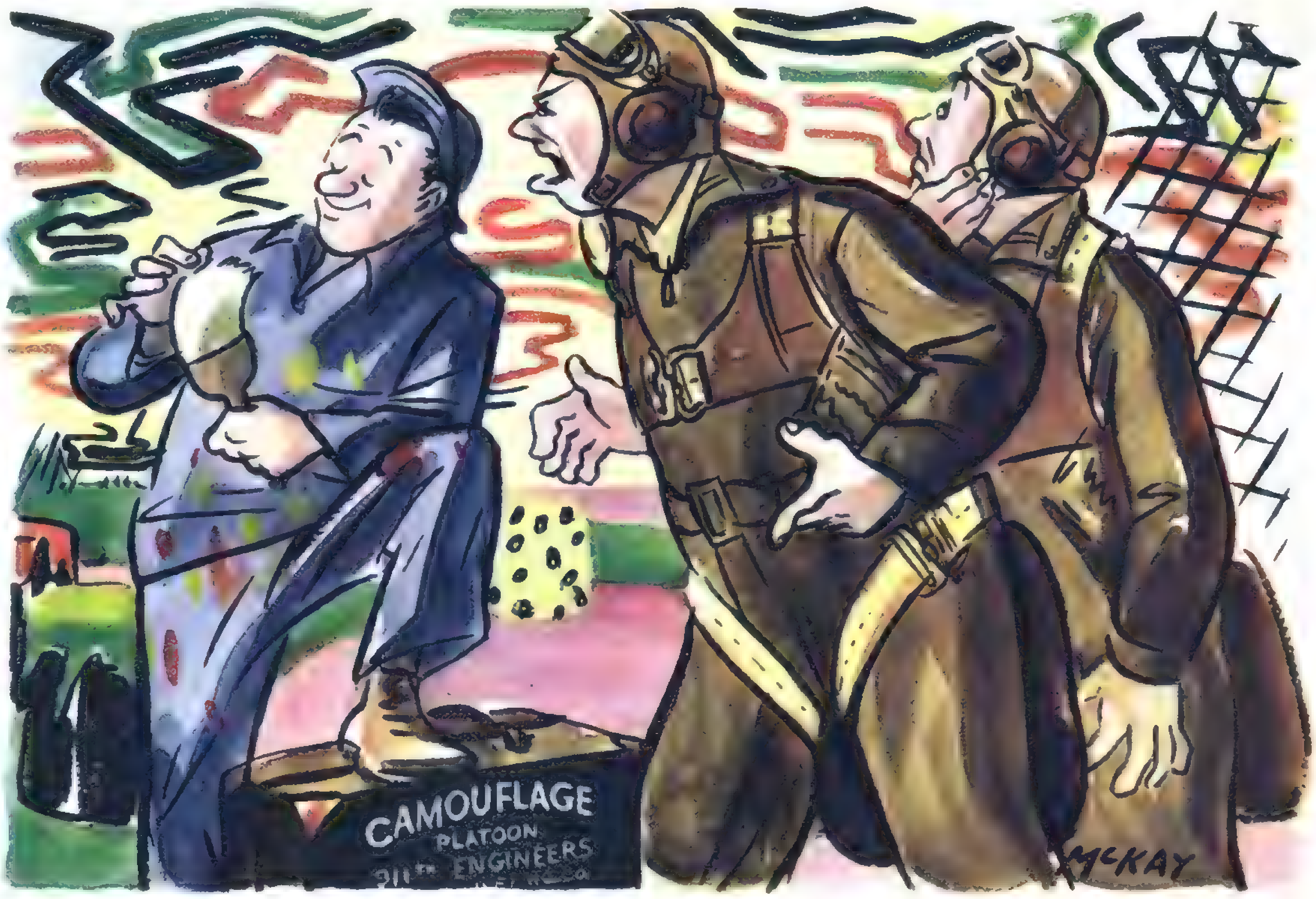
Now that we're all nicely acquainted, shall we exchange names? The raven-haired girl whose swim suit and cap feature a daisies-won't-tell motif and who swoons so prettily on your right shoulder is Laurie Douglas. The blonde with the smile of the week and the enthusiasm for Vitamin-D is Andrea Lindley. When these Lorelei aren't combing their locks with sea shells and luring Marines into trouble, they model. Laurie (obviously it would look pretty silly to call her Miss Douglas) is one of Harry Conover's brightest hopes, and Andrea, an ex-Hollywood starlet, works for John Robert Powers.

Various are the ways you can use this attractive study in isosceles triangles. Since you're probably way ahead of us already, these are only tentative suggestions. You *could* paste in the mug of your favorite sergeant and send the picture to him as a reward for always saying "please" when he gives you an order. Or you could mail it complete with your own map, to that defense-minded mouse back in San Diego. This is a matter for your own discretion and Esky will not hold himself responsible for broken ribs, engagements, or other hazards of such a course.

As for you other blokes in the Army, the Navy and the Air Corps, hold your fire and stand by, because you too will have your moment. Esky has beautiful girls in store for you all. Fine, clear-eyed girls from nice families with good homes and plenty of patriotism.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERWIN BLUMENFELD

PASTE
YOUR FACE
HERE



"O.K. Rembrandt—where the hell's our planes!"

The Legions of Stranger Stars

War and political matters had never come home to this German astronomer

by PHILIP ATLEE

Snow had been falling since early afternoon. Banks of it, in pure unbroken symmetry, were piling up around the house of Herr Doktor Gruening. Dr. Gruening was a retired professor of the University of Cologne, and his house was not usual. Its four ground rooms gave way to a square tower in the center; the tower opened on another room that yawned wide at the top, like a mouth gaping at the leaden sky.

In his study the Doktor sat idly, gazing through the crystal-encrusted panes of the windows, expecting nothing, seeing nothing. The book he had been studying, Volksher's *Outer Constellations*, lay forgotten in his lap. In a far room he could hear the comfortable, friendly sound of his wife's preparations for dinner.

It was cold in the study, and the bricks inside the little metal brazier on which he rested his feet were chilling. With an effort, he put the book back on the shelves and crossed the room to turn the dials of the radio.

A rasping voice flowed from the little wooden cabinet. Why must they always shout, thought the Doktor. By order of the German Reich, permits to purchase food were now four marks, instead of three, not four marks for any certain food, but four marks for the privilege of buying food. Heil Hitler, said the professor to himself, but his arm did not move.

His frail body was subject to a greater dictatorship than the Third Reich could boast. Perhaps, he mused, that is why he had not been bothered by it. He had never dwelled on political matters; his interest had been in the largest unknown field of all—astronomy. A little more or a little less to eat or wear while his work went on . . . He knew that a star might be out of sight for a time, but that once it was charted and set, it would remain constant. In temporary darkness, it still remained, and would reappear. Somewhat changed, perhaps, but still shining . . .

The snowfall abated. He turned toward the door of the study with a slow step and put one foot on the tower stairs. Clutching the hand rail, he began to climb. It was much colder in the observatory room. He tucked the muffler tighter around his throat, then began the tedious ascent of the outside ladder, the one that led to the lens of his telescope. He knew that he was foolish to go up, but the snow had to be removed if he was to see . . .

His wife was waiting in the study when he came down. He stood trembling with the cold, beating his hands together. "It's all right," he said. She merely lowered her head, thrust new faggots into the fire and rattled it so angrily that sparks churned up the chimney.

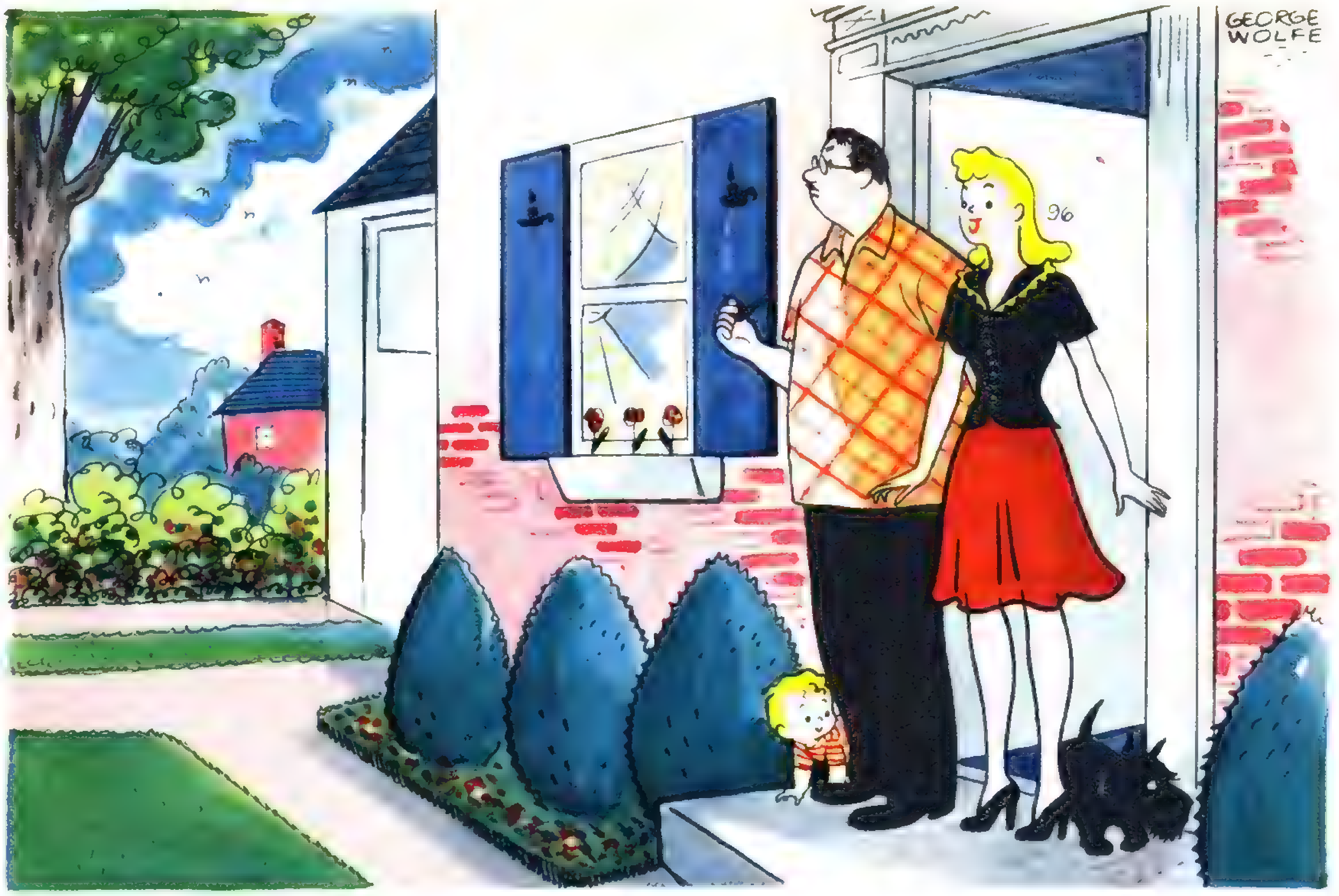
"I discovered a new constellation," said the Doktor slowly, aware that the words would move her. They did. She turned and straightened up, one hand to her back. "Curious," he went on, "a whole constellation, but without any fixed orbit. That could be very dangerous."

She was still regarding him intently. The ruddy flames licked up around the logs. The warmth of their burning bathed one side of her face, and fell across the seamed face of the Doktor. Beyond him, the flickering rosy shadow sought the worn books lining the study walls. The old man and his wife were stilled as the kindliness of the hearth fire went past them to flicker on the rows of books, the battered, well-read volumes that bore the names of Koch, Erlich, Hoffa, Goethe, Schopenhauer and Browne.

Somewhere outside the strangely built house the earth trembled, was ruptured by violence, and shook perceptibly. Once, twice, again and again, the thunder came and shook at the earth while the Herr Doktor and his frau stood and braced themselves.

"A new constellation," said the Doktor quietly, between the bursts that rattled the windows and made the house groan through all its sturdy timbers. "I hope they don't break my telescope," he added thoughtfully. "But a star without an orbit. . . . A very dangerous thing."

Six miles above the earth, the legions of the stranger stars came, breasting the icy air in a tremendous echelon of echelons. The stars were affixed, like glinting coruscations, to the wings of the Flying Fortresses that the Doktor had discovered in his telescope. Wave on wave, with a tremendous thrumming, the gargantuan constellation came thundering through the upper reaches of the night. The books on Herr Doktor Gruening's shelves jumped at their coming . . . ##



"My, what a beautiful day it is, dear—it makes you feel like pushing the car out of the garage and sitting in it!"

The Non-Murder Mystery

Introducing a new plot formula to rest the tired reader of whodonits

by PARKE CUMMINGS

DON'T ever think the non-murder mystery is simply any yarn that isn't a murder mystery; far from it. The non-murder mystery is—well, perhaps we'd better have some typical samples:

The Strange Case of the Deep Sea Fishermen: Higglesworth Wilson (famous sleuth who has solved the Leaky Dishpan Murders, Death in a Mushroom Cellar, and The Affair of the Missing Boll Weevil) goes to Pompano Point, famous coastal resort, for a vacation. What he emphatically wants to get away from is crime, and what he definitely craves is some deep-sea fishing and a good rest. On arriving, he learns that J. G. Darrow, famous industrialist, is also there for a rest. The very next morning he is awakened by a phone call from Darrow's valet informing him in excited tones—that Darrow is also a fisherman, and how about joining him on his yacht? Wilson accepts, they strike up a friendship, and for a fortnight they catch tons of fish after which both of them return to the city simply lousy with health and vigor.

The North Room Legend: Detective Bromly Mortimer is summoned to grim old Sourcrest Castle, and told of the North Room legend—a spine-chiller having to do with the gruesome deaths of some dozen members of the House of Sourcrest who have slept in that accursed room—the first one, old John Hotspur in 1387, and the most recent, the late Seventeenth Earl of Sourcrest. Mortimer declares he will put the curse to a test and sleep in the fatal chamber that very night. Before he can do so, however, Babs, twelve-year-old future Lady Sourcrest, burns the castle to the ground while trying to give her kid brother the hot foot. Everything is O.K., however, as the kids jump out a window, and the joint is insured for twice what it is worth.

The Scorpion Note: Tim Flaherty shows a grim note he has received to his detective pal, Truro Markham. It reads: "Flaherty, keep away from Nora Riordan—or else!" It is signed in red fluid which looks like blood, "The Scorpion." Markham tells his friend to ignore the note, and then, as soon as they have parted, has a horrible premonition that he has done the wrong thing. That night, after a tryst with Nora, Flaherty is attacked—with a bad case of grippe and is confined to his bed for three days. In the meantime Markham shows the note to Nora who reveals that it is the handiwork of her kid brother, Joe, who absorbs every crime program on the radio. Markham gives Joe such a stiff talking-to that he reforms completely, and astounds his teacher by knocking off an 87 in History, a 91 in English, a 97 in Plane Geometry, and returning the red ink he has stolen from her desk.

Crueller than the Grave: A certain Dr. J. Wallington Snide, unknown to farmers of that section, leased a cabin high in the Catskills. Snide was a clean shaven, youngish fellow of not unattractive or sadistic appearance, usually observed in a blue serge business suit with long rolled lapels. He seemed disinclined to trade at the village store or gossip with his neighbors. On the contrary, he spent much time alone in the construction of what he termed his cellar laboratory, refusing the help of local carpenters. After the laboratory was finished, automobiles alien to that township were seen adjacent to the dwelling, and lights shone long after midnight through the heavily curtained windows of the cellar laboratory. These sinister circumstances, coupled with the fact that shrill cries of what must have been tortured patients were heard by frightened passersby on several occasions, finally aroused the citizenry to action. What manner of fiend was this Dr. Snide, and what horrors was he perpetrating in the name of science? On a Saturday night at 11:23, armed with blunder-busses, sickles and sheep-shears, fifty-nine men formed a posse. They stole quietly upon the mysterious cabin, suppressing their rage as they saw the familiar lights shining in the cellar laboratory, heard the shrill cries again. The door being unlatched, they entered the brightly-lit living room and descended into the basement. What the doctor had facetiously called his "laboratory" was instead a "bum room" or "bar." There the "doctor," who was really only a Ph.D., was having a snort with merry friends from New York City who often drove out in that era before gasoline rationing, and some of the ladies, who were a little high, had raised their voices to an unwonted shrillness. Since there was no applejack, the farmers declined a drink and returned to their homes. ⌗

Simplicity's Godchild

A trilogy ends: Background notes and the family life of Lt. William Eddy, the inventive-minded sailor

by EARL SELBY

▪ARTICLE▪

JUDGED by a casual observer, the life of William Crawford Eddy, both before and after he married Christine Woolridge of Michigan, would appear to be a thing of caprice, the product of jest, and a tempting of the fates. He has, for example, sold bee-bee shooting privileges at a statue of Nathan Hale, shocked a headmaster by wiring a battery to his bedspring, and campaigned for king-sized aspirins. As a matter of fact, his life is a pawn of conflict, the personal history of a Peck's bad boy afflicted with a conscience. For Eddy is the man whose thirty-five patentable inventions staked out a new future for television, and events such as training a monkey to pick fleas from a pig, show him not as the Devil's advocate of whimsy but as a schizo personality torn between the serious and his sense of humor.

This conflict of duality has been a part of Eddy ever since he was born in Saratoga Springs, New York, on August 22, 1902. Normally a tantrum-free child who cheerfully obeyed his parents, he nevertheless bared the Hyde in him with spasmodic escapades. There was, as a case in point, the occasion in which he fastened a sausage on a stick in front of his dog's nose, harnessed the animal to a sled and then let his brother have a free ride while the dog chased his unreachable namesake. The dog ran wild in traffic and Eddy's brother was saved only when a policeman grabbed the sausage. This early experiment in animal motivation earned Bill a whipping, giving him his first inkling that the road of science is sometimes bumpy. "Typical reaction to an inventor's first project," he moodily says of the event today. Another experiment—this one involving a mechanical contrivance—erupted in an explosion that burned down the family woodshed and almost destroyed the Eddy home. He also surreptitiously stole parts from fifteen gas engines his father had purchased for resale to farmers and made an airplane engine. A month later the father discovered the dessicated engines, picked dry as turkey bones at Thanksgiving. Poetic justice, however, was wreaked on Eddy years afterwards when he had to take over his father's business and found the useless engines as part of the stock to be liquidated.

While building this motor, Bill organized a mass production of model plane propellers that would spin in the wind if attached to bicycles, motorboats or scooters. He employed fifteen aviation-conscious adolescents at five cents a day to make the props and spent his own time selling the idea that a boy without an Eddy propeller was of no account and had been better born in China.

These experiences, however, are only one side of his childhood. He was rated an excellent student in grade school and won a diploma from the New York Military Academy. Although he did, in a capricious moment, acquaint the headmaster with a battery-inspired bedspring shock, he also captained the band and was a basketball star. He was headed for West Point but in his senior year decided the song of the sea was stronger than the lure of the land. Technically in residence at the military school he prepared for the entrance examination to the United States Naval Academy by commuting to the nearby navally-inclined institution of Braden. He was competent in both courses of study and found time to play basketball for both schools, a feat not yet duplicated. Discouraged when no Annapolis appointment was offered by the time of graduation, he left on a camping trip, neglecting to leave an address where his family might reach him. This almost proved calamitous. Shortly after he left, the appointment came through, but the offer was void unless Bill appeared at the Academy by a certain day. When he did not return his mother started looking for him. Twenty-four hours before he was due at the Academy she found him sitting disconsolately in front of a fire twenty miles from home. He had burned his only pair of pants into smoke-charred shreds while attempting to dry them over a wind-swept fire. His mother concealed him in the family automobile, packed up his clothes and got him to Annapolis in good time.

At the Academy, Bill managed to accompany the upper-classmen to New York for the Army-Navy football game—a trip ordinarily forbidden plebes—by joining the cheer leader's staff. Bill originated the idea of having midshipmen in the stands form a design and under his supervision a flotilla of cadets, arranged in the formation of an anchor, held their white-gloved hands over their heads. Surrounded by the blue hats of the other Annapolis students, the design was startling. For the next three years he worked out other complicated arrangements that led to the now-standardized collegiate spectator formations.

This novelty met with approval but some of Eddy's other ventures were cause for demerits. Once he arranged a miniature roller skating rink on the unoccupied fourth floor of Bancroft dormitory hall and charged skaters ten cents an hour for advance warning of a Navy officer's approach. The enterprise collapsed when Eddy fell asleep and let the rink be discovered. At that time the Academy required every student to write one long letter a week to his parents. Bill circumvented this requirement by designing a form letter with a long list of useful sentiments such as "I need money," or "I am fine," or "Hope you are the same." The student using this form then had only to X the appropriate statements, thus doing in a minute what had formerly taken an hour. Eddy had fifteen thousand form letters printed but avoided detection by moving the stock from room to room. When the situation got too hot, Eddy sold the remaining supply to an enterprising member at the Skidmore College for Girls in New York State, where the coeds used the letters indiscriminately in writing fathers, mothers, brothers and sweethearts. The profit-minded girl who bought the letters from Eddy later ran for Congress, a biographical note that may or may not have significance. After the letter episode Eddy noticed the statues of Benjamin Franklin, Nathan Hale and Admiral Perry beneath his dorm window. Somebody brought an air rifle into his room one day and wagered that he could hit one of the figures. Eddy bet—and lost, but from then on he cleaned up. He got his own bee-bee gun and began selling shooting privileges—a quarter for six shots and a dollar prize for a hit. Wind swirling in the courtyard made marksmanship difficult and Eddy seldom paid out. He kept this undertaking in operation most of his Annapolis career.

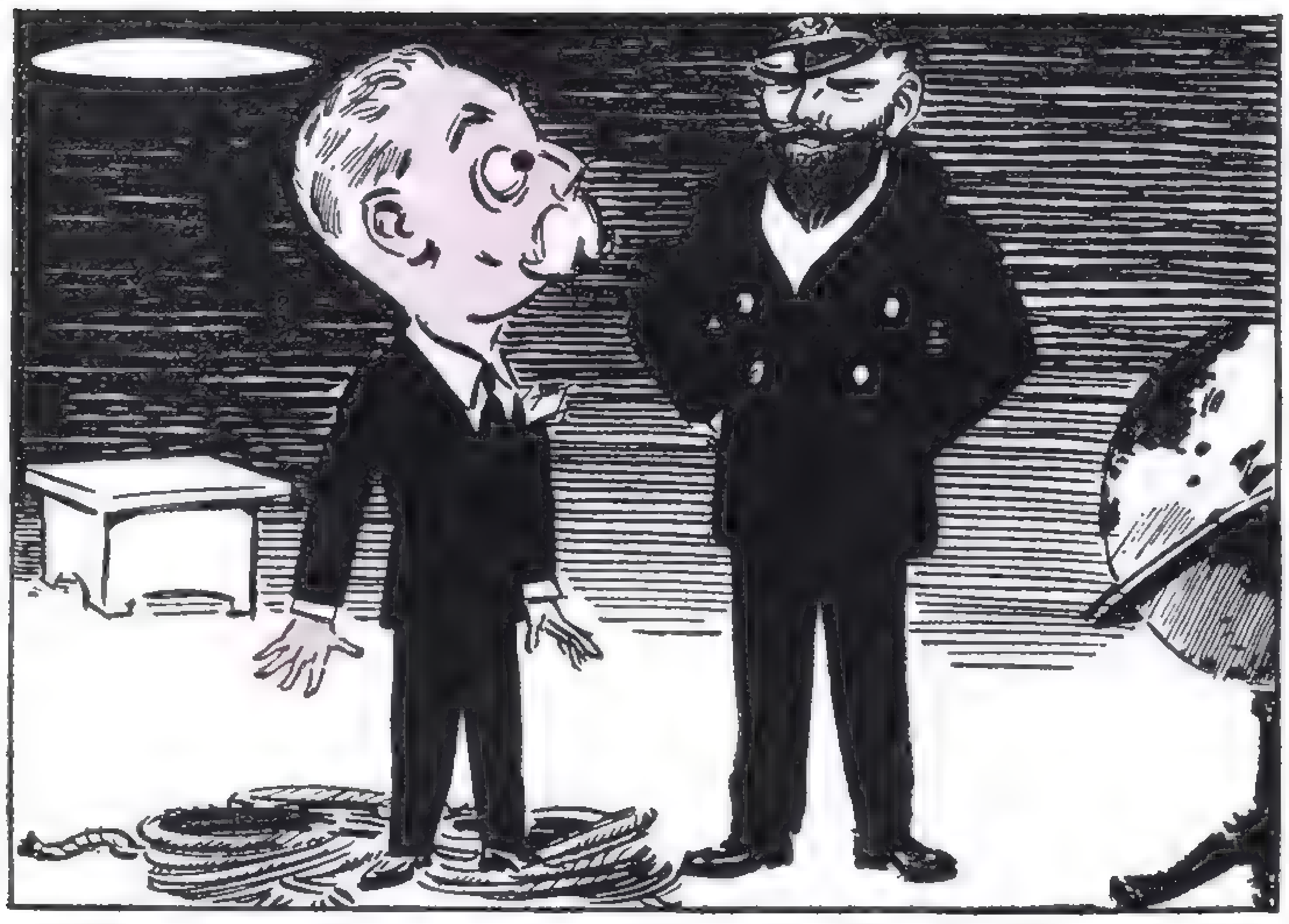
On the Severn River near the school Eddy kept a motorboat which he named "Opportunity" because it knocked once and then stopped. He used the craft to tow canoe-loads of lazy cadets upstream and when Academy officers banned it from the Midshipmen's river harbor he tried to

Continued on page 165

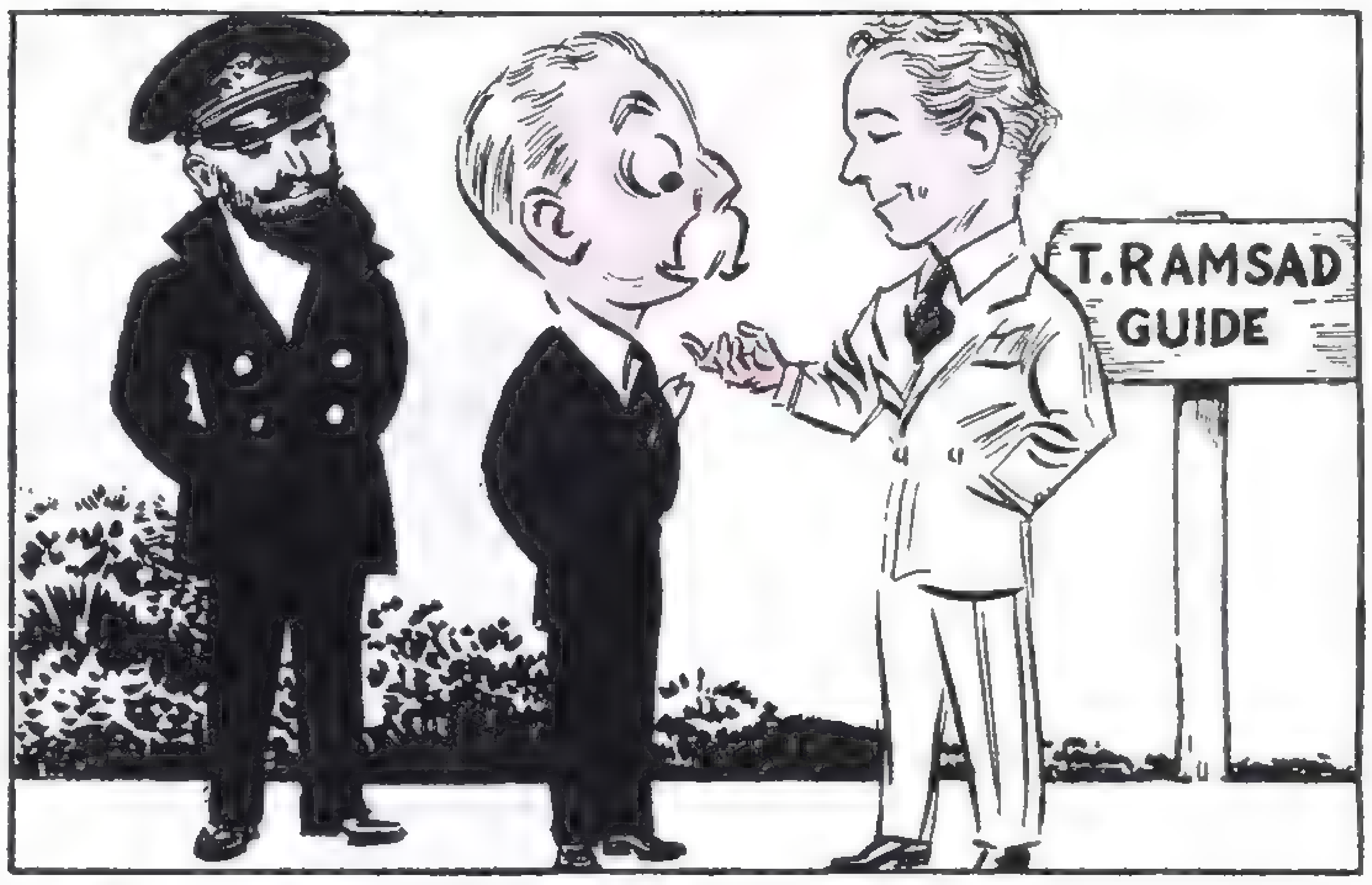
◀ THE NORWEGIAN ELKHOUND

CHAMPION THORMIN of Grey Dorn owned by Mr. and Mrs. Wells Peck. The Elkhound was first bred in Norway as a hunter, but he developed his many-faceted character as a farm dog, a guardian of tame reindeer and even a draft animal before his possibilities as a show dog were considered. It was in 1877 that the Norwegian Kennel Club launched its first exhibition and here the Norwegian Elkhound first arched his tail proudly for admiring crowds, learned the pleasure of multiple head pats, and the lure of the blue ribbon. Years later an English peeress wrote a letter in his praise, but complained that he was very dear and that when he was trained for hunting, "the natives" were reluctant to part with him at any price. Finally the breed was exported and in this country he endeared himself to fanciers who appreciated his quick friendliness and his staunch dependability as well as his sporting talents. Now a selectee in the K-9 Corps, he is sure to win new honors in this war for freedom which his Viking ancestors would undoubtedly approve. Certainly he has much to live up to in these ancient forebears who were celebrated in Norse sagas and who achieved the immortal distinction of burial beside their Viking masters. While retaining all of his hardy physical characteristics, the Elkhound has shown himself amenable to what we call civilization. Stockily built, he usually tips the scales at about forty-five pounds and his height ranges between eighteen and a half and twenty and a half inches. His rich grey coat is impervious to rain and snow; his legs are very straight; his tail is tightly twisted; he has a face like a fox, with prick ears and very keen eyes. He has been known to wind an elk four miles away and he lets his master know by whimpering if the animal has taken alarm and fled. The elk he hunts in Norway, incidentally, (in addition to mountain lions, lynx, wolf, bear and raccoons) correspond to what we erroneously call a moose in this country. With its great antlers and its cruel forefeet, it is a fearful adversary when cornered by the Elkhound. However, the dog has greater maneuverability and as he runs, turns and generally frustrates the maddened elk, he sends shrill messages to his master that the quarry waits.

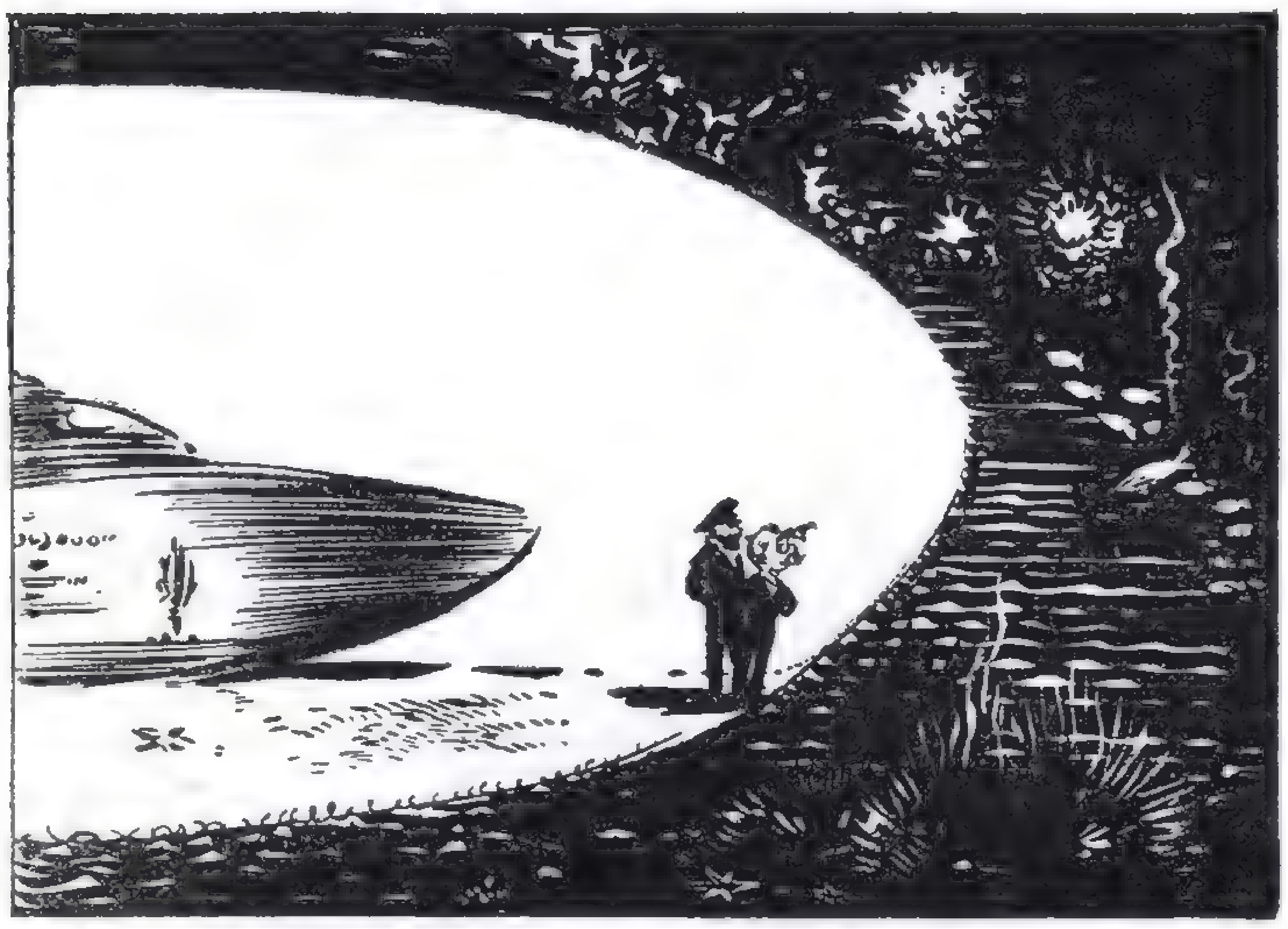
THE EXPLOITS OF ESKY—*pictured by*



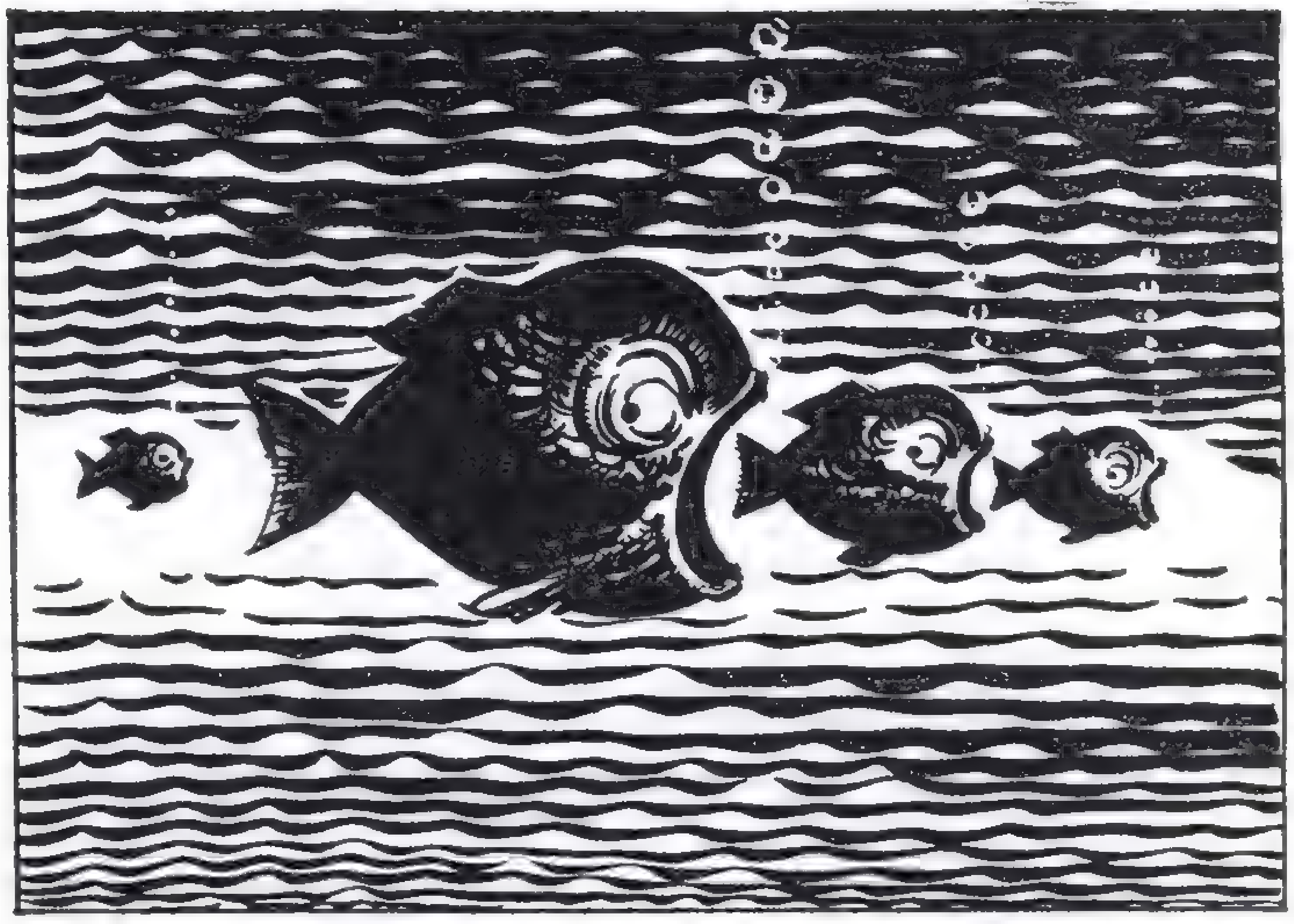
49 Just as the knives pricked his skin Esky felt the table beneath him begin to descend like an elevator. It dropped quickly to the basement where a friendly looking fellow cut him free: "I'm Jules Verne," the stranger explained, "ready to set sail in my new plastic sub to sink U-boats. I need you for my crew. I hope I'm not mistaken about your ephelimity." Esky was delighted:



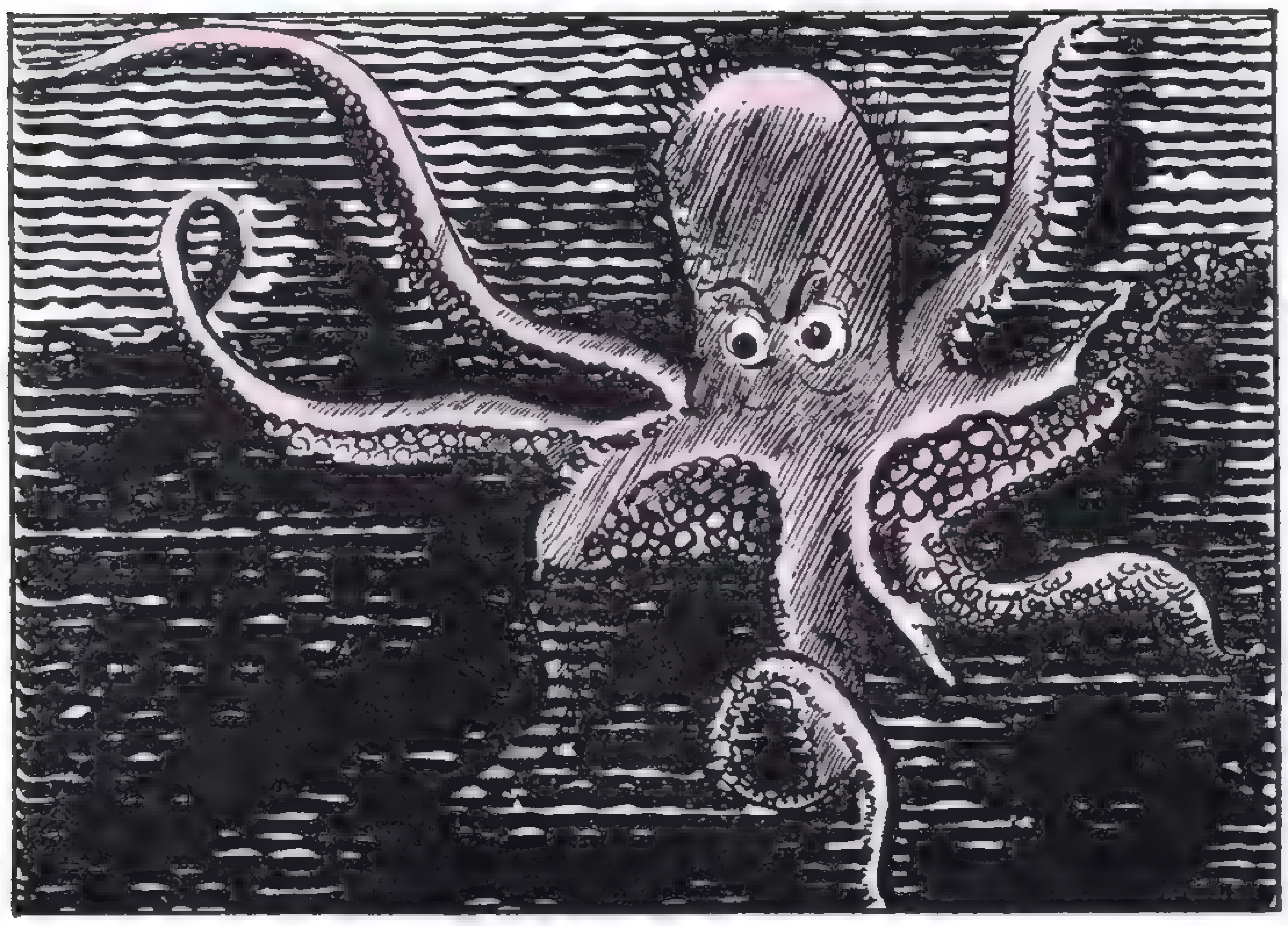
50 "Let's go—and I hope our cruise ends in an American port." Esky followed his captain to a road where they came to a sign reading *T. Ramsad, Guide.* Nearby was a man. "Which way are the docks?" Esky asked. "You are looking for a Foot Guide—I guide only Hands." "A Hand Guide can't be very important," said Esky emphatically. Ramsad smiled. "You're wrong. While a man's feet



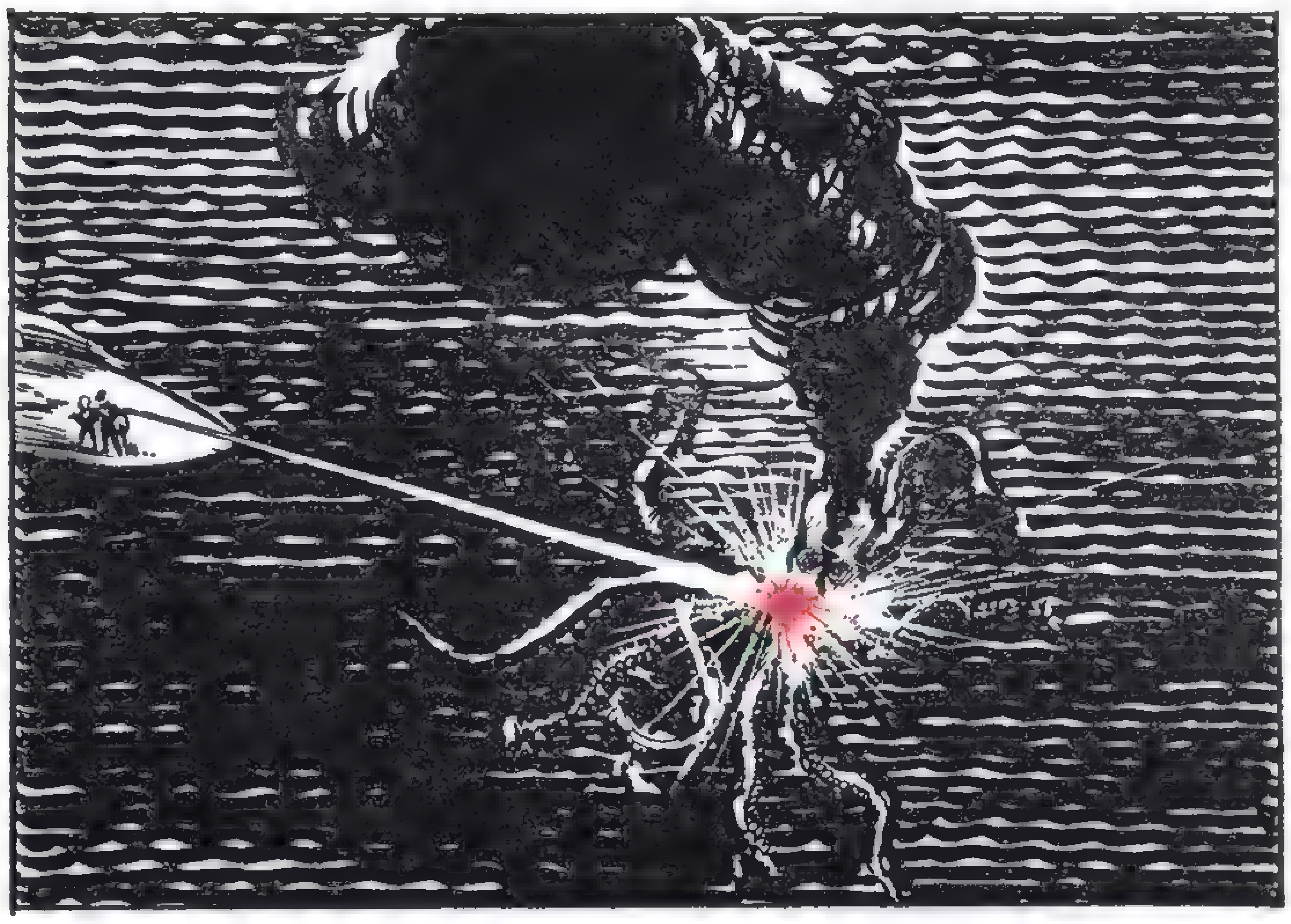
53 now. I'll submerge." Esky was astonished at the abundance and variety of living things. Verne said: "I'll surround the sub with a bubble of air, then we can go out and walk on the sea floor." He turned valves. There was a swishing sound and the water was pushed back from the boat. It seemed to Esky that all the world was an aquarium and he a rare specimen in an air



54 pocket. "Everything seems serene under the sea." Verne pointed: "Not always—there's a little mixup. Each fish is supposed to eat the fish smaller than himself but through some error the smallest fish got behind . . . and over there a group of fish are arguing about the big whale in the shadows. One faction thinks he should be recognized, a swordfish wants to snub him, and a pair

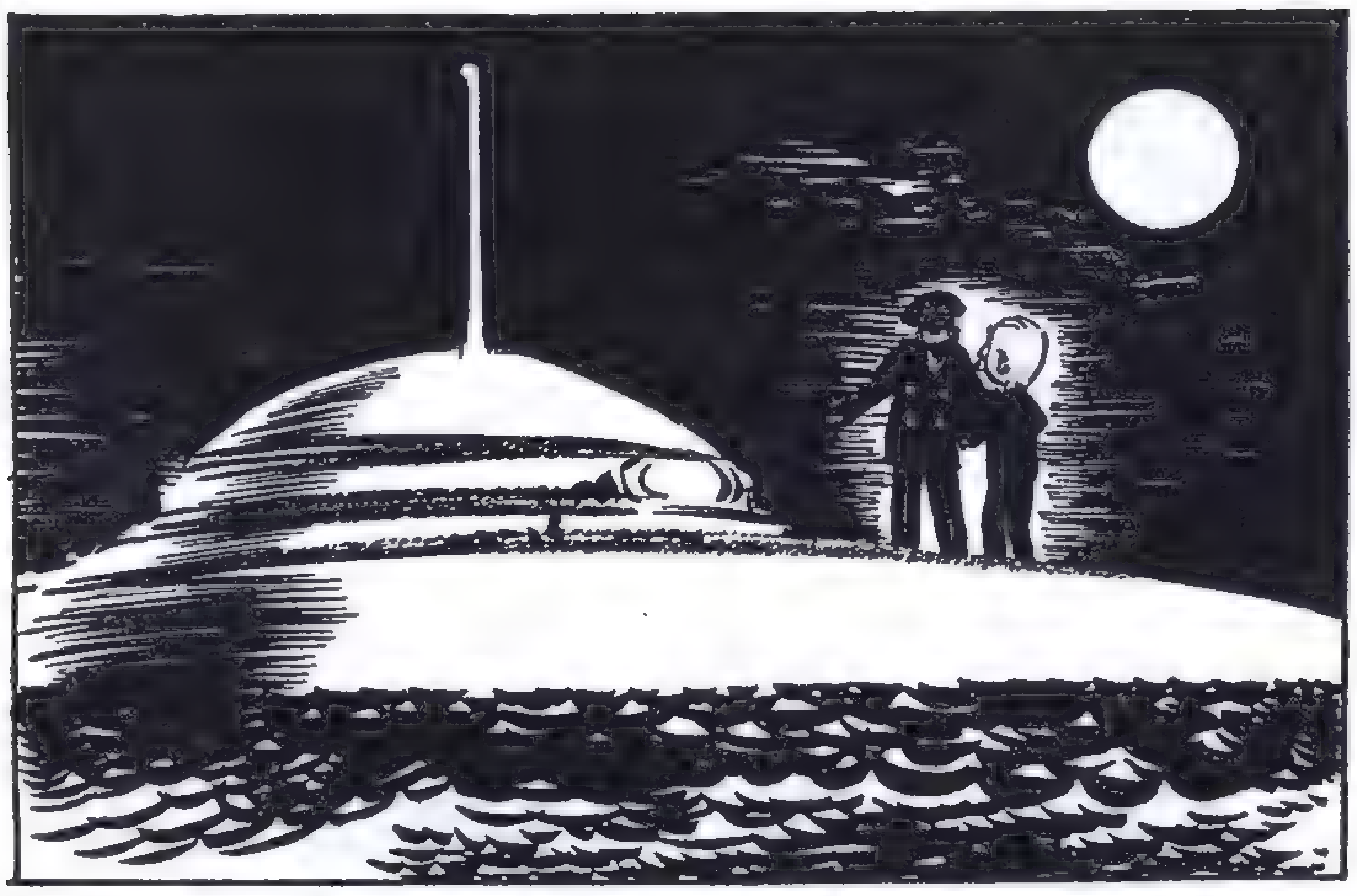


57 little blonde with the tender glow in her eyes and took her soft hand. He was just closing his eyes to kiss her when Verne yelled: "Come quick! There's a gigantic octopus coming! We'll do our undersea friends a favor by destroying him with my internal combustion ray." Esky cried: "Wow! he looks bigger than DeMille's." The two voyagers climbed into the sub and dispelled

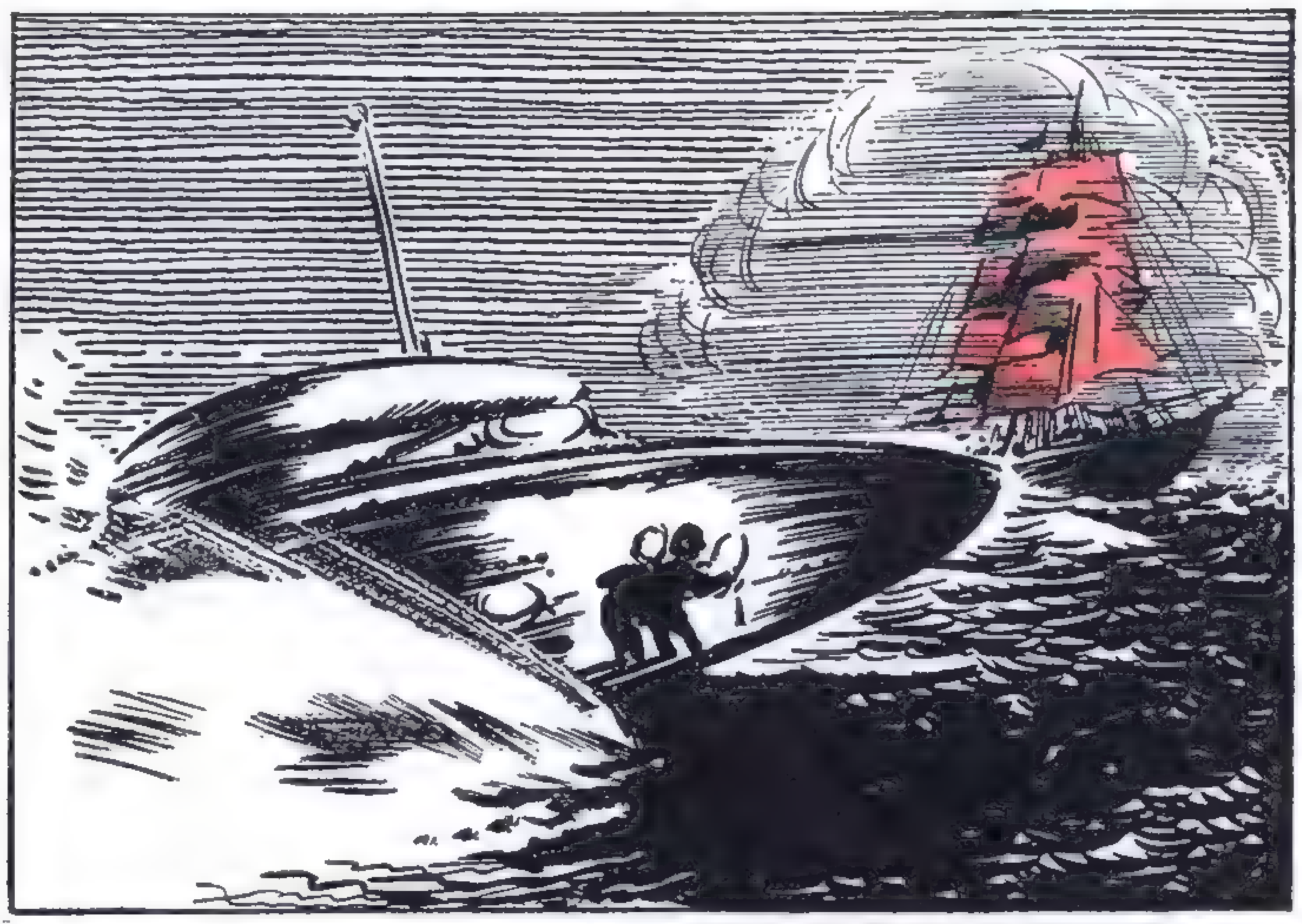


58 the surrounding bubble. Verne took aim at the devilfish with an instrument like a pocket flashlight. "Watch," he said, "this ray works from the inside out." Soon the arms of the octopus stopped waving, stiffened—then the monster exploded like a bottle of ink dropped on a sidewalk. Once more the plastic sub headed for America. Hours later Verne looked at his indicator dials

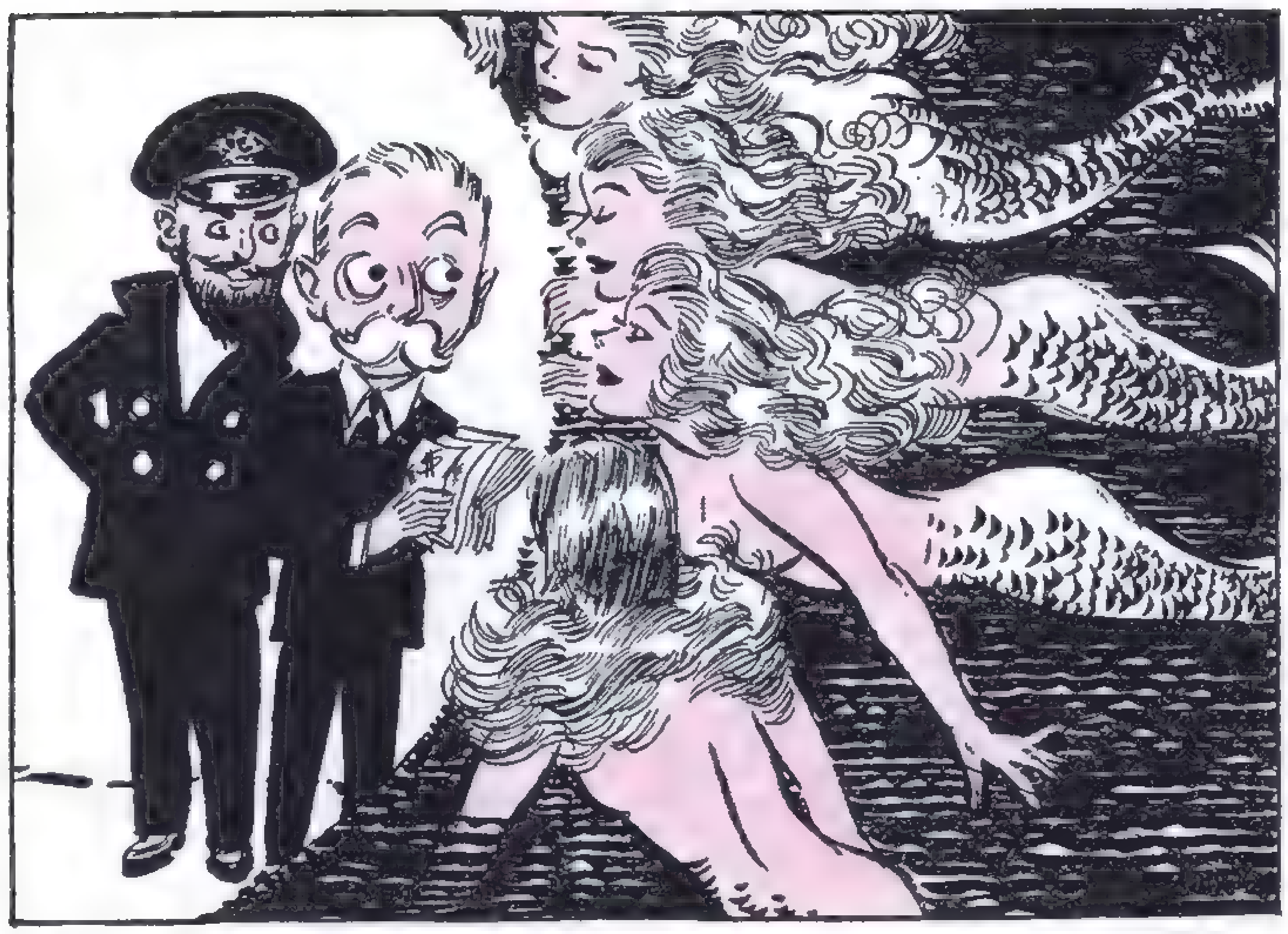
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL: *storied by* BEEP



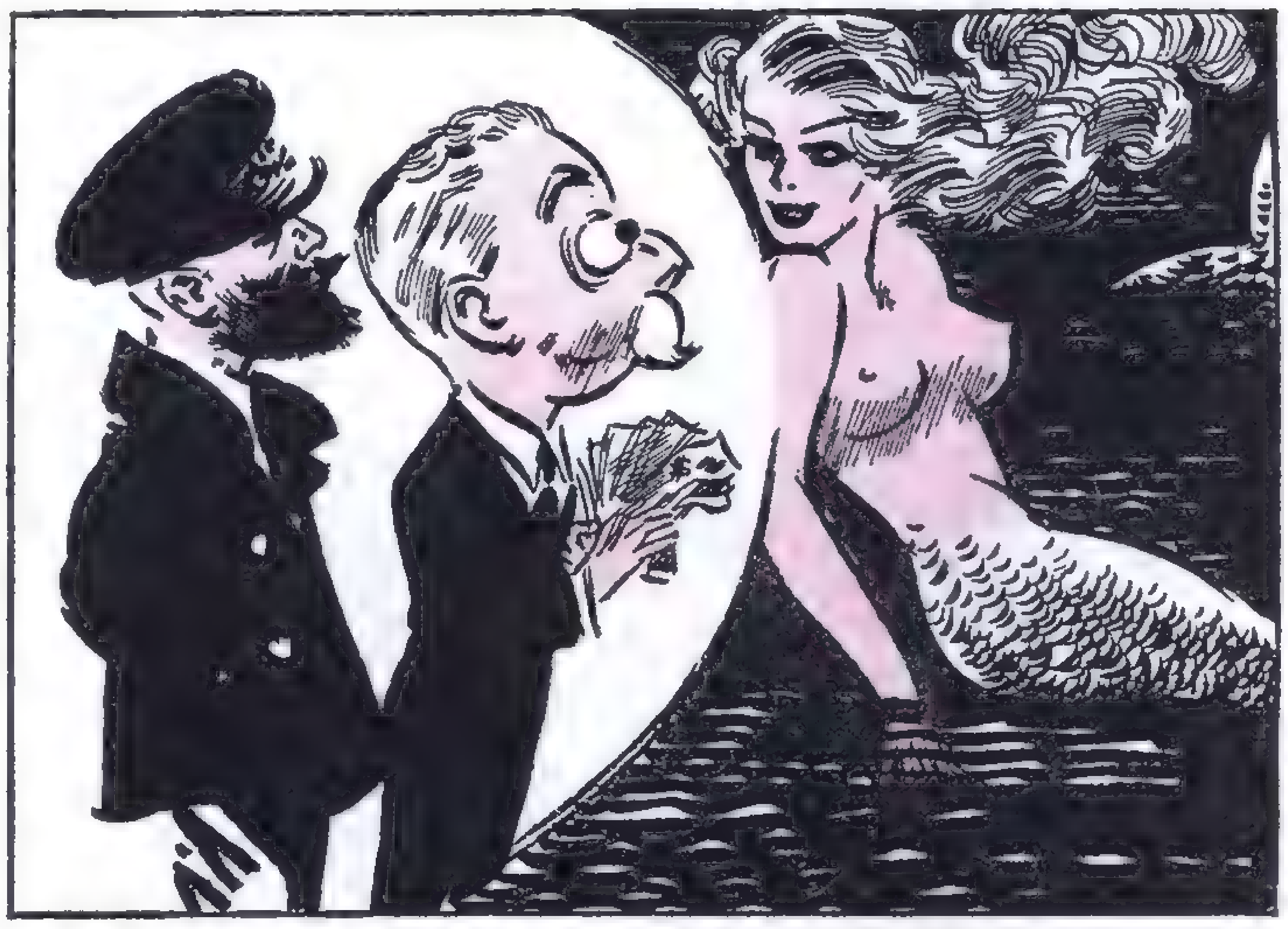
51 provide only transportation, his hands, properly guided can produce beauty and art. But, gentlemen, I also raise chickens and I'm sure we agree about the proper place for fried chicken, so be my dinner guests." The meal was a huge success. Afterward Ramsad took the two sailors to visit his wine cellar, and still later Verne helped Esky aboard sub. When Esky opened his



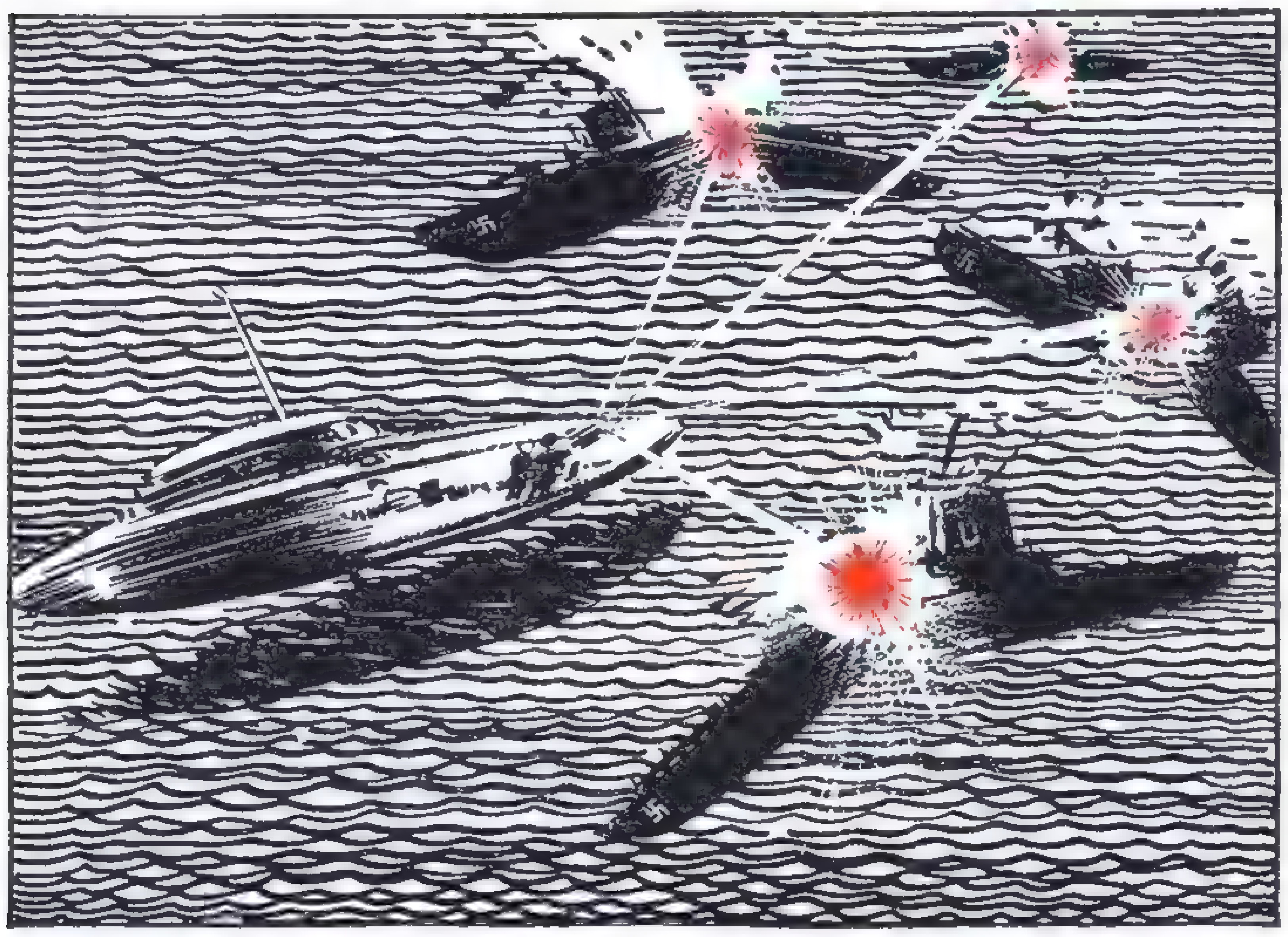
52 eyes the next morning Verne had the sub under way, skimming the waves at high speed. Through the mists Esky saw a phantom ship. "That's the Flying Dutchman," explained Verne. "Why is it the Flying Dutchman never goes into port?" "Because years ago he didn't pay his income tax and there's a Treasury officer waiting in every port for him . . . we're getting into U-boat territory



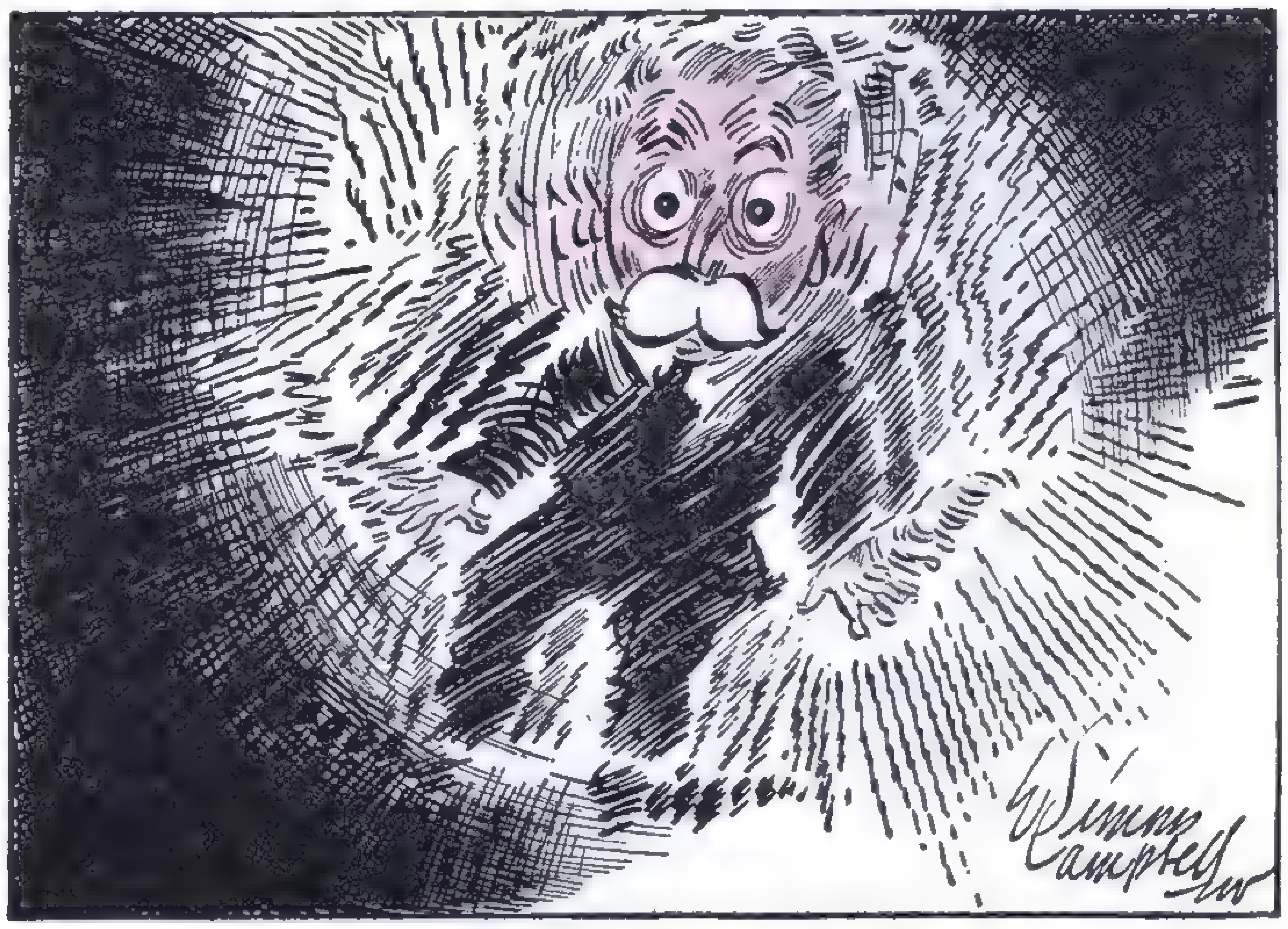
55 of sea turtles are all for denying his existence . . . but if you want to see something rare, show a roll of bills." Esky unsnapped his wallet and riffled a roll of greenbacks. Immediately the surrounding water was filled with mermaids. "You see—women are women the world over." Esky turned to Verne: "Say, there's something I've always wondered about mermaids—" "I wouldn't



56 know," replied Verne. "But I do know these mermaids are clever. They have Amazon slaves working for them. It's all very strange—the Amazons enslave themselves. By acquiring a mental quirk they believe so strongly they are horses that they even whinny . . . look! There's one little mermaid making eyes at you who was born an orphan." Esky didn't ask how but went to the



59 and cried, "A pack of U-boats—prepare for action! First we turn our color lamps until we are invisible to the subs. Now we slip into the center of the pack." Verne directed a blanket of waves which made their electrical equipment useless. Then he turned a switch and pointed the guide from one U-boat to another. After the beam rested on a doomed U-boat, it smoked, grew red,



60 then cracked open like a live coal. One by one the subs went into the murky depths. When all were gone Esky, overcome with excitement, sat down in a chair which had accidentally become connected with the sub's generator . . . thousands of volts shot through him . . . Does the shock kill Esky??? Does the sub sink??? . . . Don't miss the Exploits of Esky in next Month's Issue! . . .

First Nights & Passing Judgments

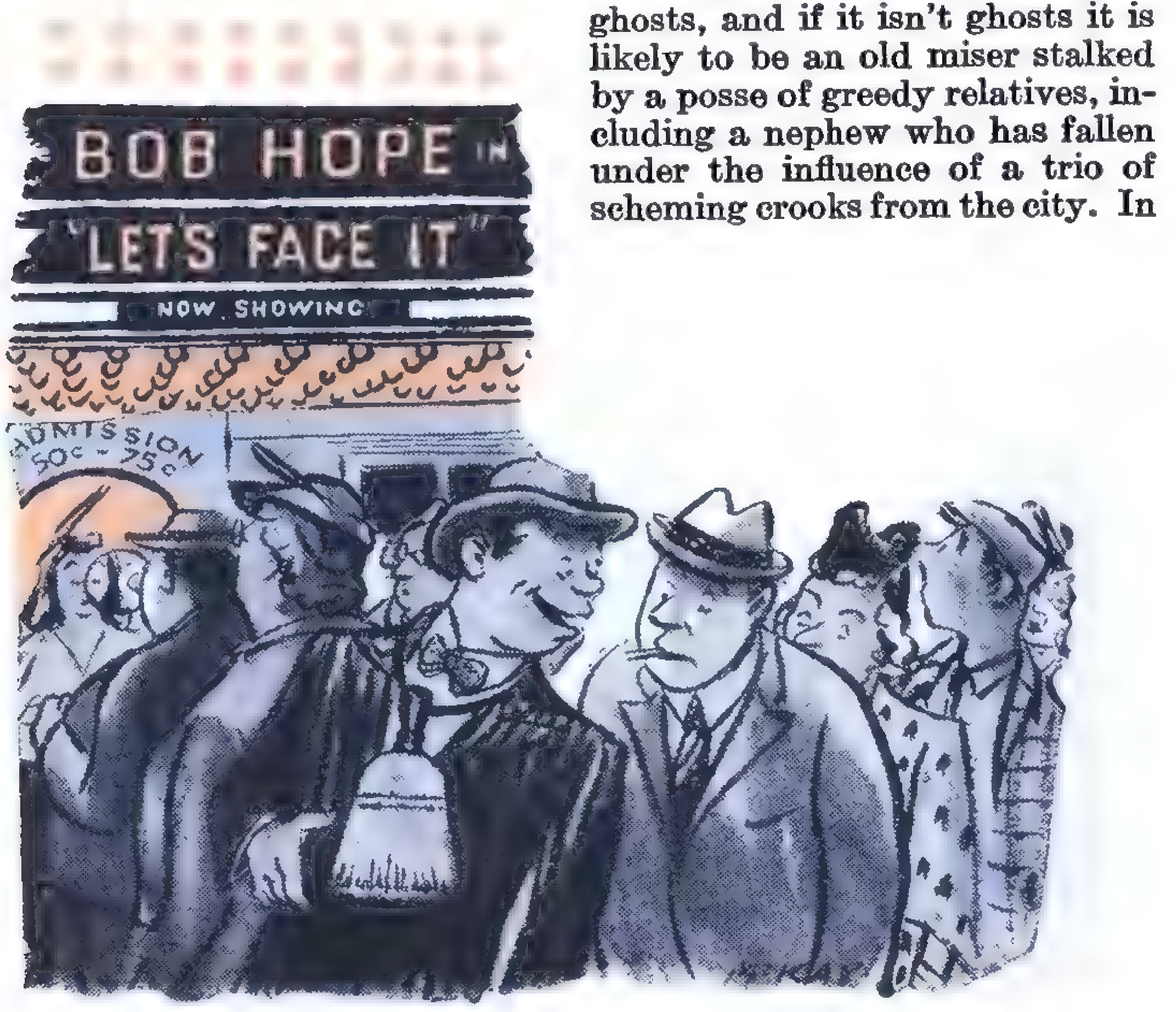
Your reviewer relieves your summertime lassitude with cooling remarks on *Kiss and Tell*, *Men in Shadow* and *Richard III*

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

As one who has been in the business for now nigh onto thirty-six years, I want to say that this theatrical season has been the toughest of all on us dramatic critics, which doubtless won't move anyone to sympathetic tears, that being ever the inconsiderate way of the customers. But any critic who has been able to get through it and still retain the interest of his readers deserves even more medals and ribbons than decorate the chest of Heinz's Pickle Relish.

Consider the plight of the poor fellow. Compelled to review war play after war play, many of them at bottom much the same, how after the seventh or eighth could he possibly conjure up enough variety of thought and expression to keep the reader even half-awake? And what of the numerous kid plays? And the all-too-familiar revivals? And the open-and-shut turkeys that were shunted off to the storehouse directly after they opened? And the vaudeville shows with their routine dog acts, blues singers, ballroom dancers, acrobats, and facetious masters of ceremonies? The lucky reviewers were the younger ones who hopped into the armed forces and got away before the season started; *their* jobs are safe when they come back.



"I roll in the aisle at Bob Hope —and I get darn dusty!"

Take some such late-season war melodrama as Mary Hayley Bell's still-born *Men In Shadow*. To write of it that it dealt once again with the old stuff of the heroic and virtuous Allies versus the sinister and odious Nazis and to go gratuitously into its general plot scheme which you can guess with both your brains tied behind your back, would cause you promptly to turn the page for relief to the picture of the blonde in the peekaboo peignoir. How, then, to keep you momentarily from the blonde and thus safeguard my monthly honorarium? Since the play was laid in the loft of an old, unused mill somewhere on the French coast, I proceed to trick your attention with a little humor, incidentally also slyly insinuating to you that I have in my time seen more plays laid in the lofts of old, unused mills than your grandfather ever heard of, which will give you the necessary confidence in my judgment. So:

Outside the theatre, the lofts of old, unused mills are simply the lofts of old, unused mills, tenanted solely by spiders, rats and an occasional hoot-owl. In the theatre, however, the lofts of old, unused mills peculiarly take on a volume of human activity that often makes them indistinguishable from the Stork Club on New Year's Eve. If it isn't a gang of counterfeiters who have quarters there, it is either real or spurious ghosts, and if it isn't ghosts it is likely to be an old miser stalked by a posse of greedy relatives, including a nephew who has fallen under the influence of a trio of scheming crooks from the city. In war-time, it is spies or fugitives of one sort or another. In this particular loft of an old, unused mill it was, accordingly, not only spies and fugitives but, inclusively, French peasant underground agents, American and British saboteurs, grounded Allied aviators, an old French woman handy at surgery, and assorted Nazi snoopers, among them a cunning Gestapo chief. Only the Rockettes were missing.

Having now good-humored you to the point where you are willing to eat out of my hand, I can take a chance on a bit more sober criticism. So:

Of English origin, the exhibit, at least in its Americanized form by Joseph Fields, met every fondest desire of rough-tough melodrama addicts save adept melodramatic playwriting. The beautiful elementals were all present: the breaking of the Gestapo chief's spine by the American saboteur, the plunging of a knife into a Nazi soldier's back and grinding it in, the lethal dropping from aloft on a German's head, the surgery on an heroic American aviator's broken legs, and more. But the gaps between these fetching delicatessen were filled with so much dull, time-killing talk that when the big moments came most of their effect went for little.

What the author further had not learned in the way of such Grand Guignol horror business was that it can not prosperously be stretched over too great a space of time. Max Maurey and his Guignol playwrights appreciated that horror is most impressive when dealt out in a small, compact dose and that, if it be unduly piled upon itself, not only is the effect diminished but an audience's unwelcome levity is frequently the result. The most successful specimens of the art were accordingly and regularly in the form of very short plays, never under any circumstances full three-acters. And it was thus that such affecting spectacles as the pouring of vitriol drop by drop on a faithless mistress' or amorous interloper's face or the infecting of an enemy water supply with cholera morbus germs so worked up an audience's hysteria that for some years medical assistance was held available in the back of the house.

Feeling that at this point you may have had enough of historical and reflective opinion, I now cajole you with a soupçon of psychology that will pleasure you in your immediate recognition of its truth. So:

In this *Men In Shadow* the repetition of horrors induced the same reaction as a revolver several times suddenly shot off behind one. The first time you jump; the second time you only twitch; the third time you just laugh.

I now wind up with a small, saucy critical observation that to your entire and pleased conviction spills the playwright on her ear. So:

In the end, all the heroes escaped through a trap door in the roof of the old, unused mill, somewhat remarkably making good their getaway in view of the fact that the mill at the moment happened to be entirely surrounded by a regiment of German soldiers.

And—come now, confess it—I have artfully held your interest about a play fundamentally much like a number of plays I have reviewed in these pages before and which, were I again to have written of it as I did of some of those others, would have bored you stiff.

II.

Confronted by still another comedy about adolescents with the soldier boys duly in the background—this one called *Kiss and Tell*, by F. Hugh Herbert—my job, however, isn't that easy, since such plays have even less variation than the war plays, which is minimum minus. If I were to narrate its plot, you would yawn and say well that's just what most of the other kid plays like *Janie* and *Junior Miss* are about with only a little obstetrical humor added, and would accuse me of having recourse to the old plot-telling dodge always indulged in by a critic who can't think up anything more lively to say and who utilizes it to fill out space.

If, in turn, I were to write that it is much funnier than its mentioned predecessors you'd growl go on and prove it and when I'd try to prove it by quoting some of the lines you'd growl again that the lines don't seem at all funny, since such lines taken out of their context are generally anything but funny. And if, further, I were to write that the first-rate cast accounts for a lot of the show's success and were to offer testimonials to the individual actors, you'd sink down annoyed in your chair and accuse me of having recourse to those long spiels about the

Continued on page 164

Artist from Spain

Cugat's paintings depict his sympathetic understanding of terrains other than his own

by HARRY SALPETER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Francisco Coradal-Cugat is a smoldering Catalan whose fires are banked, but not extinguished. An authentic Latin from Barcelona, that breeding ground of rebellion against vested authority, he suggests rather the Spanish virtues of frugality, discipline, reserve and courtesy, but the eyes of this artist still emit fitful flickers of libertarian fires. He was a boy when Barcelona was seething and, as a boy, his first lesson in Republican patriotism was to paint in secret the flag of the democratic Spain.

The artist was born into a family that was economically on the right side of the railroad tracks. In his case the revolutionary sentiment was not nurtured by poverty. His father was an electrical engineer, and factory owner.

Young Francisco was twelve when his father bundled the family of six (including three sons and a daughter) out of Spain.

The years between twelve and sixteen young Cugat lived among the isles of the Antilles, chiefly in Cuba and in Puerto Rico. Then at Havana he attended an art academy, where he learned something about drawing and painting. When he had reached the mature age of sixteen, he told his father that painting was to be his life work—and so it was.

At Rheims, the French cathedral city, there lived an aunt, his mother's sister, and to that city he was shipped off, to learn French and art, and to be prepared for maturer studies later in the world metropolis of art—Paris. Cugat's chief distinction at Rheims was to win a bronze medal in school. He was not yet eighteen when he left for Paris to enroll at the Beaux Arts, where Cormon was his teacher. He studied later at Julien's.

If art has been Coradal-Cugat's chief activity, traveling may be regarded as his leading avocation. He has crossed the Atlantic many times and cruised often between the continents of the Western Hemisphere and among the islands of the Caribbean and across the mountains, jungles and valleys of South and Central America. The reproduced paintings indicate how widespread is his sympathetic knowledge of far places—even of those in which he has never set foot. *Guadalcanal Jungle* derives from his intimate knowledge of South American jungles, while *Russian Earth* is impregnated with a Spaniard's feeling about the ravaging and desolation of his own national earth. *Manhattan Pastorale* is a universal statement, in a quieter mood, reduced to symbols, while the painting describing the first American arrival of the *S.S. Queen Elizabeth* is the result of specific observation from the artist's window.

Together with a lot of people who had no military business in Paris, this young gentleman of the Latin Quarter was evacuated from the city just before the Battle of the Marne and in March, 1915, was revisiting New York. When America entered the first World War, Cugat was living in Chicago, for whose opera company he may be said to have begun the first phase of his career as a mature artist.

Cugat's life has been involved in music, about which he is deeply informed, as an amateur. His acquaintance among musicians is wide. He became known as the artist of the artists, partly through his innovations in which he executed color portrait posters of the Chicago Opera performers—the flat portrait in two or three primary colors. He worked largely in New York, for individuals and for other musical units. Cugat's friendship with Leopold Stokowski has continued into the present day. It was during this period of absorption in musical life that he became acquainted with Waldo Mayo, concert violinist, whose sister, Ruth, portrait painter, became Mrs. Coradal-Cugat.

He painted hard and gave a series of traveling exhibitions across the country. At Los Angeles, to which place he followed his display, Douglas Fairbanks engaged him as art director and technical adviser.

The four years of this connection were probably the gayest and most crowded with social life. The pictures were silent in those days but the Cugats spent most of their leisure time with the people who made music. There was time for painting and there were exhibitions, and successful ones, in San Francisco and Los Angeles. As an extra-curricular activity Cugat played a small part in promoting the Hollywood Bowl symphonic concerts by painting a symbolic conception of the meaning of these performances.

Mr. and Mrs. Cugat left Hollywood in 1929, taking a cruise through the Panama Canal and then deep into South America. After a New York stay they took a boat for Europe and enjoyed Paris in the heyday of its expatriatism. In 1931 the Spaniards declared a Republic and the following year

Continued on page 161

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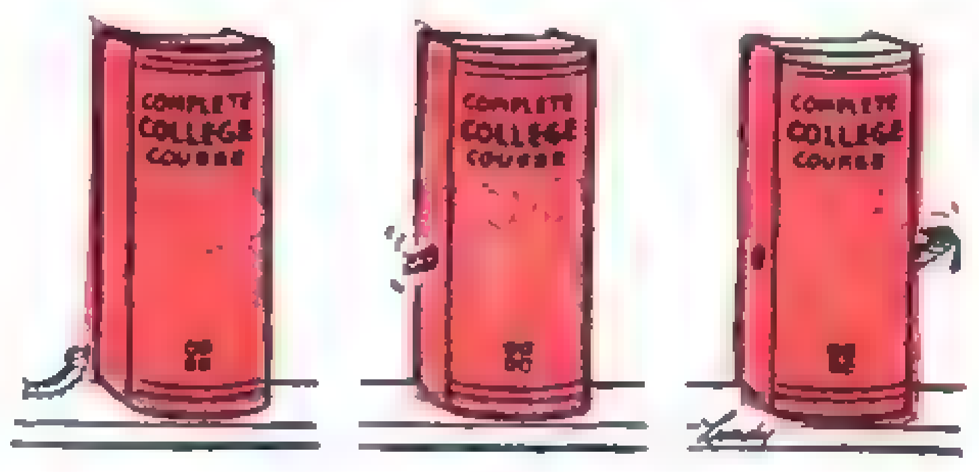
Five-Minute Shelf

Concerning two Tunises, *The English People*, the ways of giraffes and *Gideon Planish*

by **WILLIAM LYON PHELPS**

• BOOKS •



MAJOR ARNOLD WHITRIDGE, grandson of Matthew Arnold, was, until he entered the service in this present war, Master of Calhoun College, Yale University. Mr. and Mrs. Whitridge gave a dinner a few years ago, and among the guests was a grave and silent man, whose name I did not catch. During the cocktail preliminaries he said nothing. He did not look unpleasant; he simply did not talk. At the dinner table, he sat at the end farthest from me. He may have talked but I did not hear him. I have regretted this ever since, because a few days later I asked Mrs. Whitridge and learned he was D. W. Brogan, professor of political science at Cambridge University, and Fellow of Peterhouse, Thomas Gray's original college. I wrote to him expressing my sincere regret in missing such an opportunity, for I should have had many things to discuss with him. And indeed I had read his articles in the London *Spectator*. I received a gracious and charming letter.

Shortly after this, while still residing in the U. S. A., he published under the assumed name of Maurice Barrington, a thrilling murder-story called *Stop on the Green Light*. The hero, after giving an evening lecture at Columbia, enters by mistake the wrong room of his hotel; a girl points a pistol at him and neatly removes his trousers so he cannot escape; a few moments later a corpse falls through the window into the room, and the hunt is on. Not only is this novel packed with adventures and filled with humor—the amazing thing is that it is filled from beginning to end with accurate *American* slang!

Now (1943) the author produces a book, *The English People, Impressions and Observations*. Professor Brogan endeavors (successfully, I think) to explain England to Americans. And although it is clear that he himself is very glad to be British, his humor and his good nature are shown in the quotation before the title-page from Ogden Nash.

> . . . the English people are sweet,
> And we might as well get used to them because when they slip and fall
> They always land on their own or somebody else's feet.

Professor Brogan's knowledge of American slang was obtained by keeping his ears and eyes open—in company and on trains where he was the observer of all observed; and also by faithful study of a book which we Americans can consult with profit: *The American Thesaurus of Slang, A Complete Reference Book of Colloquial Speech*, by Lester V. Berrey and Melvin Van Den Bark, (Pub. Crowell) 1942. This mighty tome of 1174 pages has everything except "zoot-suit" and it may have that, though I have searched. The significance of slang in the history of speech is well shown here; the Foreword is by one of the outstanding scholars of America, Professor Louise Pound, of the University of Nebraska. She says the former attitude of contempt toward "slang"—a word that does not occur in Johnson's *Dictionary* (1765)—has changed today into "genial tolerance." She also says that writers like Hawthorne can be read in the future without difficulty because they wrote standard English; whereas many prominent writers today will not be easily understood in the future except with glossary and notes. Among the words that have the largest number of slang synonyms, I am glad to see she names the three that I have always maintained stand at the top—*drunkenness*, *insanity*, *money*.

Well, Professor Brogan in the London *Spectator* for February 5, 1943, had an article called *The Conquering Tongue*, by which he means American slang. And he says whether his countrymen like it or not, it is steadily gaining in Great Britain. He quotes Mr. Dooley's saying that when the Americans were done with English it would look as if it had been run over by a musical comedy.

I wonder if the tremendous advance of American slang is not mainly a sign of the tremendous advance of *informality* in manners.

All these matters are interesting to everyone interested in anything; and to return to Professor Brogan's book, *The English People*, he prepared himself to write that book by being born in 1900 at Glasgow, then being a student at Oxford, then at Harvard where he took an M. A. in American history, then lecturer at University College, London, then Fellow and Tutor at Oxford and now professor at Cambridge. He has travelled in every part of the U. S. A. looking and listening.

I think myself one reason for

the success even today of Parliamentary government in Great Britain is that the Radical members are rather conservative and the Conservative members rather radical.

In his book Professor Brogan discusses English education, religion, India, the Empire, etc. He says a good deal about the "Public Schools" by which, of course, the English mean expensive and exclusive private schools; and the frequent remarks about the "old school tie" I find made dramatically concrete in the *Letters of J. M. Barrie* (1942). He is describing the *Etonian* talk of the boys he adopted and loved with all his heart:

> By the way, what an extraordinarily polite game tennis is. The chief word in it seems to be "Sorry," and admiration of each other's play crosses the net as frequently as the ball. I fancy this is all part of the "something" you get at public schools and can't get anywhere else. I feel sure that when any English public school boy shot a Boche he called out "Sorry." If he was hit himself he cried, "Oh, well shot."

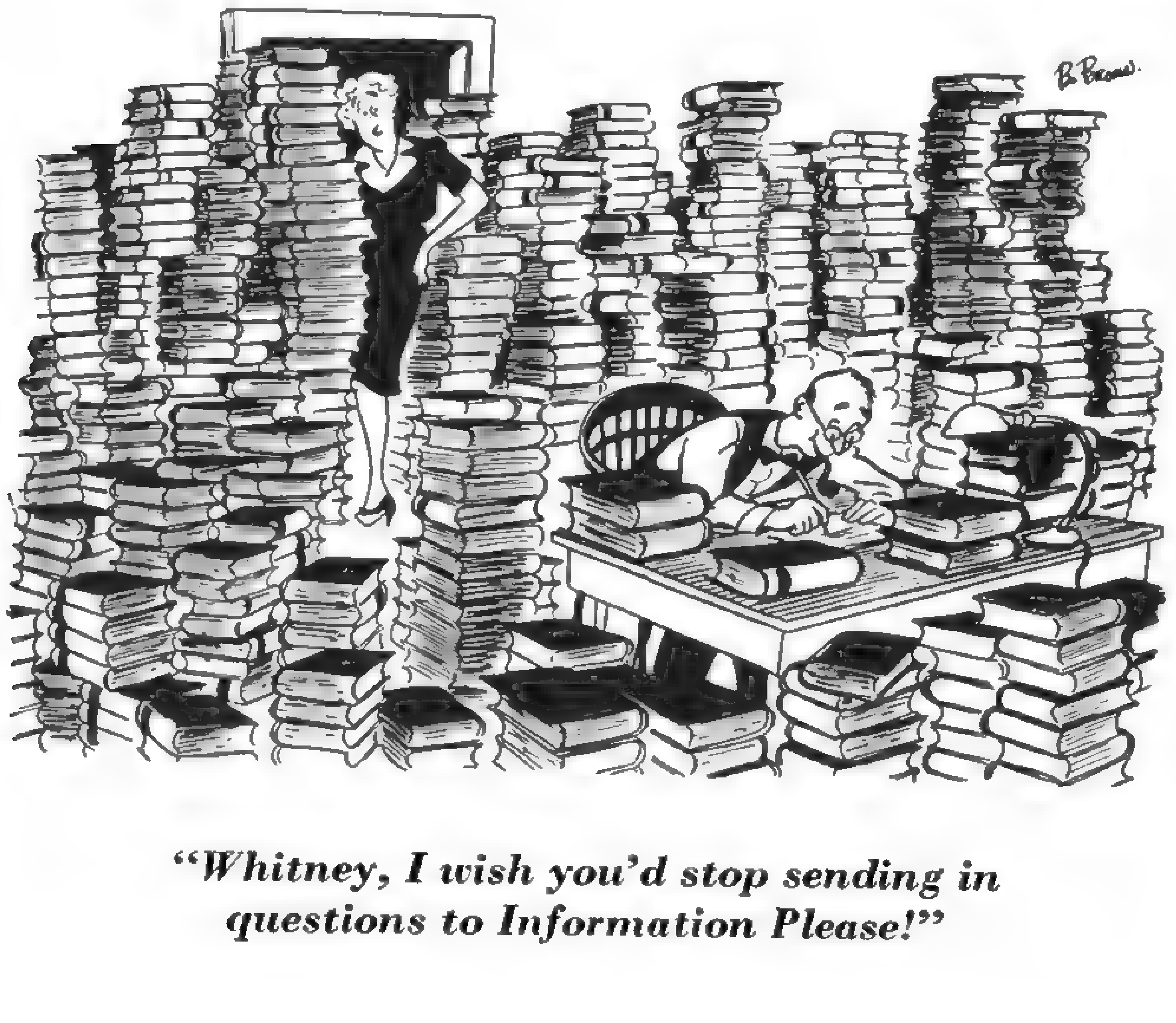
Many of Barrie's letters contain interesting remarks on contemporaries. He speaks highly of Willa Cather, is pleased that Gene Tunney is coming to call on him, says that Hardy is the greatest of all his contemporaries, and quotes Stevenson's invitation to visit him at Samoa. "You will have a grand time if my wife likes you, and if she doesn't, O my Gord." "Nicholas had a great time with Charlie Chaplin who came and stayed till two in the morning. Immaculately dressed in evening garb, and carried all off with ease and skill and grace. He has a rather charming speaking voice, and a brain withal. A very forceful creature and likable. The police who are put on to guard him all produce their own autograph books for him to sign." I have been told the only time Shaw wore evening clothes was to please Charlie Chaplin.

In his new novel, *Gideon Planish*, it is as if everything Sinclair Lewis had written since *Elmer Gantry* were merely an interlude; for *Gideon Planish* is another terrific onslaught and satire on certain easily recognizable features of American life. It is also a gigantic caricature and burlesque. *Main Street, Babbitt, Arrowsmith, Elmer Gantry, Gideon Planish.*

This is the real Sinclair Lewis, with his amazing power of mimicry, his perfect echo of American colloquialisms, and his rage against rackets and racketeers; and this rage is founded on idealism. For I have always believed that Mr. Lewis is an evangelist, who wants both individuals and communities to live up to higher standards of culture and civilization. We follow Gideon from childhood to nearly sixty; he is a born compromiser, and has a career whose chief feature is turbulence. Even as in *Main Street* the satire was directed against small town life, in *Babbitt* against a familiar type of business man, in *Arrowsmith* against the commercialization of medicine, in *Elmer Gantry* against a hot gospeller, so here the attack is made on *organizations* and *organizers;* a foreigner who did not know America would believe that every appeal to give money to anything was a swindle.

The career of Gideon Planish himself is founded on what Mr. Lewis believes to be the gullibility of the American public. Even as there are "promoters" who make millions without one cent of capital, Gideon with no brains and almost no knowledge, becomes a famous public speaker and organizer, a college professor, Dean, and potential President. It is a little difficult to believe that so hollow a cave of winds can really hold a place on the faculty of any college. Mere flow of language can enable a man to fill many positions. George Ade said there was a man who had failed in every business, but he had a voice that on a clear day could be heard a mile, so he became a statesman. And Dr. Johnson said the ability to make a speech was no test of a man's intelligence; it was a knack. The real test was *conversation.* It seems to me that in every college, no matter how remote or how small, there are always a few scholars,

Continued on page 94



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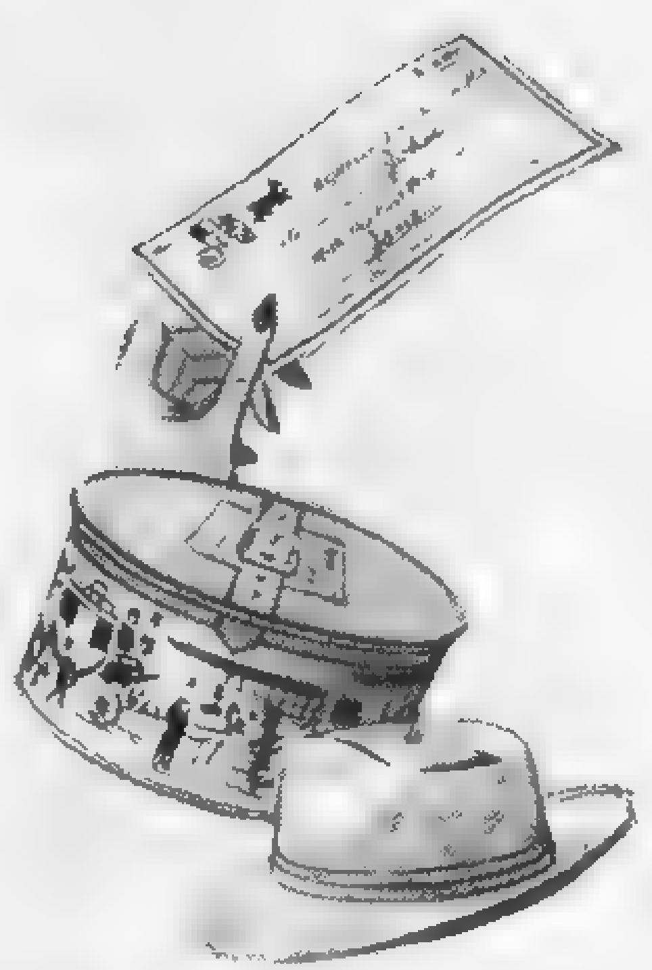

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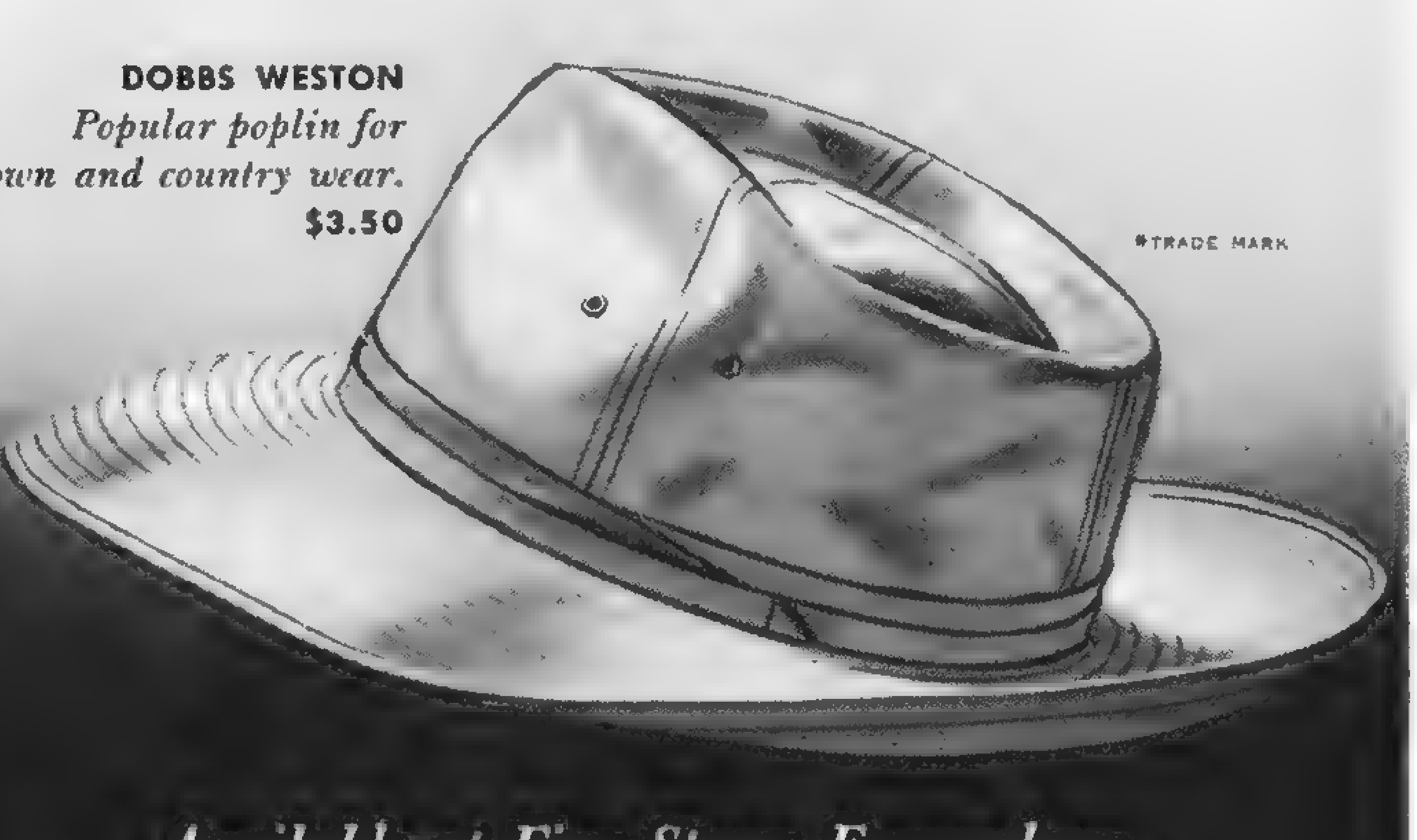

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Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 93

and Professor Planish would have been exposed the moment he engaged in conversation.

The wife of Dr. Planish is an addition to our literary population. I cannot say anything about her without giving away the story; and the novel, with all its continuous roar of excitement, is so interesting that the average reader will certainly not put it down until he has finished it. Incidentally, there are some scenes of poignant tenderness and some situations impossible to forget.

Here are two Tunis books. *Tunis Expedition*, by Darryl F. Zanuck, is an exciting narrative of the present war in North Africa, written by a colonel in the Signal Corps, who left a fabulously salaried job in Hollywood to do "war work"; he writes as if he had practiced journalism all his life. We are taken into the midst of everything; we are in the North African War. It is a short book with many photographs.

The other Tunis book is by the famous authority on outdoor sports, John R. Tunis; and every reader of Esquire should own a copy. It is called *Lawn Games*, and shows how everyone, male or female, young or old, who is not hopelessly paralyzed, can play games instead of watching them. Furthermore, very little expense is required; and if you have a small backyard, you don't need to go anywhere else. A large variety of pleasant and exciting outdoor games are fully described, with the definite rules, the necessary equipment, expense, etc. The motto of the book is the title of the first chapter: *Get 'Em Playing!*

When these lines are printed, the Barnum & Bailey-Ringling Brothers Circus will be in full summer activity. And there is one animal I am going to observe more closely than before. A zoologist recently stated that (excluding insects) the most *silent* of all animals is the giraffe. The giraffe almost never makes a noise. Perhaps it takes too long to cough up speech through that long throat. I am well acquainted with three of Barnum & Bailey-Ringling Brothers' giraffes, the father, the mother Edith, and their only son. I know Edith well and have fed her often; she has never said a word. Which reminds me of the fact that there are two beings whom I do not resemble; one is the giraffe, the other is William the Silent. ⧺

CAMPUS CHOICE

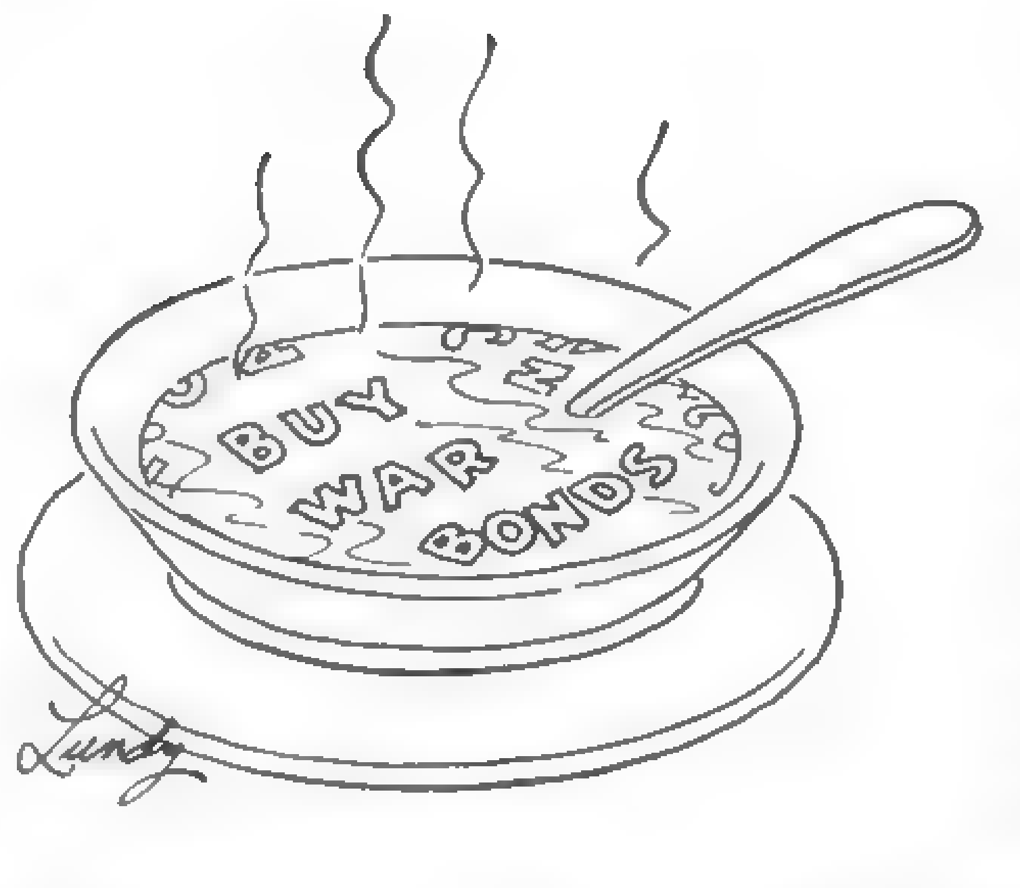
Swing favorites in six campus towns are shown in this record chart and figures show the relative popularity of each song at the college named. U.C.L.A.'s ratings came from the Village Radio & Music Company of Los Angeles, California; Washington State College's, from Watt's Pharmacy, Inc. of Pullman, Washington; Mount Holyoke's from the Kathleen Smith Music Shop of South Hadley, Mass.; Georgia U's from The Music Shop of Athens, Ga.; University of Connecticut's from the Delmar Radio Co., of Willimantic, Conn.; Phillips Academy's from Temple's Electric & Radio Shop, Inc., of Andover, Massachusetts.	U.C.L.A.	WASHINGTON STATE COLLEGE	MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE	GEORGIA UNIVERSITY	UNIVERSITY OF CONNECTICUT	PHILLIPS ACADEMY
I've Heard That Song Before (Columbia 36668 with Harry James)	1		3	1	4	1
That Old Black Magic (Victor 20-1523 with Glenn Miller) (Columbia 36670 with Horace Heidt) (Capitol 126 with Freddy Slack)	5	1	6	4	3	2
Why Don't You Do Right (Columbia 36652 with Benny Goodman)	2		1		5	3
There Are Such Things (Victor 27974 with Tommy Dorsey)		2	4		1	
Brazil (Columbia 36651 with Xavier Cugat)	4			2		6
I Had the Craziest Dream (Columbia 36659 with Harry James)		5			2	
It Started All Over Again (Victor 20-1522 with Tommy Dorsey)			2		6	
You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To (Victor 20-1519 with Dinah Shore)	3		5			
Moonlight Becomes You (Victor 20-1520 with Glenn Miller)		3				
Let's Get Lost (Victor 20-1524 with Vaughn Monroe)				3		
Don't Get Around Much Anymore (Decca 18479 with Glen Gray)				5		5
Moonlight Mood (Columbia 36657 with Kay Kyser)		5				
For Me and My Gal (Decca 18480 with Judy Garland)	6					
Cow Cow Boogie (Capitol 102 with Freddy Slack)				6		

Man the Kitchenette

Wise bluejackets never go rowing in the sea without their rations of Pemmican

by **ILES BRODY**

• EDIBLES •



THE Navy's excellent food ranges from beans to Brown Betty. (There *is* a Navy Betty—see the U. S. Navy Cook Book, page eighty-five. The recipe calls for thirty pounds fresh apples, a quarter pound butter, four pounds bread crumbs, syrup, cinnamon, and orange grating for one hundred customers.) And all this is first cooked up, figuratively speaking, on Washington's Constitution Avenue, at the Navy Department's Temporary Buildings I, J, and K.

This is where the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts is situated. The Bureau not only decides half a year ahead what the bluejackets will eat, but buys everything for the Navy (excepting the ships themselves and other technical matters) and makes sure that the vital materials reach the ships or shore bases.

The Bureau procures, controls, and distributes supplies and materials for the Navy, Coast Guard, and most of the overseas Marines.

But its work is even wider in detail: it stretches from editing the Navy Cook Book and keeping commissary personnel posted on food conservation, to fueling the ships, to providing the Navy man with all he might need—including money. That's why the head of the Bureau, Rear Admiral William Brent Young, Supply Corps, U. S. Navy, has two titles and two functions: he is the Chief of the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts and at the same time Paymaster General of the Navy.

I went to see the Admiral the other day because his intricate job concerning edibles interested me tremendously. I knew that the Bureau racks its brains in July for a happy Christmas dinner for the submarines, digs up via long distance phone the best Idaho potatoes for battleships, determines what goes into emergency rations aboard Navy aircraft. It sees to it that when Destroyer X puts in at that brand new secret advance base it will find everything from mosquito netting to marmalade for replenishing its supplies. In other words, the Bureau is the commercial brain, the business office, and the indulgent mother of the Navy.

When I arrived at the Bureau, I was met by Ensign Mary Scott Welch, one of the Admiral's aides. She said that the Admiral was waiting for me and as I drew a last, long, nervous puff on my cigarette in front of The Door, I could not help reflecting that in Europe it would have taken three months of humble petitioning to get so far; and I hoped that my awe would go unnoticed.

The Admiral rose to his six-foot-three height as I entered, and clasped my soft civilian hand in an iron grip. His huge bulk radiated energy and enthusiasm, a sea of humor, kindness, wisdom, and quick decision. His smiling blue eyes conveyed to me that he liked people. Contented to note that he had even less fuzz on top of his head than I, I began to feel more comfortable.

The Admiral gathered us—Lieutenant Commander Osgood Roberts, Ensign Welch, and me—around his desk, and asked his secretary to bring some abandon-ship rations. They consisted of canned luncheon meat, biscuits, malted milk tablets, and a can of Pemmican, the latter a Navy Aircraft emergency ration item.

As you might know, Pemmican was the first dehydrated food ever invented; our Indians prepared it first by mixing buffalo meat with raisins and drying it under the sun. This nourishing food that kept for a long time and was easy to carry, sustained them on prolonged journeys. Today the Navy's Pemmican is that only by name, since it contains no buffalo meat, but its ingredients make it a most nutritious edible in a pinch.

I nonchalantly slipped my Pemmican can into my pocket when no one was looking. However, I sampled the biscuits and found them palatable. They contain a lot of whole wheat flour and fat, two ingredients capable of lending a ship-wrecked man stamina to carry on.

The Admiral said morale and good food in the Navy go hand in hand. And a ship's captain stirs up the cooks, encourages and praises them, does everything to bring out the best that is in them. The best food on any ship of the U. S. Navy is his ideal. Not merely the best in quality; he doesn't have to worry about that. The Bureau has planned for and ordered the best and then when the stuff comes aboard, the ship's medical officer makes sure that

Continued on page 96

New Cream Deodorant Prevents Under-arm Odor... ...Vanishes Instantly!

...already a habit with thousands of men

Men who take pride in good grooming know it is just plain common sense to use a deodorant that prevents under-arm odor *and* also prevents shirt stains caused by perspiration.

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America's Luxury Cigarette
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WATCH WHO SMOKES MARLBOROS! It *would* be the girl with the trim, smooth lines, the exquisite thoroughbred clothes.

Good judgment, fine taste *appreciate* distinguished MARLBOROS.* Infinitely superior, *yet mere pennies more!*

*IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red)

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 95

every speck of food is perfect. Nor does he have to worry about the quantity. What the captain wants, however, is imagination and originality in cooking.

Usually the Navy cooks answer the captain's prayer. For example, I talked to Lieutenant G. B. Peters, who had just returned from the destroyer *U.S.S. Monssen.* He told me that the cooks on the *Monssen* were most enterprising; every time they fixed sweet potatoes they cooked a different quirk into them; often they boned the chickens and they cooked their very souls into the chow.

The cooks commiserate with the men, just like a good wife with a much harassed husband when it comes to food. "Things are dull, but at least we eat, and eat well," would say the Navy cook if he analyzed the matter at all. In battle, Navy cooks are assigned combat duties, only a skeleton crew remaining in the galleys.

During battle the captains don't leave the bridge even to eat; just grabbing what they can if the battle lasts for days. But their men still must eat the best. It is an old Navy custom that every meal of the bluejackets is taken to the officer of the deck to sample before the men sit down to eat it. Sometimes he likes the dishes and the sampling is prolonged until the last morsel disappears. If the captain himself happens to snag a sample, he tells his own cook that the men's food is better than his own, thank God.

Most of the beef bought by the Navy for shipboard consumption is completely boned and separated into edible cuts, quick frozen, paraffin-coated and packed in cartons, ready-cut for quick, wasteless use. The new way saves one-third of shipping space and one-fifth of weight.

Another great blessing is dehydrated food. Imagine a handful of pretty pink confetti thrown into boiling water; as if by Chinese magic the confetti swells up and becomes sliced carrots enough to feed a dozen people, retaining all the vitamins and minerals, all the nourishing virtues and an unimpaired flavor. You really can't tell the difference between fresh and dehydrated carrots, which, by the way, is not a favorite vegetable of bluejackets in any form. Dehydrated cabbage is; it tastes better than the fresh variety and has a much nicer color. Dehydrated onions and potatoes are also used extensively by the Navy.

Lieutenant G. C. Bonnell, who was Assistant Supply Officer on the famed cruiser *U.S.S. San Francisco*, and who now also sits with a medal and ribbon bedecked chest at a desk in the Bureau (temporarily, so I am informed), told me that one evening his men were served dehydrated mashed potatoes, but found them uneatable and sent a reproachful jeer toward the galleys. This was the cooks' first venture into dehydrated foods; they simply hadn't got their bearings yet. The next night the mashed potatoes tasted wonderful! The men observed that it was a good thing they hollered—now they were getting fresh potatoes. After dinner they were let in on the secret; the wonderful potatoes were also dehydrated, but in the twenty-four-hour interim the cooks had learned how to prepare them properly. First the bluejackets looked doubtful but soon they were convinced.

The Research section of the Bureau's Subsistence Division, recently revitalized with expert chemists and food authorities, is constantly revising its nutritional studies on the Navy ration—studying, for instance, the food value of the "chow" consumed by the personnel of one battleship for one year, and using those findings for future Navy guides in buying and menu-planning. Working closely with the Army's Quartermaster Corps and the Department of Agriculture, they keep tabs on all the latest food developments. Then, with other subsistence officers who direct buying and planning and shipping, all under the direction of Captain E. F. Ney, head of the Subsistence Division, they see that the Navy ration maintains its peacetime *plus* values in spite of wartime *minus* difficulties. If I were a serious man, I would have gone to ask Captain Ney about the subject he knows so well, instead of firing foolish questions at the younger supply officers, just returned from battles.

I asked one of them whether he missed alcoholic beverages. He smiled non-committally and said simply that he didn't miss the hang-overs. Coffee is the best-liked drink in the Navy, and on bigger ships there are soda fountains with soft drinks and ice cream. As you know, no alcoholic beverage is served on board ship in the U. S. Navy, although at one time rum was supposed to be a cure-all and "food" combined, and the early bluejacket soaked his bread in it until 1862, when alcohol was abolished in the Navy. The bluejacket promptly wailed:

> "They raised my pay five cents
> a day
> But they stopped my grog
> forever!"

Concerning the banned grog: at the end of the last war the Allied Fleets assembled at Scapa Flow to receive the vanquished German High Seas Fleet in a ceremony of unprecedented splendor. Up went the signal flag from the Flagship of the British squadron: "All hands splice the main brace!"—a pre-Nelson order for plenty of grog for the seaman on great occasions. But immediately another signal went up from the Flagship: "Negative, U. S. Navy!"—meaning that only the U. S. sailor couldn't celebrate with a drink.

But there was no occasion to celebrate, anyhow. When the Allied Navy Officers trained their spyglasses on the German ships they were to take over, the most minute adjustment of their excellent binoculars could not bring that fleet into view. While grog was served, the German fleet disappeared into the depths of the vast ocean.

Coming back on the train from Washington, there being no room in the diner, I settled down in the coach like a well-behaved sardine, next to a lady of pre-rationing rotundity. Suddenly, I brightened. I thrust my hand cautiously in my coat pocket. It was still there, my Pemmican! I opened it with the attached key and started to eat it with my pocket knife. I imagined myself at battle station, and blessed the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts. The fat lady next to me gave me horrible, envious glances, as though she thought: "Some people don't know there is a war. They stuff themselves with goose liver while our boys at sea gnaw away on hard tack . . ." #

ESQUIRE ON THE RECORD
BEST SELLERS

Transient Dedicated to extrovert collectors who like to know what's popular, as well as to stubborn individualists who scan best-sellers to avoid the choice of the madding crowd. Transient recordings appear in order of preference in the cities listed. Figures indicate the relative rating of tunes at each source. Denver's choice comes from the May Company; Iowa City's from Spencer's Harmony Hall; Fort Smith's from Jenkins Music Company; and Tacoma's from B. A. Almvig Music Co.	RCA MFG. COMPANY (NATIONAL)	DECCA RECORDS (NATIONAL)	COLUMBIA RECORDING CORPORATION (NATIONAL)	DENVER, COLORADO	IOWA CITY, IOWA	FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS	TACOMA, WASHINGTON
I've Heard That Song Before (Columbia 36668 with Harry James)			1	1	1	2	1
As Time Goes By (Victor 20-1526 with Rudy Vallee) (Decca 6205 with Jacques Renard)	1	1					4
There Are Such Things (Victor 27974 with Tommy Dorsey)						1	
That Old Black Magic (Victor 20-1523 with Glenn Miller) (Columbia 36670 with Horace Heidt)	2		3		2		
For Me and My Gal (Bluebird 11549 with Abe Lyman) (Decca 18480 with Judy Garland)		2			4		
Don't Get Around Much Anymore (Decca 18479 with Glen Gray)				2			2
You'd Be So Nice to Come Home to (Columbia 36669 with Dick Jurgens)			2				
Brazil (Victor 27702 with Enric Madriguera) (Columbia 36651 with Xavier Cugat)	3		4	3	3		3
Easy Street (Decca 18534 with Jimmie Lunceford)		3					
It Started All Over Again (Victor 20-1522 with Tommy Dorsey)					3		
Why Don't You Do Right (Columbia 36652 with Benny Goodman)				4		4	
"Murder," He Says (Victor 20-1525 with Dinah Shore)	4						
Let's Get Lost (Decca 18532 with Jimmy Dorsey)		4					
Permanent Check-marks indicate where permanent albums are scoring beats with their popularity among the long-hair fans.							
Blue Danube Waltz by Strauss (Victor 15425 with Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra)				√	√	√	
Concerto No. 1 in B Flat Minor by Tschaikowsky, op. 23 (Victor DM-180 with John Barbirolli conducting the London Symphony Orchestra and Artur Rubinstein at the piano)						√	
Songs of Free Men (Columbia M-534 with Paul Robeson and Laurence Brown at the piano)			√				
My Favorites by Fritz Kreisler (Victor M-910 with Charles O'Connell conducting the Victor Symphony Orchestra)							√
Nutcracker Suite by Tschaikowsky (Victor M-265 with Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra)				√			

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100 YEARS OF QUALITY
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PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. - 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS - 86.8 PROOF

For your security and comfort... BY HICKOK

When your war-work day is done... and you relax in slacks...add a Hickok Belt. When you want to perk up your suits... Hickok Belts, Braces and Jewelry give your wardrobe (and spirits) a lift.

Belts, Braces and Tie Bars shown, $1.50 ea. Others from $1 up.

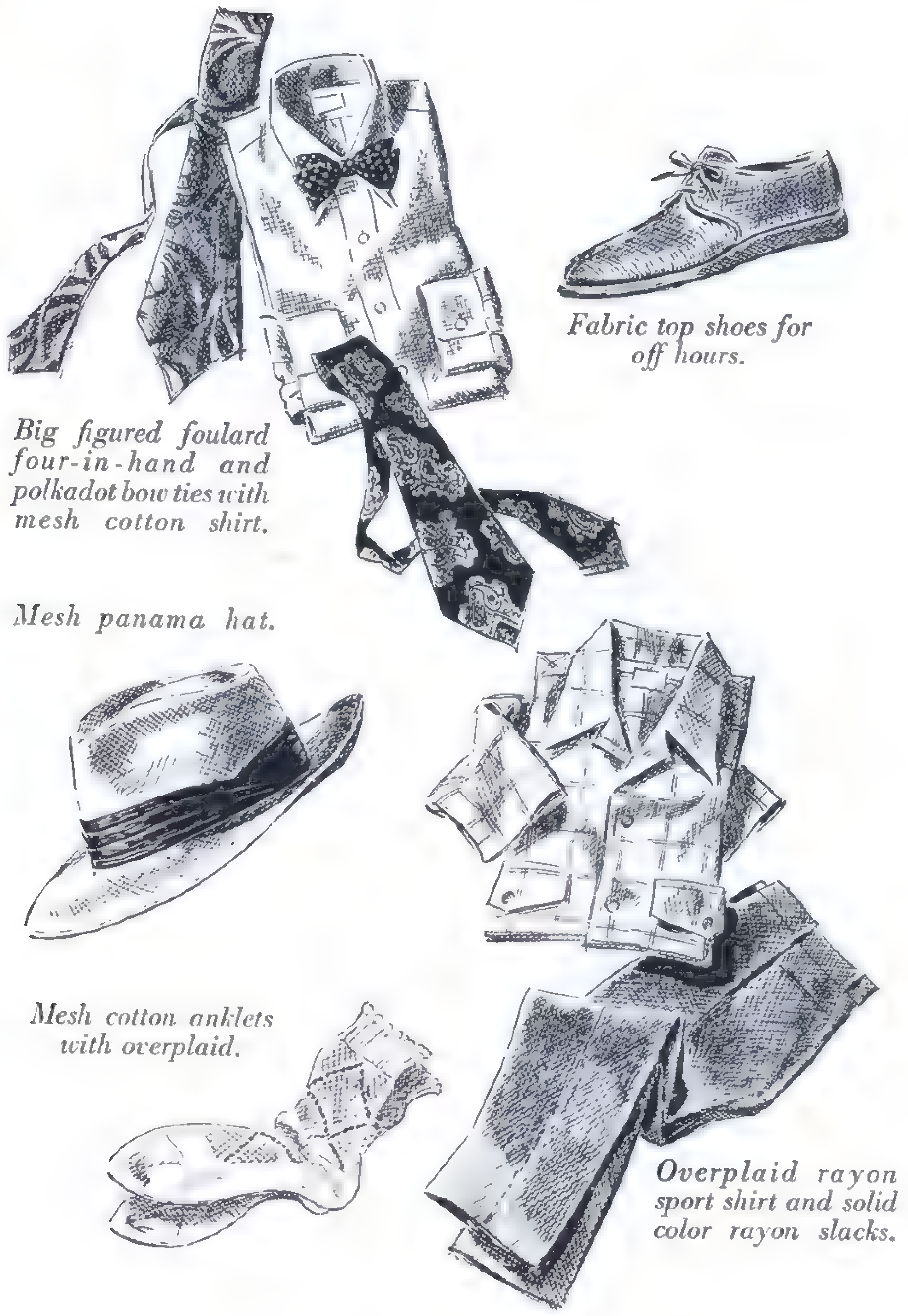
Where war work comes first

HICKOK BELTS • BRACES • JEWELRY

Father Takes a Bow

Practical gifts of apparel in key with the times will be warmly welcomed June 20

by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**
• WEARABLES •



Big figured foulard four-in-hand and polkadot bow ties with mesh cotton shirt.

Fabric top shoes for off hours.

Mesh panama hat.

Mesh cotton anklets with overplaid.

Overplaid rayon sport shirt and solid color rayon slacks.

Like Christmas, Father's Day carries connotations of furrowed brows . . . bewildering showcases . . . whispered consultations . . . gaily wrapped packages . . . hearty thanks . . . and exchange desks. This is the one American comedy, however, where Father plays the lead. Of the 32,000,000 begetters in this country (we knocked off one day to count them) many are in the armed forces. Others are doing their part with extra hours at the office, on production lines, in shipyards. Father is so busy with larger issues that he seldom thinks of his personal needs. So why not commemorate the occasion and show your filial thoughtfulness by giving him something to wear.

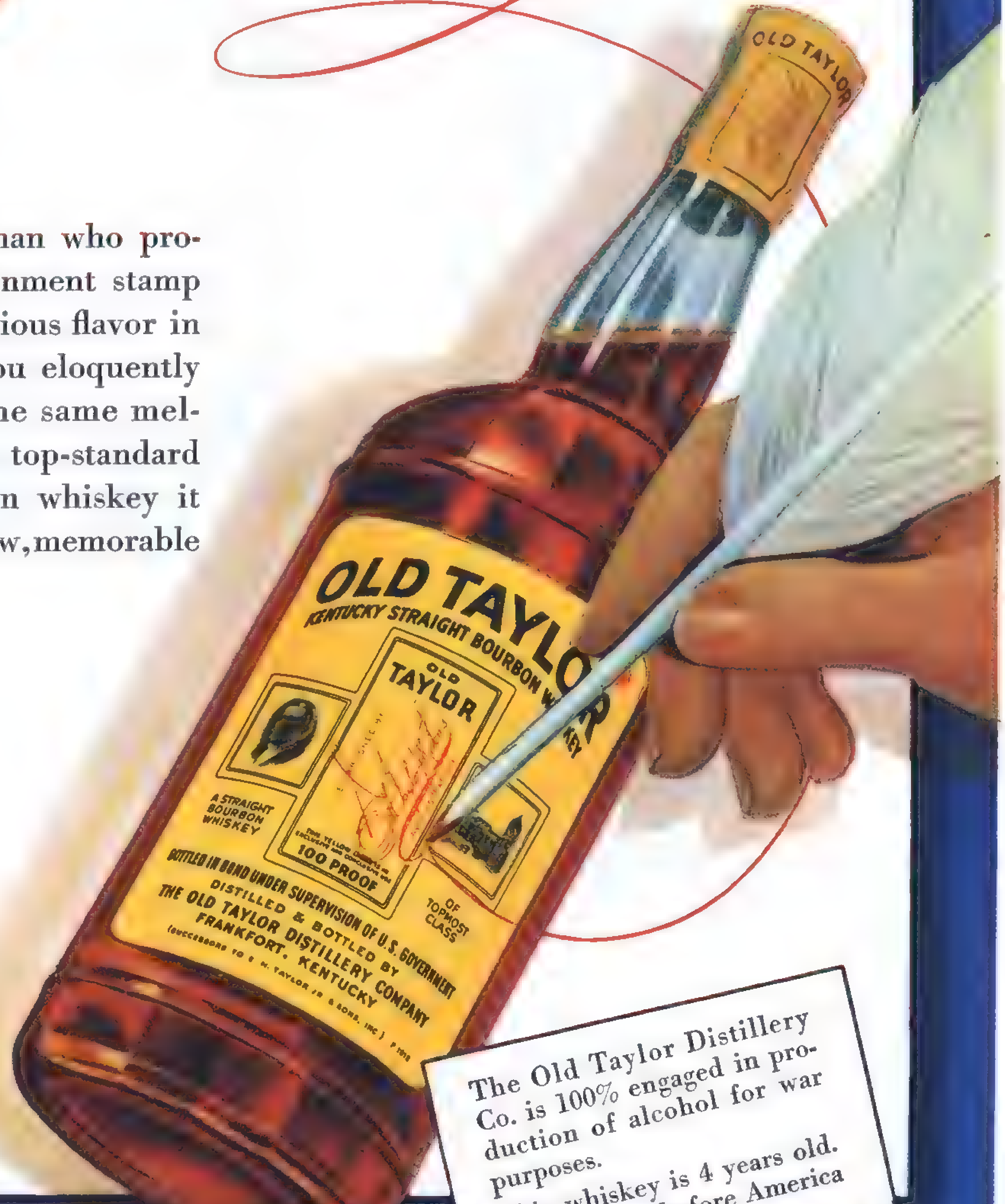
This year it is a duty to give sensibly. If he is in the armed forces, you can be sure he will make good use of extra regulation shirts, socks, ties, kits or other essentials. Choose articles of good quality. If he's in civilian life, find out what he really needs. Remember his preferences as to colors and types. Ignore your own whims because your old man is the one to wear your selections. And naturally you'll want to keep your gifts within reasonable bounds.

You might mull over these suggestions. Shirts are welcome gifts, and lightweight open-weave shirts in particular may not be in his wardrobe. They are cool and come in pale shades of blue, tan, grey or green which combine with summer clothing. Big figured ties in fairly bright colors would give him a lift. Bow ties are happy choices. And an accepted fashion too, these days. An overplaid sport shirt with solid color slacks of lightweight fabric may be just the thing for his off hours. Or how about anklets of plaid design mesh cotton. Fabric top shoes may be represented with a gift certificate as may a mesh panama hat.

These are just a few of many possible apparel gifts. Above all, be considerate of his wants and needs this Father's Day. #

SIGNED, SEALED AND *Delicious*

THE signature of the man who produced it . . . the government stamp which sealed it...the delicious flavor in it . . . all these will tell you eloquently that Old Taylor is still the same mellow old friend...the same top-standard Kentucky straight bourbon whiskey it has always been. Rich, mellow, memorable ...*try it*... you'll see!


OLD TAYLOR
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF
OF TOPMOST CLASS
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

The Old Taylor Distillery Co. is 100% engaged in production of alcohol for war purposes.
This whiskey is 4 years old. It was made before America entered the war.

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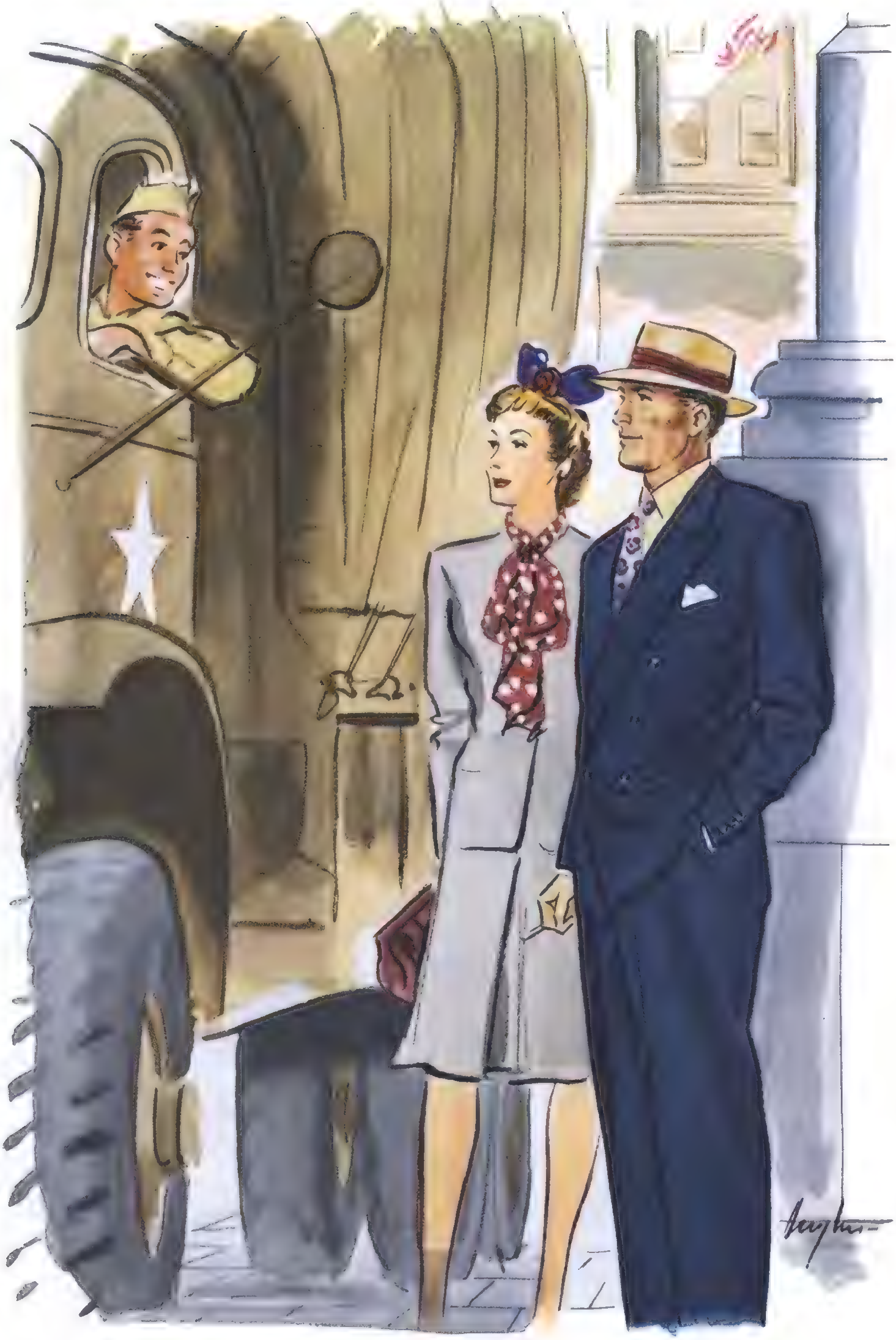


an eye for an eye

Soldiers and truck drivers have one thing in common—a roving eye. When you combine the two occupations in one person, you're pretty sure to wind up with a double-barreled stare, complete with raised eyebrows and toothpaste ad teeth. It seems reasonably reciprocal, however . . . What appears to be a conventional blue spring suit from where you're sitting is in reality a cool, lightweight summer number. The fabric houses have really perfected the knack of producing year-round patterns in summer weights, and they now go to town in such materials as tropical worsteds, worsted and mohair, Palm Beach cloth and rayon blends. The dark shade of the suit, a Pacific blue, is a felicitous color for men of all complexions from sallow to ruddy. Completing the outfit are a thin cotton shirt in yellow and white stripes, large figured foulard tie and mesh Panama hat with maroon puggree band.

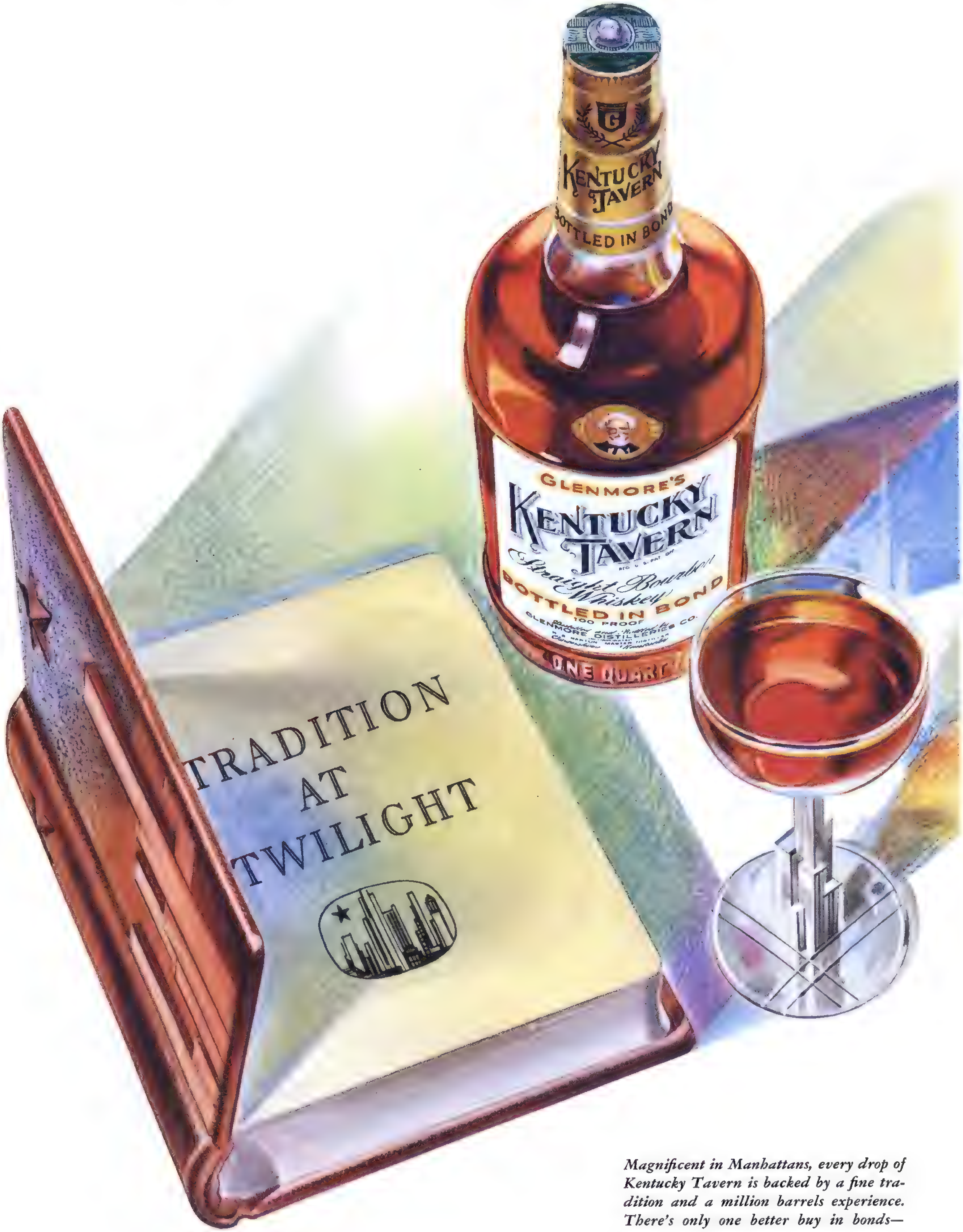
(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

FATHER'S DAY
HOME EDITION
GIVE DAD A BOND ON FATHER'S DAY
Honor a Fighting American—Your Dad. Buy him War Bonds and Stamps. If anything's left over, here's a pageful of hints

Color runs riot in the season's newest La Playá Sportswear. Lusty plaids to beat the band. Jockey silks that raise the roof. Indian knits in warpath paint. Canuck Coats crowding the comeback trail. Traveler "checks" having a field day. It's all one tantalizing dish—a pleasant pickle of not knowing what to grab first. Best of all, it's a heart-warming show of wartime Yankee ingenuity in styling by America's foremost Sportswear Specialist . . . Marlboro! See it at your Marlboro store. The Marlboro Shirt Company, Incorporated, Baltimore, Maryland.

SHIRTS BY
Marlboro
LA PLAYÁ SPORTSWEAR

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS


KENTUCKY TAVERN
BOTTLED IN BOND
GLENMORE'S
KENTUCKY TAVERN
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO.
ONE QUART
TRADITION AT TWILIGHT

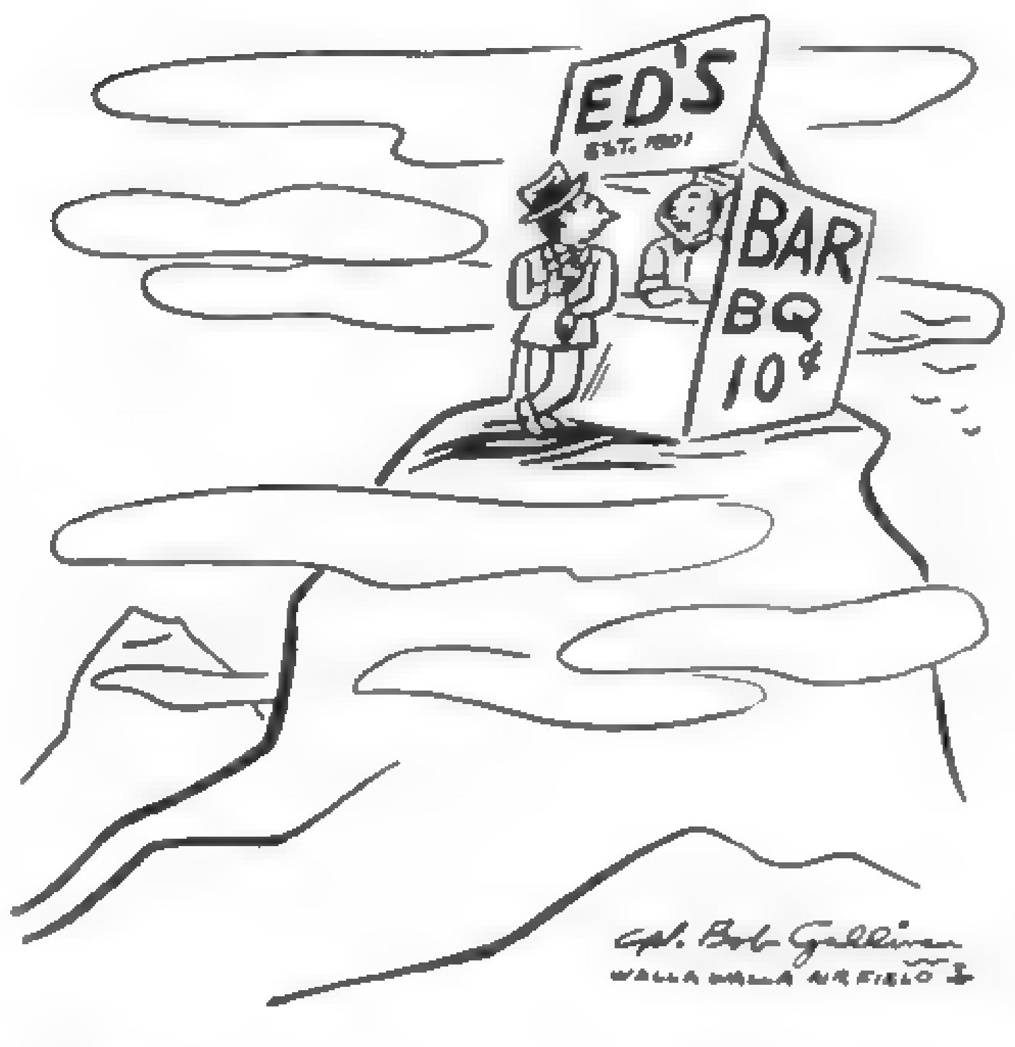
Magnificent in Manhattans, every drop of Kentucky Tavern is backed by a fine tradition and a million barrels experience. There's only one better buy in bonds—War Bonds!

BOTTLED IN BOND KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON • 100 PROOF • GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO. INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Foam on the Range

Presenting a brief history of hops together with rules to keep your beer sparkling

by LAWTON MACKALL
• POTABLES •



"Did you stumble on us by accident or did you read our ad in the Crumbville Courier?"

Its coefficient of quenchosity is admittedly high, broad and grandsome. The only trouble has been that beer carries a bit of nourishment—one glass being about equivalent to one pat of butter—and at the same time promotes interest in victuals, resulting in a certain amount of nutritional overlap. And if *that's* a drawback in these days of the red, white and blue stamp stampede for something to eat, I for one am willing to put up with it, redundant as it may seem to guys of frailer appetite. So go ahead and draw, Mr. Tap Artist, foam what may.

If you've ever seen a drought-stricken valley gasping to heaven for a drop of moisture, I don't have to go into the fine points of the physiology of your Royal Gorge when it beseeches beer—every pore pantingly seconding the plea. Tonsils droop in the dust. Tongue adheres to roof as though with mucilage. Taste-buds cower in their crannies.

Then suddenly into this scene of desolation comes cool assuagement, gurgling sudsily as it revivifies. By the third swig, the whole parched desert is flushed with flavor and rearing for more.

From where we sit and sip, it's easy to understand why the ancient Egyptians adopted beer as their joy-gargle and pyramid builders' lunch. Father Nile gave them the idea with his annual inundation trick of enriching the countryside. To make it personal, instead of merely agricultural, all that was needed was to work up the fruits of this fertility into the right sort of flood for the human system, except that once a year wasn't enough; it had to be daily, like bread—which was made with yeast borrowed from the household brewing department. No kegs, cans, or bottles—just earthenware jars. But big. Some of these excavators' trophies, dating from 3,300 B. C., have actual remains of beer in them, though it is too dried up to constitute a fair sample of what the *heqa* of Pharaohland was like.

And where did the Ancients get their knack of mashing and fermenting? Why, from the Still-More-Ancients—clear back to the cave guy with the flint-headed swagger stick, precursor of the bung-starter. That worthy was too busy assaulting man and beast to take time for brewing; he delegated the job to his woman, along with the planting and hoeing of the barley and other mash materials. And beer there was, or chastisement. It was his green vegetables, his robe and slippers, his good book by the fireside—quaffed out of a drinking horn or, if he were a stickler, out of any enemy's skull, whence came the old skoal tie that binds Scandinavians.

His descendants, wherever they lived, inherited his froth fancy. The early Chinese called their beer *kiu*. The Greek version was *zythos*. The *cerevisia* of the Romans has come down to us in Latin lapping as *cerveza* (Spanish) and *cerveja* (Portuguese). Eccentrically enough, beer's reputed originator, Good King Gambrinus, in whose honor so many dispensaries have been named, didn't join the party until the thirteenth century, and he wasn't a king at all, being in fact Jan Primus, alias John No. 1, Duke of Brabant in Belgium. The real creator of beer, as we know it and admire it, was a modest abbess, three centuries later, to whom came the botanic brain wave, "Add hops."

The bitter aromatic resin, known as *lupulin*, which lurks in the dried cones (blossoms) of these pale climbers and garlanders, gives the brew stability of character and palate tease. In consequence, regions favorable to the cultivation of such vines soon commanded the respect of the thirsty. Areas in Bohemia and the British County of Kent have long been hops haughty. And so nowadays are sections of our states of Oregon and Washington. New York State used to be impressively festooned, but Prohibition took the heart out of its hanging committee.

Our severest critics couldn't call us a people slow to brew.

Continued on page 104

Essential

...FOR ACTIVE MEN

WRIGHT ARCH PRESERVER SHOES are a "must" for today's active men. First, they eliminate the aches and pains resulting so often from foot strain. Second, they make rationing "easy to take" through their extra long life. The former results from four patented construction features; the latter from fine shoe-making which gives you extra weeks of wear plus a superior upper that retains shape and appearance after resoling. And you can count on a perfect fit at the hands of expert fitters who have available an unusual size range.

A thousand fine dealers carry these top quality "essential" shoes. Below is a partial listing. If your city is not included, write to E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. E-7, Rockland, Massachusetts.

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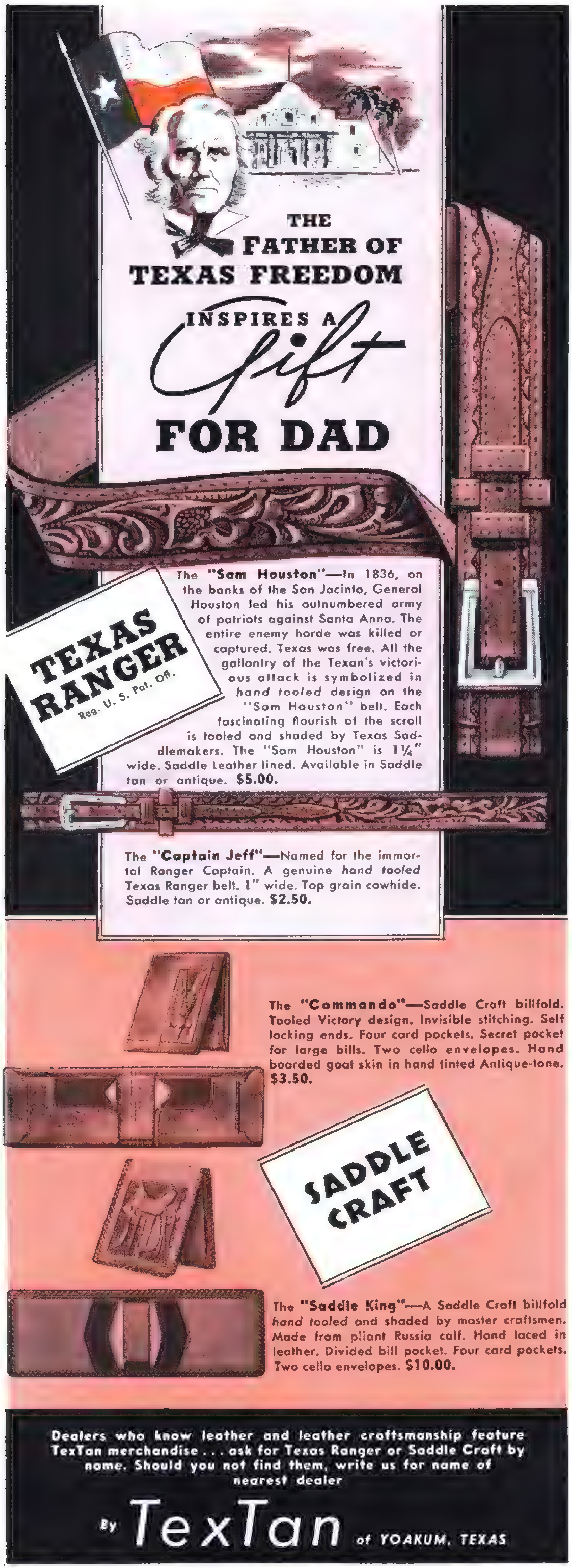
For Women—Selby Arch Preserver Shoes, Portsmouth, Ohio



THE FATHER OF TEXAS FREEDOM INSPIRES A Gift FOR DAD

TEXAS RANGER Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The **"Sam Houston"**—In 1836, on the banks of the San Jacinto, General Houston led his outnumbered army of patriots against Santa Anna. The entire enemy horde was killed or captured. Texas was free. All the gallantry of the Texan's victorious attack is symbolized in *hand tooled* design on the "Sam Houston" belt. Each fascinating flourish of the scroll is tooled and shaded by Texas Saddlemakers. The "Sam Houston" is 1¼" wide. Saddle Leather lined. Available in Saddle tan or antique. **$5.00.**

The **"Captain Jeff"**—Named for the immortal Ranger Captain. A genuine *hand tooled* Texas Ranger belt. 1" wide. Top grain cowhide. Saddle tan or antique. **$2.50.**

The **"Commando"**—Saddle Craft billfold. Tooled Victory design. Invisible stitching. Self locking ends. Four card pockets. Secret pocket for large bills. Two cello envelopes. Hand boarded goat skin in hand tinted Antique-tone. **$3.50.**

SADDLE CRAFT

The **"Saddle King"**—A Saddle Craft billfold *hand tooled* and shaded by master craftsmen. Made from pliant Russia calf. Hand laced in leather. Divided bill pocket. Four card pockets. Two cello envelopes. **$10.00.**

Dealers who know leather and leather craftsmanship feature TexTan merchandise . . . ask for Texas Ranger or Saddle Craft by name. Should you not find them, write us for name of nearest dealer

By TexTan of YOAKUM, TEXAS

Foam on the Range

Continued from page 103

Even before the first boat load of high hoppers staked out the first settlement at Jamestown, one Thomas Heriot, on his own in Virginia, reported activity with Indian corn:

> "We made of the same in the country some Mault, whereof was brewed as good Ale as was to be desired. So likewise by the helpe of Hops thereof may be made as good Beere."

Up where Cape Cod bends its elbow, the Mayflower Pilgrims hustled onto Plymouth Rock without horsing around. "For," says their *Journal*, "we could not take time for further search or consideration: our victuals being much spent, especially our beere . . . " Thus Massachusetts was founded so they could start mashing.

We of today would call it ale, it being the type that England thought up for itself and English conservatism has clung onto, to the infinite benefit of roast beef and roast mutton. Proudest examples in modern times are the ales produced at famous-watered Burton-on-Trent (locality which a colony of monks put on the beverage map), notably Bass's. Such British stand-bys are pale and keenly hop-bittered in contrast to the beers of Germany, many of which were sweetish and some almost puddingly-cloying. American brewers, catering to American palates living under American conditions, have worked out our salvation by emulating, when appropriate, the practices of both sides of the Channel and devising new ones when nothing traditional would fill the bill. We have ales made by the authentic "top fermentation" method which please us with their smack-worthiness. They are a shade less bitter than Britain's, yet lips extended over them by visiting members of the RAF don't exactly express antipathy to the fragrance and flavor gathered in. And we have special cream ales and stock ales fit to make your eyebrows purr.

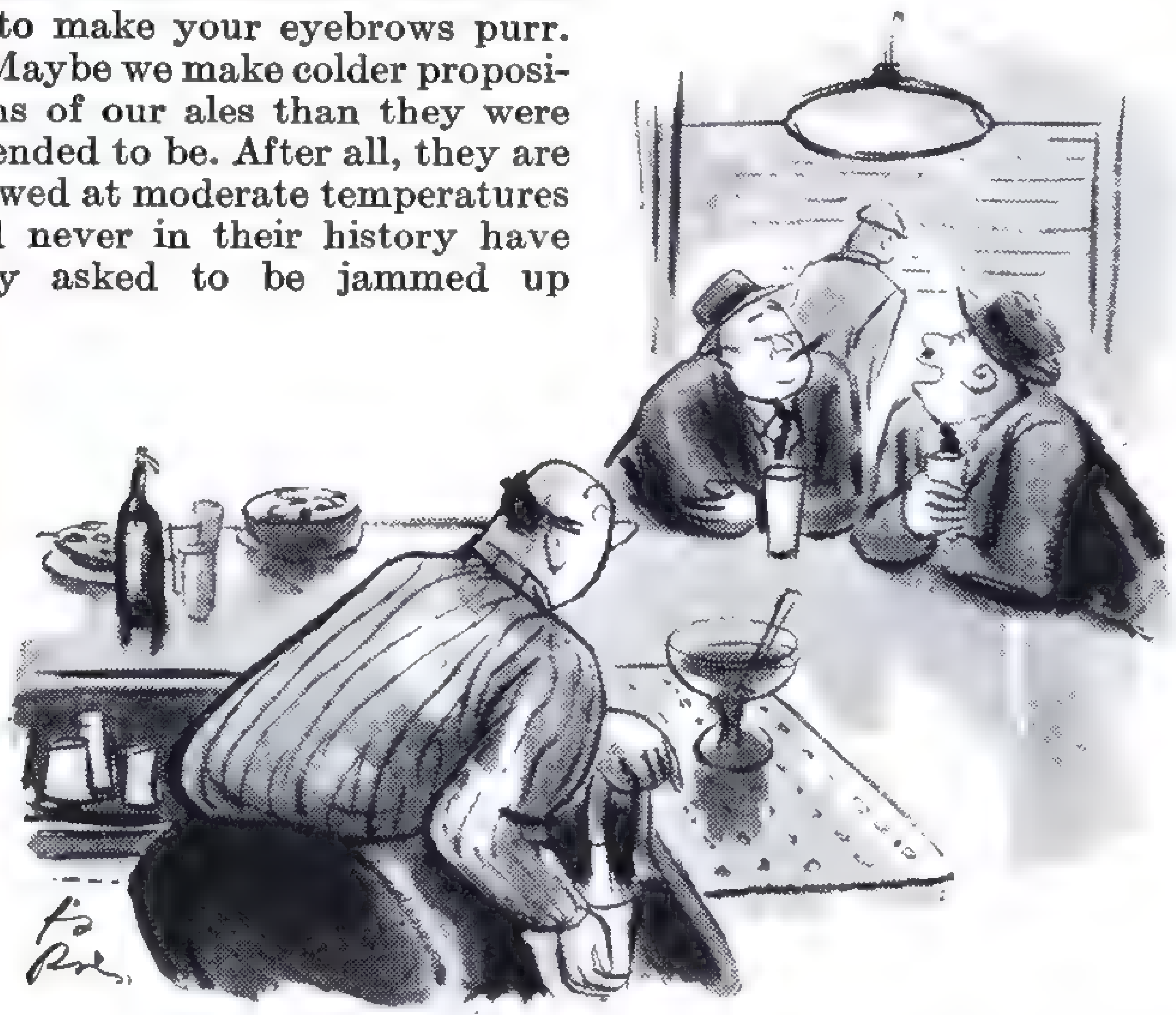
Maybe we make colder propositions of our ales than they were intended to be. After all, they are brewed at moderate temperatures and never in their history have they asked to be jammed up against the refrigeration coil. Indeed, in English pubs the temperature of the bar itself has always been considered O.K. for keg, and spare kegs repose comfortably in the cellar. Ale just hates to be northpolarized or speeded up. Its nature is calm, befitting it for pewter-grasping philosophers, not bolt-and-burp frenzyists.

The more prevalent American beer is of the lager persuasion, based on a German invention of about a century ago, but improved to meet customer requirements which people of the Old World would consider fantastic. Made at low temperature by the "bottom fermentation" method, with a different breed of yeast from that of ale, this type of beer was devised as a radical innovation under rigid thermometric control. The name "lager" means literally "storage" and refers to the fact that when first invented, such beer couldn't be made in the summer months and a supply of it was prepared in advance and laid away in cool caverns. Today, it is still stored cold and kept cold every day of its existence from making to quaffing, if it is to be served as draught beer. If bottled, it must stand all the hazards and variations of temperature that may come its way in grocery store, pantry, household refrigerator, and picnic basket. It is expected to refrain from clouding and to keep its head under all circumstances—which is a good deal to ask when you consider that some people chill it numb and then park it out on a table in the sunlight.

If it were a crude, soupy brew, this knockaboutability wouldn't be so remarkable. But we demand delicacy, light-bodied sparkle, finesse of refreshment. Sheer poetry that we can push around.

I am not trying to wrench your

Continued on page 106



"The Army's making a mistake not taking us older married men—we're well disciplined, seasoned fighters who can go days without decent food"

Jayson dares to make a definite promise of better fit, longer wear, finer appearance. Buy Jayson shirts with confidence in your judgment...wear them with pride in your appearance. ★ The Whitehall* Group . . . costlier white broadcloth, finer weave, better tailoring. In neckband, regular soft or Jaysonized no-starch Celanese wrinkle-free collar models. $2.50 and up. ★ Jayson officers' shirts for all branches of the service.

Jayson

SHIRTS

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

F. Jacobson & Sons, Inc., 1115 Broadway, N. Y. • Shirts • Pajamas • Sportwear
Makers of Excello Shirts

Nae mair need be said!

Three words tell the story of Teacher's popularity. Connoisseurs of fine scotch know . . .

"It's the flavour"

HIGHLAND CREAM
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
Wm TEACHER & SONS
GLASGOW
SCOTLAND
86 PROOF
TEACHER'S
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Foam on the Range

Continued from pages 103-104

heart with the grim tale of what a bottle of beer sometimes has to put up with, I'm just suggesting that if you give beer a break, it will do extra swell by you. So:

1. Don't discourage beer's headwork by placing bottles in your refrigerator's coldest compartment.
2. Don't sun-tan your reserves when there's a dark closet that will accommodate them protectingly.
3. Don't leave open for even a few minutes a quart-size bottle from which you have poured a lone glassful. And don't put brash faith in a bent cap as a re-closer. Use one of the patented ingenuities that come for this purpose, or a cast-off cork that fits, and your left-over beer will stay lively for days unless overtaken by human desire, say, twenty minutes from now.
4. Don't lose the cap. Re-machined, it will gather another bottle under its wing, maybe destined for you. To fix that thought in its mind, snap it on the empty.
5. Don't get yourself involved in a suds feud by washing beer glasses with soap. Use a salt or soda solution. And don't dry them with a cloth which has wiped dishes, as the slightest hint of soap or grease is a "collar" shrinker. (In the neighborly days of rushing the growler, said scuttle was sometimes given a sly grease smear in its bottom as a strategem for obtaining "solid beer" to the brim, sans foam.) For ideal conditions, the insides of the glasses should be rinsed with cold water just before using.

One reason I feel such sympathy for beer at this time is because of the passing of its associate of many years, Free Lunch. When we thought of one of the pair and ordered our beer, we immediately thought of the other and got busy foraging—an olive here, a bit of cheese and cracker there, a slice of corned beef on rye, and so on till we got back our thirst intact and needed another beer for a fresh attack on the tidbits, this time apologizing to the sardines, the salami, the liverwurst, and the dill pickles for having skipped them on our preliminary tour.

Now, with the complimentary buffet gone glimmering, we snack collectors will have only beer to feed on. We'll have to quaff the calories we used to cadge. ⧺

TRICKS OF THE TRADE

How to Read a Newspaper

by RAYMOND CLAPPER

RAYMOND CLAPPER
Newspaper Columnist and MBS Commentator

A PROFESSIONAL newspaperman and a layman can read the same paper and come up with two different interpretations of the day's news—the first correct and the second vaguely in error. The reason is that the journalist utilizes special techniques for culling the editorial wheat from the chaff.

Some of these techniques are listed here. If you will take the trouble to apply them, devising additional yardsticks of your own as you go along, I don't guarantee that you will be better informed than anyone else—but you will certainly become much less misinformed than ninety-nine out of a hundred newspaper readers.

1. Always go beyond the headlines and first paragraph. The paper can't possibly give you the whole story in that brief space—merely the most striking aspect of it. Furthermore, even though a prejudiced paper will usually print both sides of a story, it naturally tends to present its own view first.

2. Learn how to read between the lines. Often, under censorship, a reporter will resort to indirection to tell you something he can't say in plain words. Train yourself to catch these overtones.

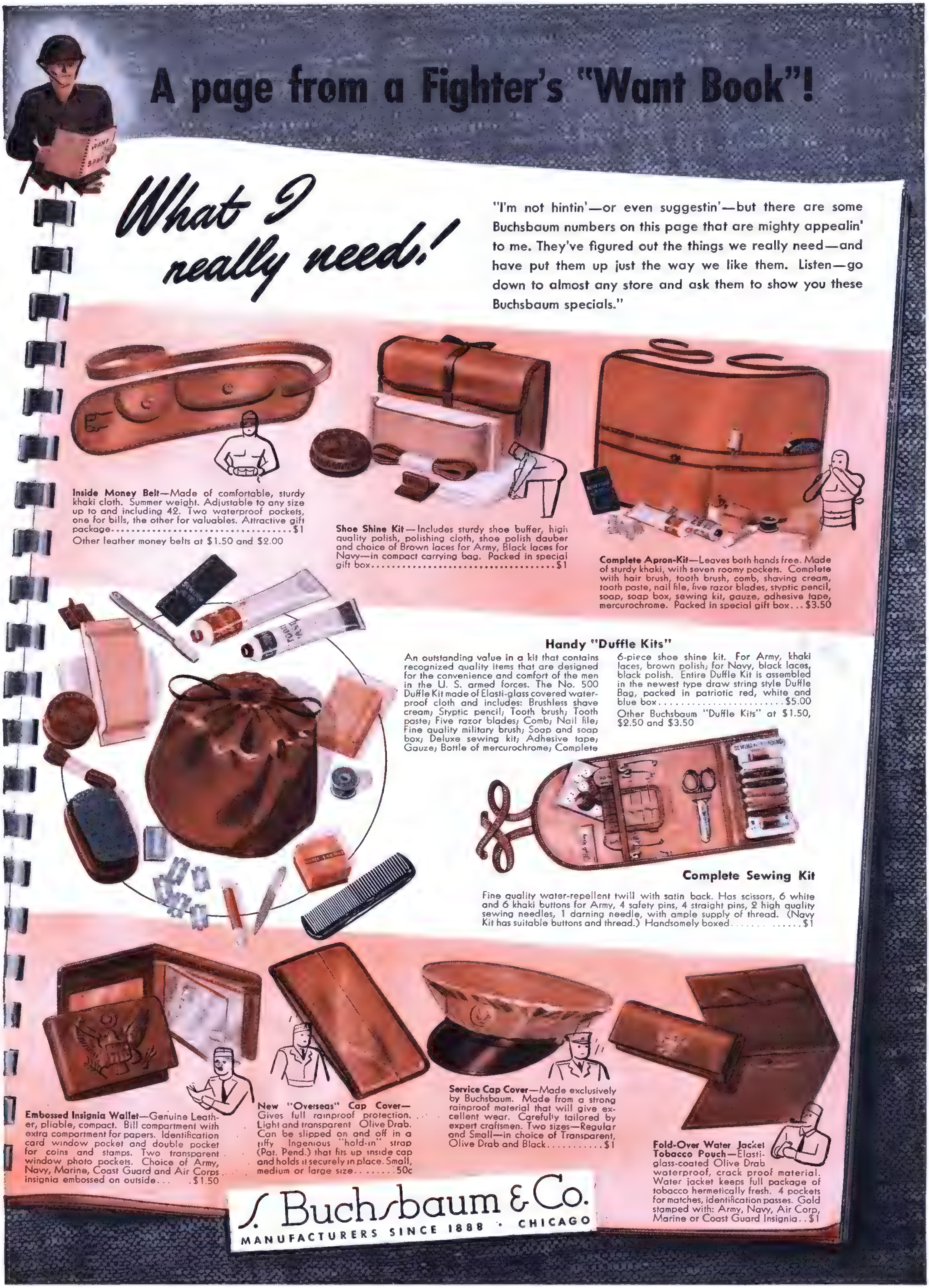
3. Consider the source. Note whether the information comes from an enemy source or a friendly one, whether it is an official announcement or somebody's guess. Notice what the official announcement does *not* say. Those silences often are revealing. Discount dispatches emanating from countries imposing censorship or bearing the dateline of one country and telling of events in another.

4. Watch out for editorializing. Some papers not only tell you the news—but try to tell you what to think about it. Learn how to detect sly attempts to "color" the news.

5. Weigh the war news. A minor engagement may be so spectacular that the headlines suggest it is decisive. Remember that the tide of battle flows back and forth; avoid attaching too much importance to day to day battles.

6. Don't stop with reading page one. The thinking reader often will find more nourishment inside the paper than on page one, which is the show-window. Frequently the most significant news lacks the spectacular drama to rate page one and you will have to look inside to find it. But you usually will be well rewarded by finding many hints suggestive of what is to come. It might almost be said that you read page one to find out what has happened and the inside of the paper to gather some idea of what may happen.

7. Finally, Emerson once said that there is creative reading as well as creative writing. If you bring to the printed page an alert mind, the words will come alive with countless tipoffs of what lies behind the day's news, what has brought events about, and the directions in which these events are moving. And don't skip the editorials—and the columns. There you will find stimulating explanation and comment that you may or may not agree with but which will inevitably give the thinking reader vitamins and zest and help him to be a participant in the decisive times in which we are living. The most humble newspaper reader is a moulder of public opinion. He influences his family, his friends, his working associates to large or small degree, depending upon his knowledge and understanding of what is going on in the world.



A page from a Fighter's "Want Book"!

What I really need!

"I'm not hintin'—or even suggestin'—but there are some Buchsbaum numbers on this page that are mighty appealin' to me. They've figured out the things we really need—and have put them up just the way we like them. Listen—go down to almost any store and ask them to show you these Buchsbaum specials."

Inside Money Belt—Made of comfortable, sturdy khaki cloth. Summer weight. Adjustable to any size up to and including 42. Two waterproof pockets, one for bills, the other for valuables. Attractive gift package.................................$1

Other leather money belts at $1.50 and $2.00

Shoe Shine Kit—Includes sturdy shoe buffer, high quality polish, polishing cloth, shoe polish dauber and choice of Brown laces for Army, Black laces for Navy—in compact carrying bag. Packed in special gift box.................................$1

Complete Apron-Kit—Leaves both hands free. Made of sturdy khaki, with seven roomy pockets. Complete with hair brush, tooth brush, comb, shaving cream, tooth paste, nail file, five razor blades, styptic pencil, soap, soap box, sewing kit, gauze, adhesive tape, mercurochrome. Packed in special gift box...$3.50

Handy "Duffle Kits"

An outstanding value in a kit that contains recognized quality items that are designed for the convenience and comfort of the men in the U. S. armed forces. The No. 500 Duffle Kit made of Elasti-glass covered waterproof cloth and includes: Brushless shave cream; Styptic pencil; Tooth brush; Tooth paste; Five razor blades; Comb; Nail file; Fine quality military brush; Soap and soap box; Deluxe sewing kit; Adhesive tape; Gauze; Bottle of mercurochrome; Complete 6-piece shoe shine kit. For Army, khaki laces, brown polish; for Navy, black laces, black polish. Entire Duffle Kit is assembled in the newest type draw string style Duffle Bag, packed in patriotic red, white and blue box........................$5.00

Other Buchsbaum "Duffle Kits" at $1.50, $2.50 and $3.50

Complete Sewing Kit

Fine quality water-repellent twill with satin back. Has scissors, 6 white and 6 khaki buttons for Army, 4 safety pins, 4 straight pins, 2 high quality sewing needles, 1 darning needle, with ample supply of thread. (Navy Kit has suitable buttons and thread.) Handsomely boxed.............$1

Embossed Insignia Wallet—Genuine Leather, pliable, compact. Bill compartment with extra compartment for papers. Identification card window pocket and double pocket for coins and stamps. Two transparent window photo pockets. Choice of Army, Navy, Marine, Coast Guard and Air Corps insignia embossed on outside... .$1.50

New "Overseas" Cap Cover—Gives full rainproof protection. Light and transparent Olive Drab. Can be slipped on and off in a jiffy Ingenious "hold-in" strap (Pat. Pend.) that fits up inside cap and holds it securely in place. Small, medium or large size.......50c

Service Cap Cover—Made exclusively by Buchsbaum. Made from a strong rainproof material that will give excellent wear. Carefully tailored by expert craftsmen. Two sizes—Regular and Small—in choice of Transparent, Olive Drab and Black...........$1

Fold-Over Water Jacket Tobacco Pouch—Elasti-glass-coated Olive Drab waterproof, crack proof material. Water jacket keeps full package of tobacco hermetically fresh. 4 pockets for matches, identification passes. Gold stamped with: Army, Navy, Air Corp, Marine or Coast Guard Insignia..$1

S. Buchsbaum & Co.
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"time-out"
companions

Today living has a new high in speed and loafing a new high in value. For those precious "time-out" hours—be comfortable—look well dressed—in Wings Sport Companions. Complete range of colors. A practical gift for Dad—sure to get the paternal O. K. on Father's Day . . June 20th.

Wings Sport Shirts . . . $1.65 up
Wings Ensembles . . . . $3.95 up

Wings
SHIRTS AND SPORTSWEAR

Piedmont Shirt Company • Greenville, S. C.

The Sporting Scene

Wartime rationing, by less stuffing and more walking, converts softies into men

by **HERB GRAFFIS**
SPORTS

This business of walking instead of travelling by wheels and of eating a rational amount of rationed food may turn out to be quite a good luck package.

We should have been warned by last winter's experience with oil and fuel rationing that some of these painful privations of wartime are not so.

We were all set to gratify our national yen to indulge in a loud and prolonged bellyache about having to sit in homes heated to no more than seventy degrees F. We were sure that thousands would die of cold, frozen to their radiators. But the jarring truth is that the country hasn't had a winter so free from pulmonary maladies and dripping schnozzles.

It is difficult, in midsummer, to remember that last winter in the northern and central sections of the country was officially declared by weather bureaus to be a bitcheroo, and that it established numerous records for frigidity.

Guys plodded through snow drifts belly-deep and, barring the shocking novelty of having to exert effort, felt no ill effects other than that of robust health.

Now here we are well into a summer of heroic sacrifice, being reduced in rations to about one-third more than the national average prior to the first World War. And where are the people who were expected to be gaunt from hunger?

The disconcerting truth is that they are feeling better than they ever did.

This situation is one that somewhat confuses the American. He is bewildered but happy at the miracle wrought in improving his physical condition by merely letting nature and the edicts of the government take their courses.

Any time you find something that will put the American in better physical shape by his not doing a thing, you really have the foundation of a popular national physical training program.

Presence of millions of soldiers and sailors whose carriages have been made erect in due process of military training has brought an improvement to the posture of the ordinary American male. Because of subconscious imitation of uniformed men, the civilian male is beginning to get closer to the posture pattern of genus homo.

So, again, the good citizen finds himself feeling better and having more zip in his system. As far as he knows he hasn't deliberately done a damn thing to better himself physically, yet he is beginning to feel like a man as a result of standing and sitting like a man.

It probably is too early to expect any improvement in American female health and spirits caused by the influence of military carriage. Mainly the WAACs give much evidence of betterment in this respect.

Among other benefits the citizen is experiencing as a result of the war's hardships so far is the development of greater strength and endurance. It is a basic fact in physical education that strength is developed by strain. But the ordinary citizen doesn't know that. He is afraid he is killing himself by the strain he is under these days.

It is almost embarrassing for the fellow to find himself in better than normal condition. In an occasional moment of brilliantly honest self-analysis, he may decide that he is wearing himself down more by bellyaching about what hardships the war has inflicted on him than by the hardships, if any, themselves.

Even his complaints about the wartime standard of his playing equipment are found to be without substantial basis.

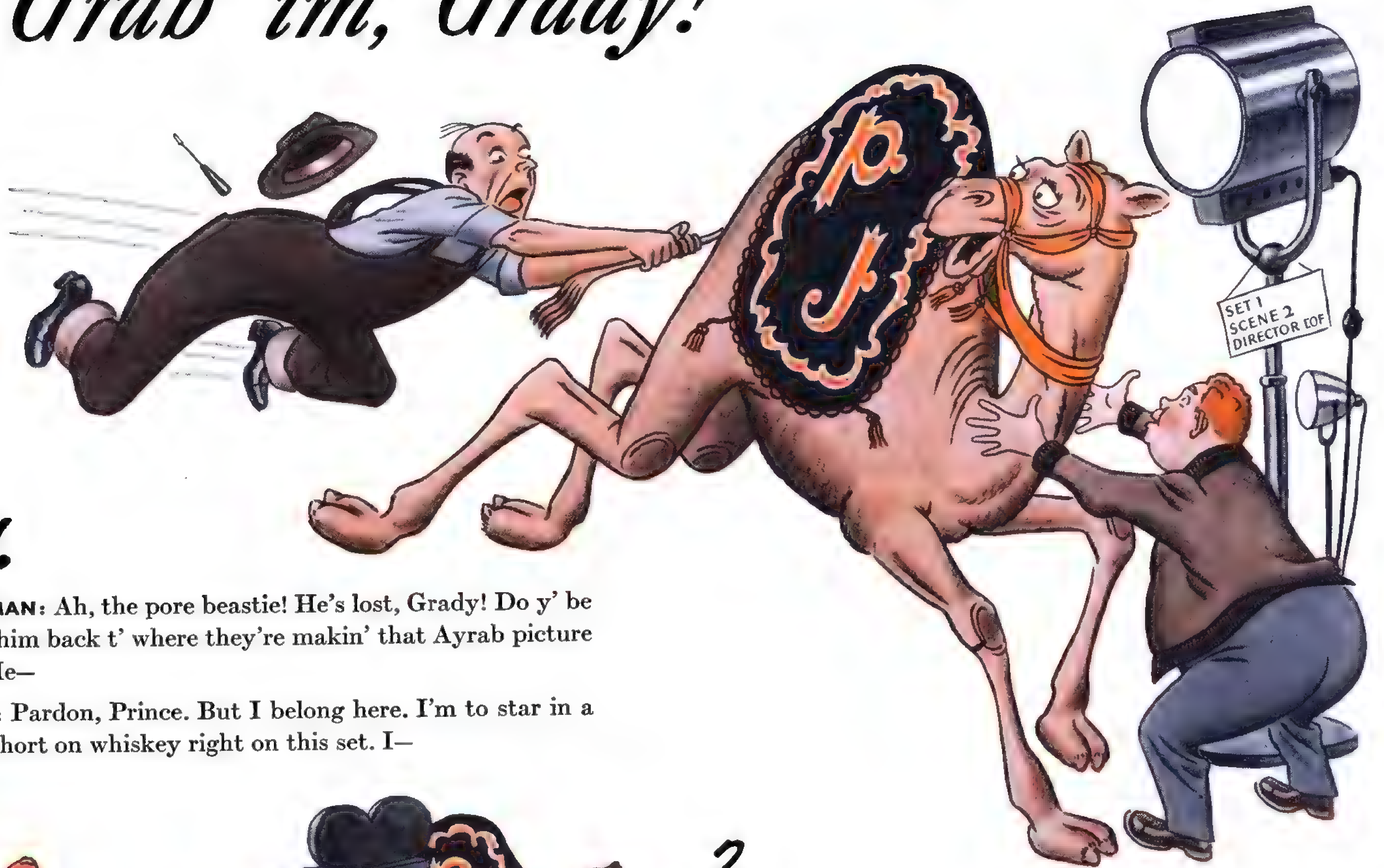
He gets his golf balls remade, then learns that he can hit the balls as far as he ever did. He also learns that he is playing smarter than he ever did before. The necessity of keeping his ball from being lost in the deep tangled wildwood has impressed upon him the wisdom of shooting for where he wants the ball to go instead of hauling away and whacking with an absence of intellect.

The wartime golfer also has learned that he can caddie for himself and by carrying five or six clubs in a canvas bag can do right well. It may strike him that he used to mess up a lot of shots by choosing from a bewilderingly extensive array of equipment. When his choice of clubs is limited, he takes the club that gives him the best chance for the shot.

Greens are not cut so close as they were in pre-war days. About

Continued on page 110

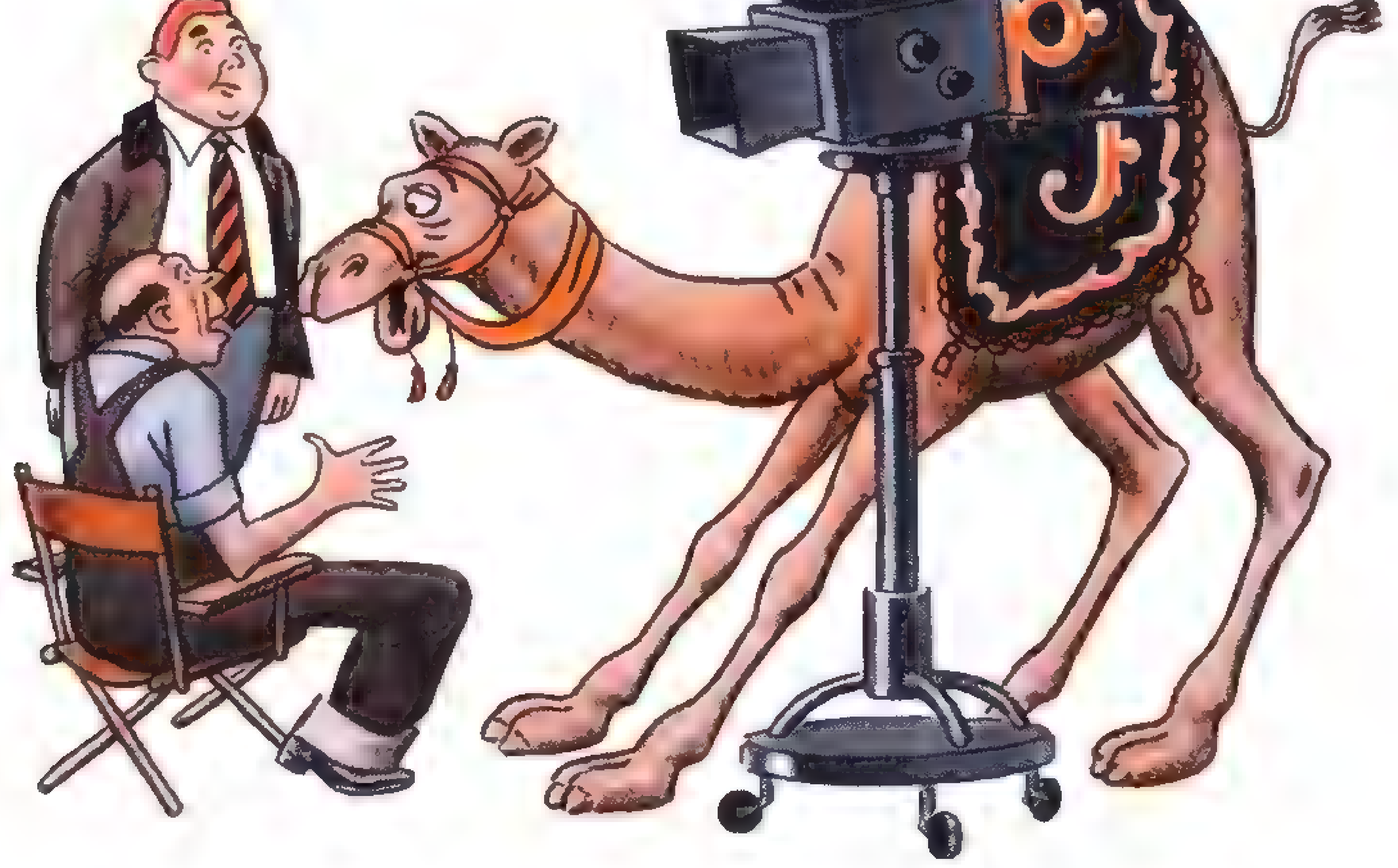
"Grab 'im, Grady!"



1.

PROP MAN: Ah, the pore beastie! He's lost, Grady! Do y' be takin' him back t' where they're makin' that Ayrab picture now. He—

CAMEL: Pardon, Prince. But I belong here. I'm to star in a short short on whiskey right on this set. I—



2.

PROP MAN: Grady! Did ye hear him? 'Tis thim Kleig lights again. A turrible thing, shinin' down on the head that way, me bhoy.

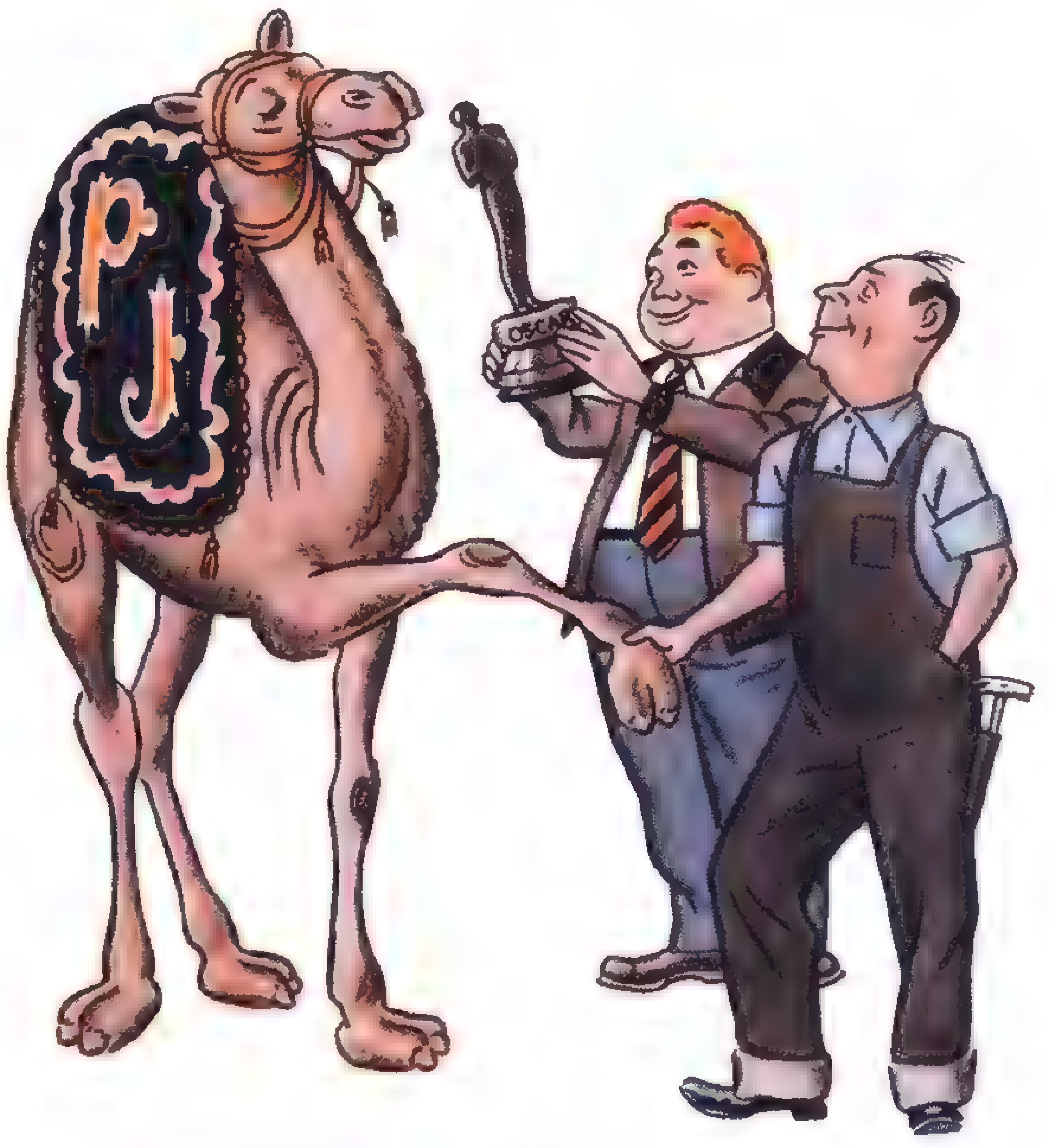
CAMEL: Masters, *please!* I'm the Paul Jones Camel! A living symbol of the *dryness* in *dry* Paul Jones whiskey! And I'm here to explain how this dryness, or lack of sweetness, in Paul Jones lets you enjoy *all* its flavor! Brings out *all* its richness and mellowness!

3.

PROP MAN: Grady! Grady, lad! Could such a thing be? A *dry* whiskey? Shure, t'*would* be a fine thing.

CAMEL: And, Master it is! For Paul Jones is not only a *dry* whiskey—it is moderately priced!

PROP MAN: *Dry, and* moderately priced? Grady, lad, it's a bit of a walk we're needing, I'm thinkin'. And isn't the walk down Main Street toward the liquor store the most wonderful walk in the world? Come, Grady!



The very best buy is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

IF YOU ASK FATHER...
HE'LL SHAKE HIS HEAD

Ask him what he wants from you this Father's Day and, chances are, he'll say, "nothing." He generally does. And this year he's thinking even less about his own needs than ever before. *Yes, Dad has a lot on his mind these days.*

FATHER'S DAY JUNE 20th

But *you'll* want to remind him that Father's Day has come again, and that you haven't forgotten him; that *this year, more than ever before, he's your Blue Ribbon Dad.*

Perhaps the best thing you can do for him is to buy another War Bond. Anything over and above that, given as a personal token of devotion, may well be something he can actually make practical use of—something he can wear.

At men's wear counters you'll find an attractive selection of wearable gifts. Among the nationally advertised brands—always the safest buy—you'll find, in most good stores, accessories of

PIONEER BLUE RIBBON QUALITY

Pioneer makes Braces, Belts, Wallets, Garters for Men and Boys... Military Accessories for Men in the Service

PIONEER

PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY • PHILADELPHIA

FOR MEN WHO CARE WHAT THEY WEAR

The Sporting Scene

Continued from page 108

nine out of ten golfers can putt better on slow greens.

In tennis, the change to wartime equipment has been all for the good of the average player. Even if some of the reconditioned balls are not so lively as the prewar quality, a slower ball makes it possible for the less adept and older player to show his game in its best possible light.

But the average American insists on having equipment of championship standard. He kids himself that he can get the same sort of performance out of the equipment that the expert gets, and there is no use trying to tell the punk otherwise. The golf ball manufacturers tried it in vain. Golf balls for the stars were wound to such high compression that not once out of a hundred times could the average player hit such a ball hard enough to get maximum performance from it. Other balls, made softer to give the player a good chance, were provided. Do you think the duffer bought the ball especially made for him? Less than half the time, is the answer.

One of the most interesting showings of the war influence on sports is in swimming. Undoubtedly many swimmers, especially those older than thirty, have had their swimming capacity diminished by futile efforts to acquire the nifty art of the crawl stroke.

But now the fellow who learned breast stroke or dog-fashion in the old swimming hole finds himself encouraged by the Navy's reminder that the important thing about swimming is to keep afloat for a considerable time.

The Navy's instruction also has made it possible for the fellow who has no fancy diving ability to be without shame. The fancy dive is not the way to leave a ship. You jump into the water.

Elements of the home-grown natation technique, which may not look so artistic to the sweetly curved maidens on the beach in yesteryear, now may seem to these appraising females the sure sign of an old salt whose uniformed bust probably is covered with campaign ribbons.

Possibly one of the fondest hopes the sedentary athlete may entertain in these times is associated with the magic of the American version of judo.

Amazing things have been done in training slightly-built and normally awkward American boys to disarm, maim and kill by scientific tricks.

So much already has happened during war to better the physical condition of the American, that the citizen is beginning to entertain hazy thoughts of acquiring through judo a mastery of brute strength and animal cunning. He has taken the first conscious step. He has bought a book that he intends to study some evening.

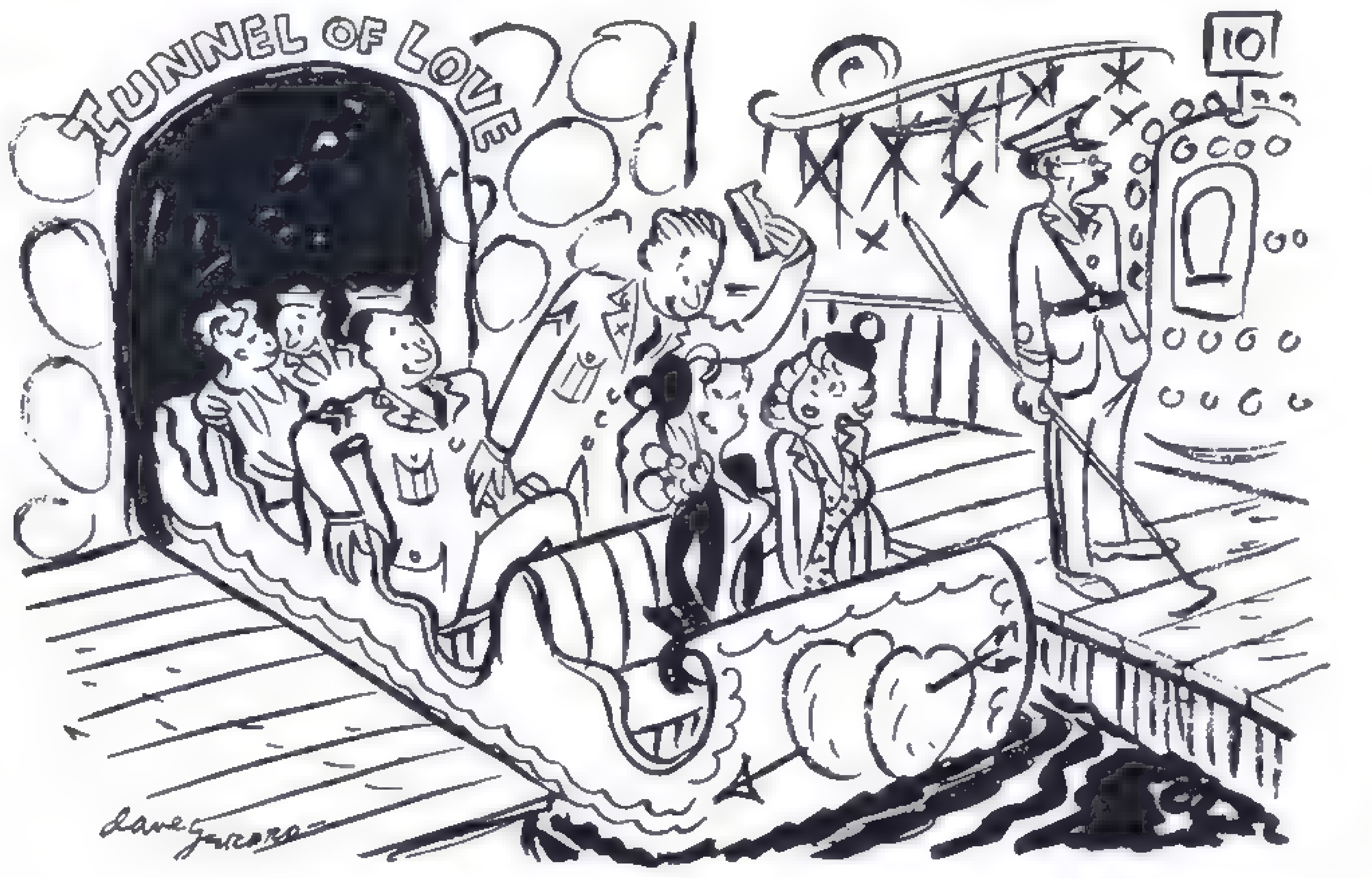
But what has provided most instruction is the lad's coming home on furloughs and showing Pop what they learned in camp. One kindergarten treatment and the old man thinks he has picked up the general idea, and, if it were not for his peaceful disposition, he would be a menace to society.

It has struck some of us that we may have carried our coffee and sugar appetites to hoggish excess. Now that we can't pour into ourselves six to ten cups per diem and shovel sugar into our diet, we may be better off.

By easy stages we are being reminded that it hasn't been fatal for us to have to use our arms and legs and muscles . . . and even our brains . . . because of the war. Now and then we may go so far as to take some pride in self-denial, although it isn't self-denial after all, but the enforced result of stern demands of wartime.

Now, chiefly by factors against which we have howled at the top of our voices, we are getting into better national physical condition than we've been before.

That's something the Axis hadn't counted on. But we hadn't counted on it ourselves. It's one of the few good points about the United States having to go the limit in war. #



"Pardon me, girls, but before we shove off my friend here has a suggestion to make"

"Ask the family P.A.* about Men's Wear!"

***Purchasing Agent, Bud.**

"Maybe I'll never wear a man's shirt : : but I know what makes it *good!* All my Jim does is *wear* his clothes : : I buy them; launder them, keep 'em repaired! Sister, if you want your man's things to last and last and *still* keep looking handsome : : take these war-timely tips from a gal who knows! . . . P. S. They're hot tips for your Father's Day shopping, too!" ***(Father's Day, June 20)***

To get him up bright and early, have Wilson Brothers Super Shorts waiting for him to climb into. They're cut without stint for comfort and free movement. No stress *anywhere* means *lots* of wear. He-male patterns! (75c to $1.50) And he'll get *extra* mileage from stoutly reinforced Wilson Brothers Socks! (39c to $1.50)

Many essential men spend a big piece of their lives in Wilson Brothers *roomy*-cut V-Shaped Shirts! Built full in chest and shoulders, they taper to a trim, neat waistline. *This* DuCol Shirt by Wilson does double duty . . . is worn buttoned with a tie . . . or unbuttoned without. Will wear and wash like a million! ($2.25 to $4)

He'll get more fun from precious free time togged out in this trig Leisure Shirt, one of Wilson Brothers many bright ideas in Skipper Leisurewear for Father's Day! Others include Montego Bay prints and exclusive Plaids in Leisure Shirts ($1.65 to $7.50). T-Shirts for work or relaxing in many weaves, colors (75c to $3.50).

Does he like to lounge in pajamas? Then get him Faultless Pajamas by Wilson Brothers! First, neither cloth nor conscience is pinched when they're cut and sewn . . . he gets a *roomy* garment that's designed for pleasant dreams! They're darn *handsome*. And *you'll* get a kick from the wonderful way they wash and wear! ($2.50 and up)

SUPER SHORTS
V-SHAPED SHIRTS
SKIPPER LEISUREWEAR
FAULTLESS PAJAMAS

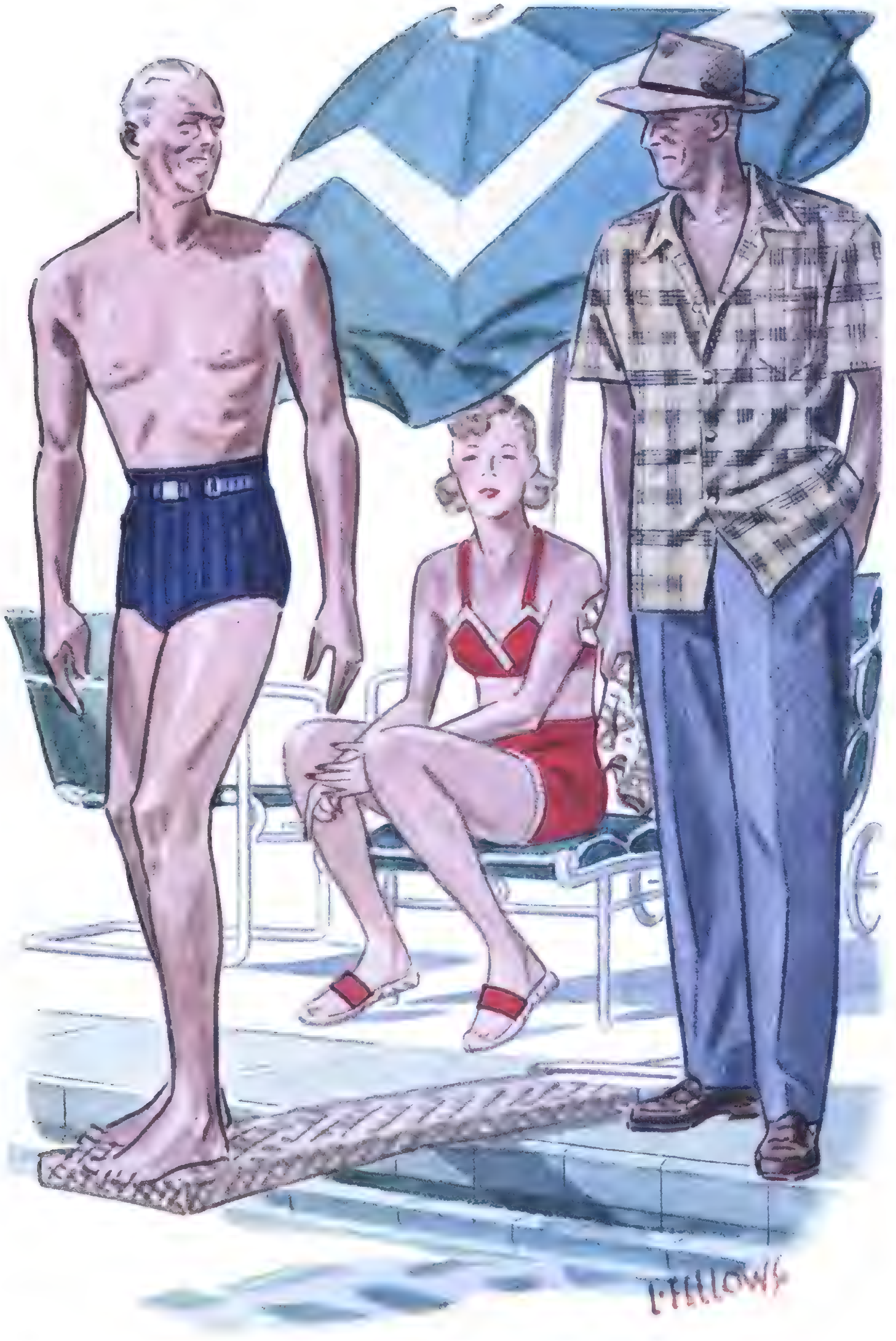
Wilson Brothers

CHICAGO • NEW YORK • SAN FRANCISCO

QUALITY MEN'S WEAR FOR 79 YEARS

Also makers of Wilcrest Ties, Buffer Socks and Handkerchiefs

Buy More War Bonds and Stamps!



nothing nude under the sun

Take it off, take it off, take it off. . . . No, no—not you on the diving board. You've gone far enough. And as for you in the background . . . well, after all. It's the gink on the brink of the drink to whom we refer. He's all bundled up, poor fellow. But he's a pretty smart package at that. Plaids are on the beam this season, the idea being that when you do get a chance to take your nose off the grindstone your eyes deserve a lift. This rayon sport shirt makes the most of the trend. The slacks are rayon gabardine, the coarse weave hat is spiffed up by a narrow maroon band, and the brown slippers are in the Norwegian model. . . . The swim trunks are brief and pertinent; the coarse rib effect is good and the royal blue shade, brighter than the conventional navy, is a welcome variation. Still, there's nothing like a touch of red, edged in white, to brighten things up for fair.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

B1. Regence

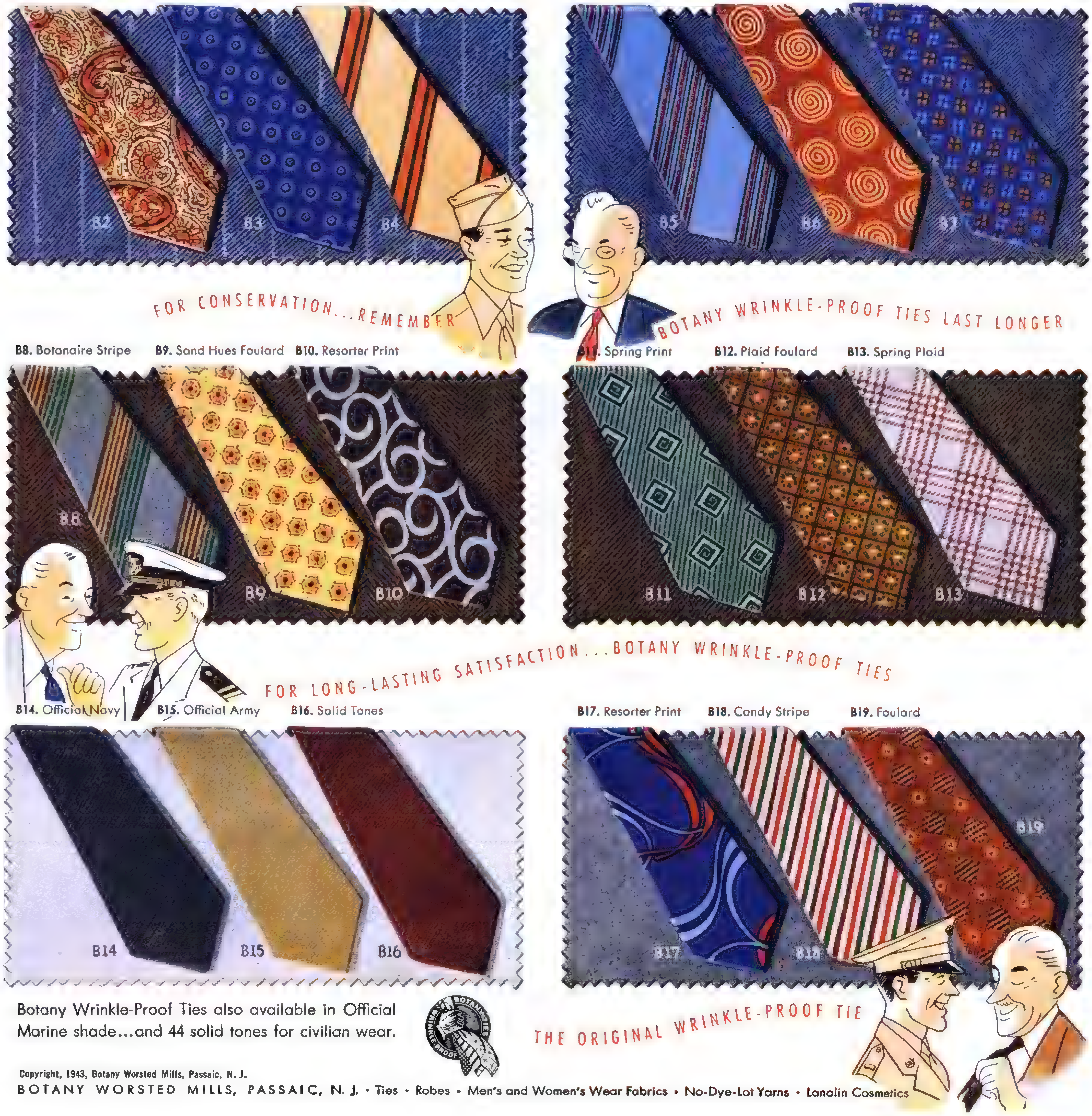
Botany WRINKLE-PROOF Ties

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

... will go with whatever Dad wears

The marvelous fabric springs back to fresh newness overnight. You are serving the needs of conservation when you wear Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties, because they last longer. These ties are still the same original quality that won for them acclaim as the original wrinkle-proof tie. Available at good dealers everywhere, in Planned Patterns to go with whatever you wear...$1 each. Botany Regence Ties, $1.50.

don't forget Father's Day is June 20!


B2
B3
B4
B5
B6
B7
FOR CONSERVATION...REMEMBER BOTANY WRINKLE-PROOF TIES LAST LONGER
B8
B9
B10
B11
B12
B13
FOR LONG-LASTING SATISFACTION...BOTANY WRINKLE-PROOF TIES
B14
B15
B16
B17
B18
B19
THE ORIGINAL WRINKLE-PROOF TIE

B2. Summer Paisley B3. Foulard B4. Botanaire Stripe B5. Blend Stripe B6. Resorter Print B7. Polka Foulard

B8. Botanaire Stripe B9. Sand Hues Foulard B10. Resorter Print B11. Spring Print B12. Plaid Foulard B13. Spring Plaid

B14. Official Navy B15. Official Army B16. Solid Tones B17. Resorter Print B18. Candy Stripe B19. Foulard

Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties also available in Official Marine shade...and 44 solid tones for civilian wear.

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BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market
DISTILLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
100 PROOF
BROWN·FORMAN·KENTUCKY
There is nothing better in the market

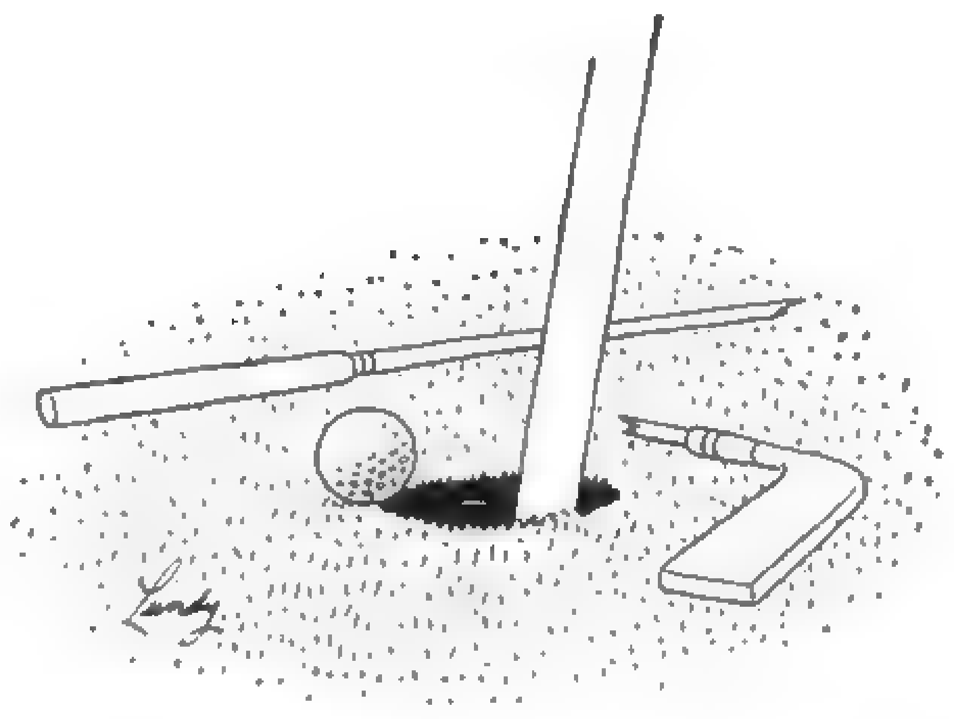
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

A B C's for Golfers

Balance throughout the swing, the club's power of movement and control spell good form

by DAVID EMORY

SPORTS



Some time ago in these pages appeared a basic argument that revived interest in the possibility of standardized instruction in the basic element of the golf swing—a standardization previously abandoned by the game's pros as an unattainable objective.

It was the piece in which Tommy Armour, a golf professional, questioned the teaching miracles of Alex Morrison, golf professional.

The argument has been constructively handled by the Professional Golfers Association.

The professionals admitted that both Armour and Morrison were high priests of golf tutoring.

The professional organization's initial effort to simplify golf instruction had brought forth 247 "essentials" of the golf swing in reply to a widely circulated questionnaire. This discouraging beginning was the end, for the time being, of the pros' instruction simplification effort.

The situation was tangled by many pros' being able to point to pupils who proved—apparently—that the instruction their pros gave them was the right answer although it might differ from the tutoring given by other professionals. Consequently each pro who had developed a champion wanted his own teaching method adopted as standard.

Furthermore, there was a lurking hunch that any official endorsement of teaching principles by the pro golfers' organization might glorify one of the brethren unduly. In the back of the pro golfer's mind has been the ambition of becoming to the game what Arthur Murray has become to dancing—a guy who teaches teachers and has schools all over the country and makes a million dollars. Morrison had the right focus on this idea but got lost in the rough.

The argument about golf instruction was about at the point where it was doing nobody except the liquor distillers any good when the mischievous Armour took picks on Morrison.

After the first flurry of the incited wrangling had passed, professionals settled back to judge their own instruction more critically than ever before.

In 1941 the Professional Golfers Association again took a stab at the general problem of teaching by appointing a competent and well-liked member of their order, Joe Novak, chairman of a teaching program committee.

On the committee headed by Novak there are thirty-two pros representing all sections of the nation. The committee's first decision was to make a basic study of the pros' own star performers. This study was made at the P.G.A. championship at the Cherry Hills Club, Denver, last year.

The average competitor in this field of ninety-seven players was found to be twenty-nine years old, five feet ten inches tall, and weighed 170 pounds. The average driver was forty-three inches long and weighed 13¾ ounces. That's a heavier club than pros recommend for most amateur players. The ordinary player is inclined to want clubs that are too heavy. The excess weight slows the swing and makes it difficult to keep the club in position.

Of these top-ranking tournament pros, ninety used the overlapping grip and seven had interlocking grips. Seventy took the square stance, fourteen used the closed stance and thirteen used the open stance.

And now comes the part of that significant investigation which gives hope to the golfer who would like to get his score decently into the low eighties.

Only three points were checked as essential in good golf form—form being the foundation of consistent performance.

Only three instead of the 247 points the first P.G.A. questionnaire had brought forth as essentials!

All three are as simple, fundamentally, as A, B, C.

The three points:

1 . . . Balance throughout the swing. This was determined by close observation of footwork.

2 . . . Freedom, fullness and power of the movement of the club. Close observation of the pivot or body motion established rating in this department.

3 . . . Position of the club and control of that position throughout the swing. Hand action (not action of the wrist hinge) was watched closely in making this rating.

Ratings were made each day for four days. Players who consistently rated tops on the three

Continued on page 116

For our Fighting Fathers

ON THE HOME FRONT ★ ON THE WAR FRONT

OLD SPICE POTTERY SHAVE MUG filled with eight to twelve months' average supply of Old Spice Shave Soap $1.00

OLD SPICE SHAVE SET—Large tube of Brushless Shaving Cream, travel-light paperboard tube of Talcum ____ $1.00

OLD SPICE SHAVE SET—Shave Soap, After-Shave Lotion and Talcum, in pottery containers______________ $2.75

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Early American Old Spice*

Men's Toiletries for Father's Day Gifts

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ABC's for Golfers

Continued from page 115

counts were put in Class AAA. Those who had irregularities in footwork and pivot which marred smoothness of the swing were placed in Class AA.

In Class A were placed players whose balance was uncertain; consequently, who were compelled to compensate with a distortion of pivot and hand action. These players had power but were wild.

In Class B were marked players whose footwork was plainly deficient, and whose restricted pivot called for strained effort.

Observations of the performances were made when players were not aware of being studied, hence were under normal competitive conditions. Comparatively slight differences controlled classification in Classes AAA, AA and A, but a sharp contrast was noted between players of these classes and those rated Class B. Observations were made on both wood and iron club use.

It was found that the field classified as follows:

Class AAA . . . 55 players.
Class AA . . . 5 players.
Class A . . . 27 players.
Class B . . . 10 players.

Sixty-four players were qualified for match play. Of these, forty were in Class AAA, four in Class AA, sixteen in Class A, and four in Class B.

Two of the Class B players lasted through the second of the six rounds of the championship. After the third round there were five Class AAA, one Class AA, and two Class A players. All four players who survived the fourth round were Class AAA players per the first day's classification.

This plan of observation and rating was applied to the National Amateur field at Omaha Field Club last year by a P.G.A. member, Ed Newkirk, with results corroborating the Denver test.

KEEP OFF THE GRASS
KEEP OFF THE GRASS
KEEP OFF THE

In studying the findings of their training program committee the pros called in Prof. John Anderson of the University of Minnesota, a noted authority on motor skills. Prof. Anderson took one load off the pros' minds by explaining to them that despite pros' determination to simplify golf, the game still demanded more complex skill than many factory operations.

In this connection he cited the method of fifty years ago wherein pupils were taught to read by first being taught the letters of the alphabet, then words, then sentences. Speed of reading instruction results was stepped up from fifty to seventy-five per cent by starting with words and simple sentences instead of the ABC's.

That dope checked with the pros' own experience. They recalled that as caddies they'd acquired the general pattern of the swing first, then had gone into the details. Detailed instruction of the typical golfer will kill his interest, the Minnesota authority on motor skills said. He also assured pros that the ability to imitate never quite disappears.

The usual procedure of teaching and practice Prof. Anderson questioned. For the beginner lessons should be spread out over a period of several weeks to give the pupil chances to experiment with results of the instruction and organize his skill. Verbal methods of instruction, Anderson declared, were very ineffective in teaching motor skills.

A tip that the ordinary golfer can take from this expert instructor in motor skills concerns practice. Prof. Anderson advocated practice tee sessions in which the student shifts from one club to another as in actual play.

Anderson told the pros that golf instruction still is in a primitive stage. Every profession, he remarked, goes through the period when the teachers are great individualists during which time there are the great individual schools. After that comes the time when the best techniques are sorted out and made common knowledge to the profession.

Of course the typical golfer may not care a bit about the troubles the pros are having to make Mr. and Mrs. Punk sharpshooters on the courses and all the little Punks potential champions. But the pros' endeavor to make the American a muscular literate does intimately affect the Punks whether or not they realize it. The prospect of hoofing or pedaling over the highways until we again roll on rubber is a dismaying one to those whose legs have been mainly used as stuffing for hosiery during the past two decades.

From this promising start the

How MUCH* are YOU smoking?

*Government figures show smoking at all-time peak.

WHETHER *you* are smoking *more*—or smoking *less*—note this:

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case of irritation of nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely or definitely improved!

That was reported in medical journals by distinguished doctors—their findings in work with actual men and women smokers.

NOTE we do not claim curative power for PHILIP MORRIS. But this evidence *clearly proves* them *less irritating* to the nose and throat.

And do they taste GOOD!

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You're SAFER Smoking
PHILIP MORRIS
Proved less irritating for Nose and Throat!
ESTABLISHED OVER 90 YEARS
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FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS STAMPS

pros think they have found a way to escape from the criticism of having as many different ways of instruction as there are pros.

Golf, like the other sports of the nation, is faced with a showdown. It'll either justify itself as a physical or mental conditioner or be put to one side until the latitude allowed by peace and security again permits its extensive play as entertainment.

In 1941, according to expert estimates, the 2,300,000 golfers of the nation covered about a quarter billion miles walking around golf courses.

The physical conditioning was valuable inasmuch as this walking was in stretches that developed the endurance of citizens who otherwise seldom would think of trying to walk a mile in one stretch.

The pros learned in the early years of the depression that the per cent of players who gave up the game was much higher among the poor scoring players than among those who scored well.

High handicap players were inclined to ask what was the use of a 110-shooter belonging to a club. Because a good player plays more, the pros are accelerating their tutoring effort.

And endurance is a prime requisite in these times.

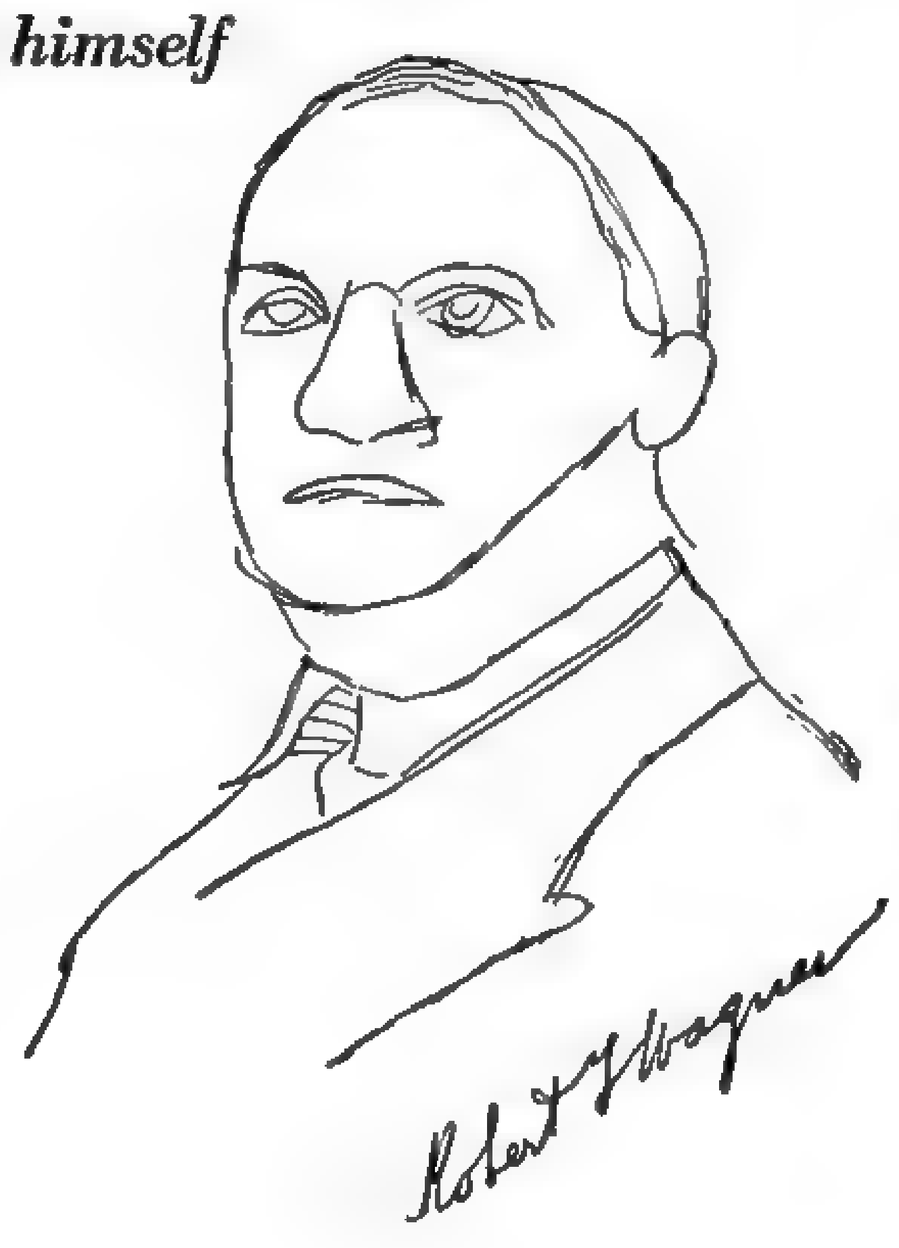
By striving to find teaching methods that will convince the now physically sub-standard American that he—or she—can show signs of improvement on the scorecard the pros hope to inspire and pep up discouraged, lackadaisical duffers.

The heat generated by the blast of Armour as "a great individualist" in golf, against Morrison as head of a "great individual school," and the spread of the controversy to other individualistic instructors, fell into the Anderson formula of progress in instruction.

Probably the duffer and the intermediate player will benefit. They can't lose, anyway. This year because of the necessity of making the golf ball last longer they'll want to hit it fewer times per round.

Now it's up to the pros to demonstrate whether they've progressed from the debate to the demonstration stage in their plan for resultful golf instruction. ###

Senator Wagner, as sketched by himself



Robert F. Wagner

A Portrait of Senator Wagner

by Sen. Robert F. Wagner

Favorite Composer: The other Wagner.

Strangest Interlude: My brief but hectic tenure of office as bell boy at the New York Athletic Club.

Post-War Job No. 1: Get rid of the slum areas all over the world. They are the canker of civilization; I ought to know—I was brought up in one and hated every square inch of it.

Insurance against Reaction: Our soldiers, who will insist upon a better world no matter how the National Association of This or That feels about it.

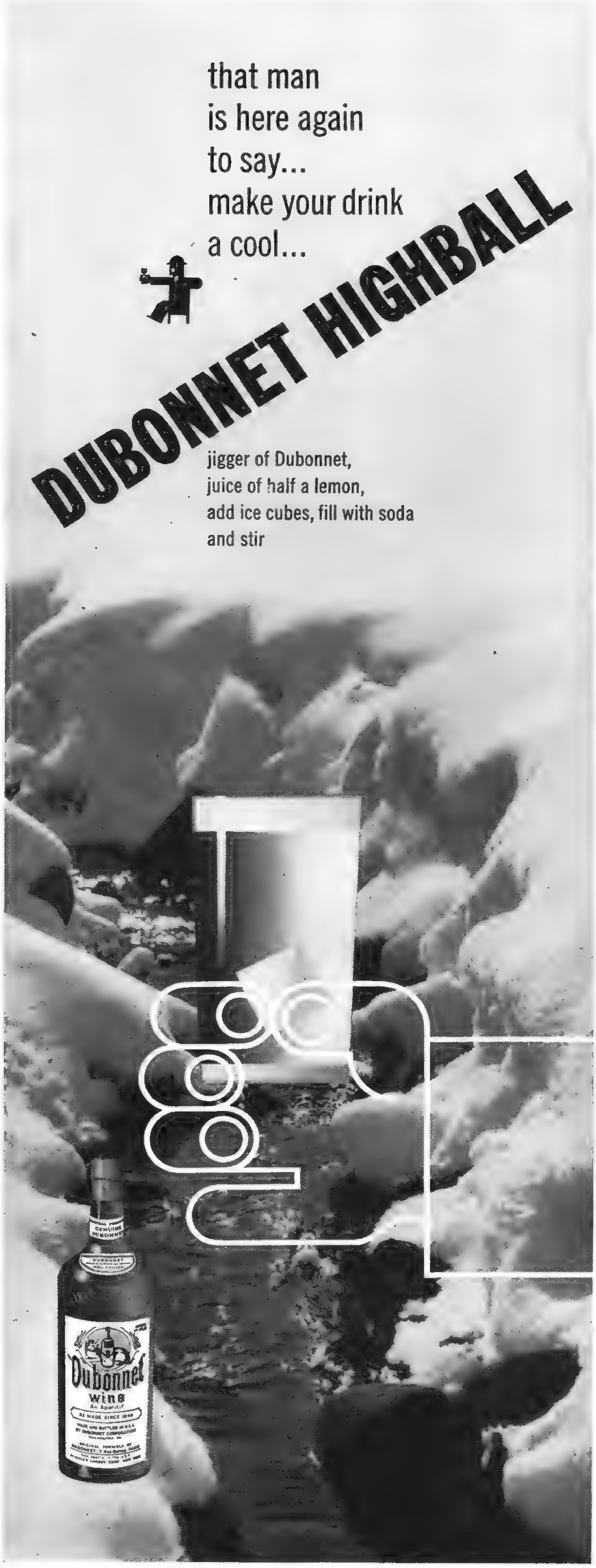
Point of Pride: In the old days: the Herculean job of social reform we—Samuel Gompers, Al Smith, Frances Perkins and the rest of us—accomplished between 1911 and 1915, bringing New York State from last place in the Union in social legislation to first.

In the New Deal: the backbreaking job of piloting through the Senate in 1933-1937 the New Deal's major social legislation—the U. S. Employment Service, N.R.A., the Social Security Act, the Labor Relations Act, the Railway Pension Law, and the Slum Clearance Act.

Note on FDR: His post-War record will be even finer than his magnificent accomplishments to date.

Sheer Nonsense: The notion that it does a boy good to work for a living when certainly every child—even the other fellow's—is entitled to his childhood.

Design for Retirement: A comfortable farm in New York State, within helicopter commuting distance of New York City.



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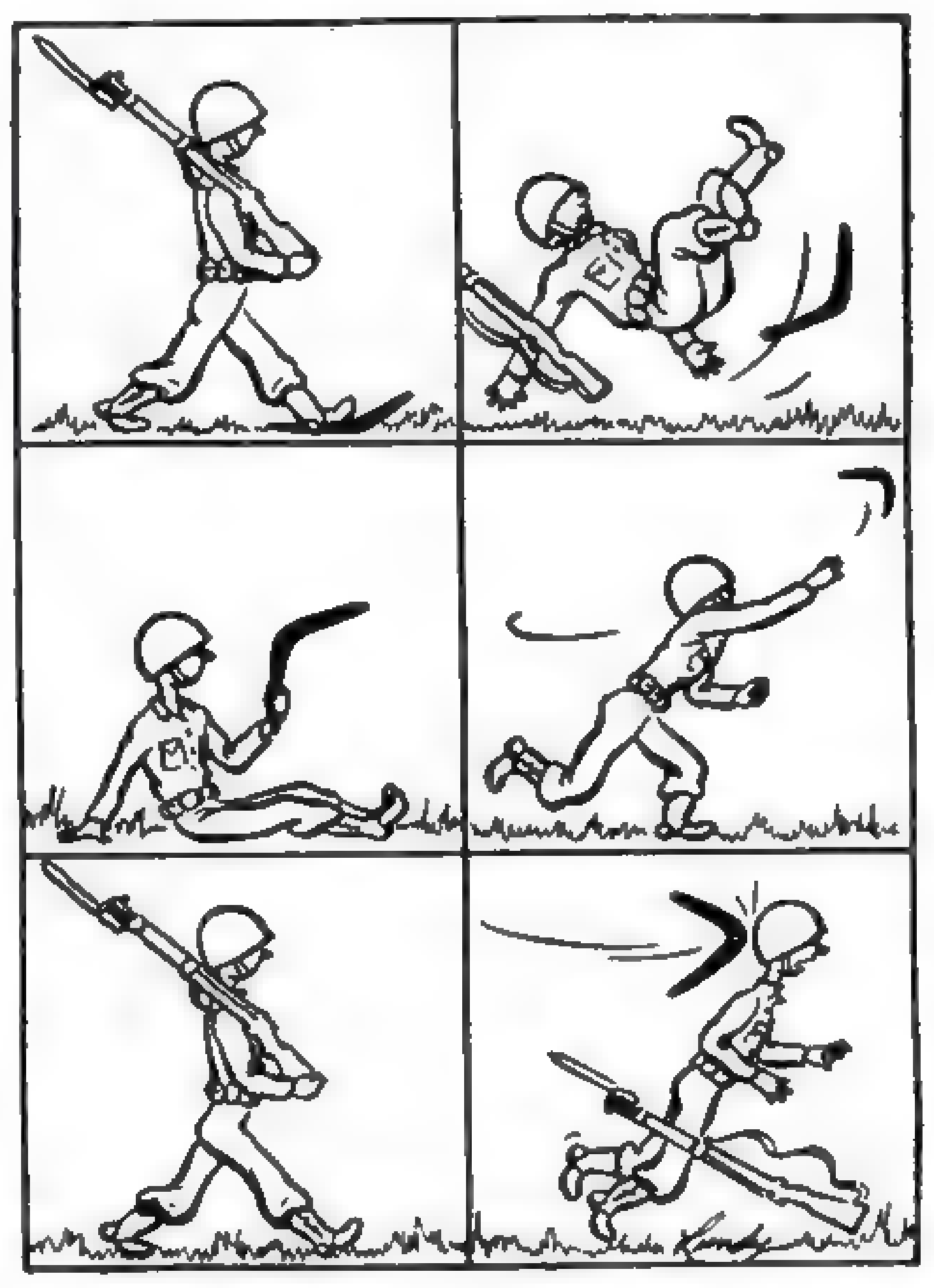
SWANK

Soldiers Must Sing

In troop trains or maneuvers music creates friendship and cheers the homesick rookies

by SGT. GERALD R. DILLON

• ARTICLE •



The music may come from a guitar, or a mouth organ, or from one of the pianos found in the day rooms of camps all across the country. The G.I. at the piano may be an "ear artist" or he may have studied under Alfred Cortot in Paris in the twenties or in the thirties under Jesu Maria Sanroma. Or there may be no music at all.

But still, the soldier will sing.

Not the old soldier. The Army is his life and it no longer disturbs him so that he has to sing to keep his spirits up. Like a civilian, he is adjusted, and he sings only as the civilian sings—when it suits his fancy.

But the rookie must sing. In the barracks, or on the march. On troop trains, or in hotel lobbies, or on station platforms. He sings as he breathes, or beefs about the food, or writes home to his girl. Travelling from Miami Beach to Denver, he will begin with *Moon over Miami:* in Georgia he will immediately start up *Marching through Georgia:* at Chattanooga *Chattanooga Choo Choo* is inevitable.

When the rookie sings, it is not for the aesthetic value of the music. It is because he is facing an adventure whose limits are mysterious and whose end is unknown to anyone. The troop train is the beginning. And then those first long marches. Any soldier can tell you, almost with a little shame, that the march is only half as long when you sing *John Brown's Body* with these words:

We don't think the Sergeant likes us.
We don't think the Sergeant likes us.
We don't think the Sergeant likes us . . .
And we don't give a good gawd-damn.

The last line is taken up by the entire platoon· the first three lines are sung in a thin, high, childish treble. Then the group goes back to the chorus of *John Brown's Body:*

We were only only foolin,
We were only only foolin,
We were only only foolin,
Yes, we were . . . like hell we were!

Soldier songs are not neglected, but the *Air Corps Song* doesn't appeal to men in the Field Artillery, nor do men in the air forces sing *The Caissons Go Rolling Along.* Perhaps the most popular of all marching songs in the Army today is *I Been Working on the Railroad.* Everyone knows the words. Everyone sings it.

Music binds the men together even more than the uniform they wear. I have seen officers and men listening to a soldier playing Mendelssohn and Tschaikowsky to hospital wards. I have seen colonels and sergeants singing Christmas carols. I have seen men listening to records of Scarlatti and Bach, and on the same night, others listening to square dances and then trying them. At the Salina Army Air Base I have seen a young Mexican and a Cuban strike up a friendship because they could play rhumbas and tangoes together; I have heard men whistle parts to the *Appassionata Sonata* of Beethoven, and meet someone else who knew and loved it, too.

They tell this story of an incident which supposedly took place on maneuvers in Louisiana last year. Several hundred men were marching and singing a song, the words going something like this:

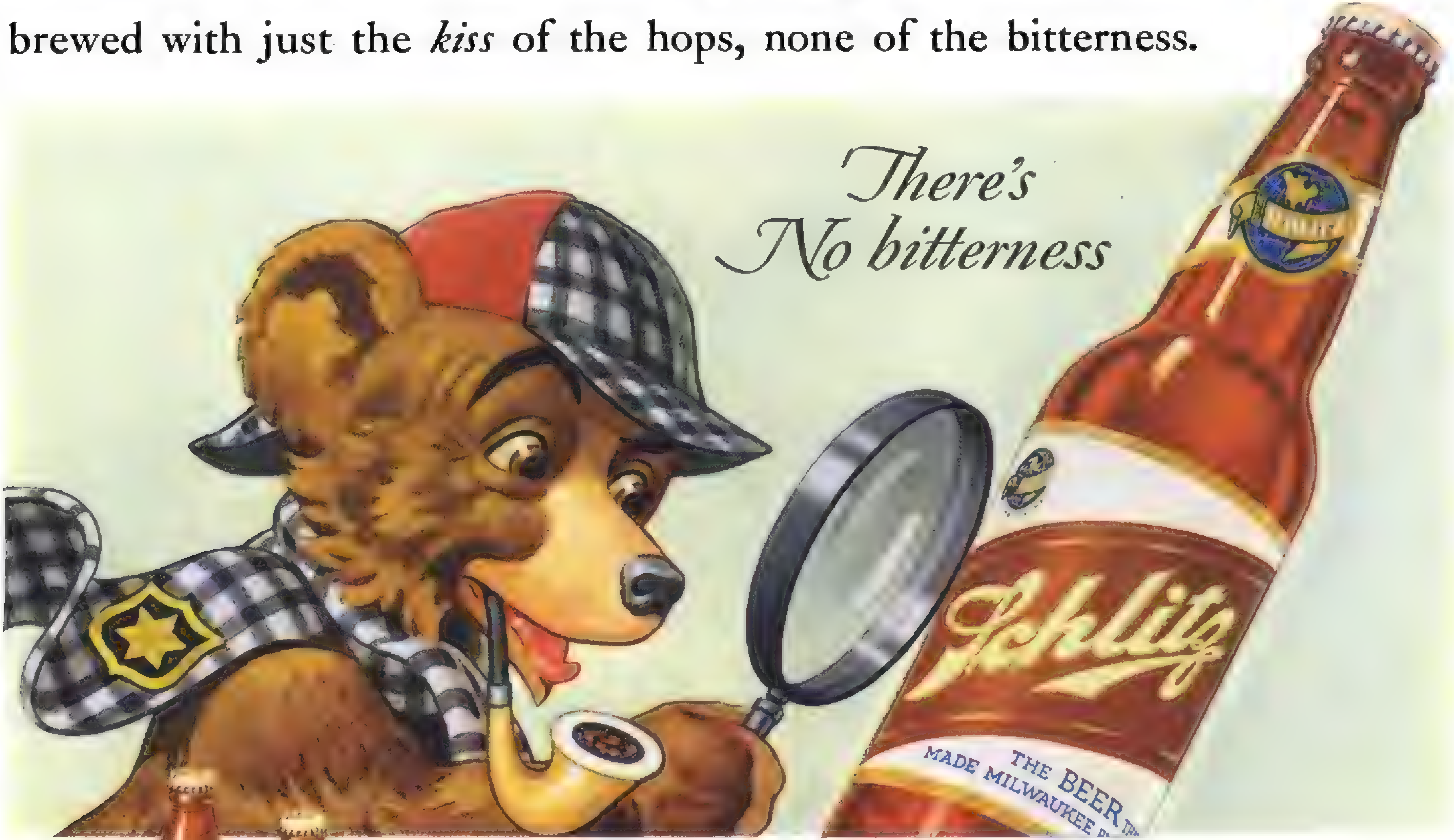
The corporal has a pack upon his back—
we hope it breaks his back.
The sergeant has a pack upon his back—
we hope it breaks his back . . .

The verse continued along its merry and insulting way right up to lieutenant colonel. Word came back from the front ranks that enough was enough. Sing something else.

But the men who had started the song had refused to sing anything else. They marched along in sullen silence Word came back that they had better sing something else—or else. But still they would not sing.

Finally, music won. The message was relayed back that they might sing the song—but the insult must go no higher than to second lieutenant! ⧺

These restless days call for balanced living—a means of escape. Perhaps it's a quiet evening with pleasant companions—a brisk hike in the country—an hour of puttering around the yard. Or any one of a hundred hobbies. For millions of Americans, these wholesome diversions are made richer, more memorable, with a glass of friendly SCHLITZ... brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness.


There's No bitterness
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Just the KISS of the hops...

Guest Bottle
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
SCHLITZ

Schlitz

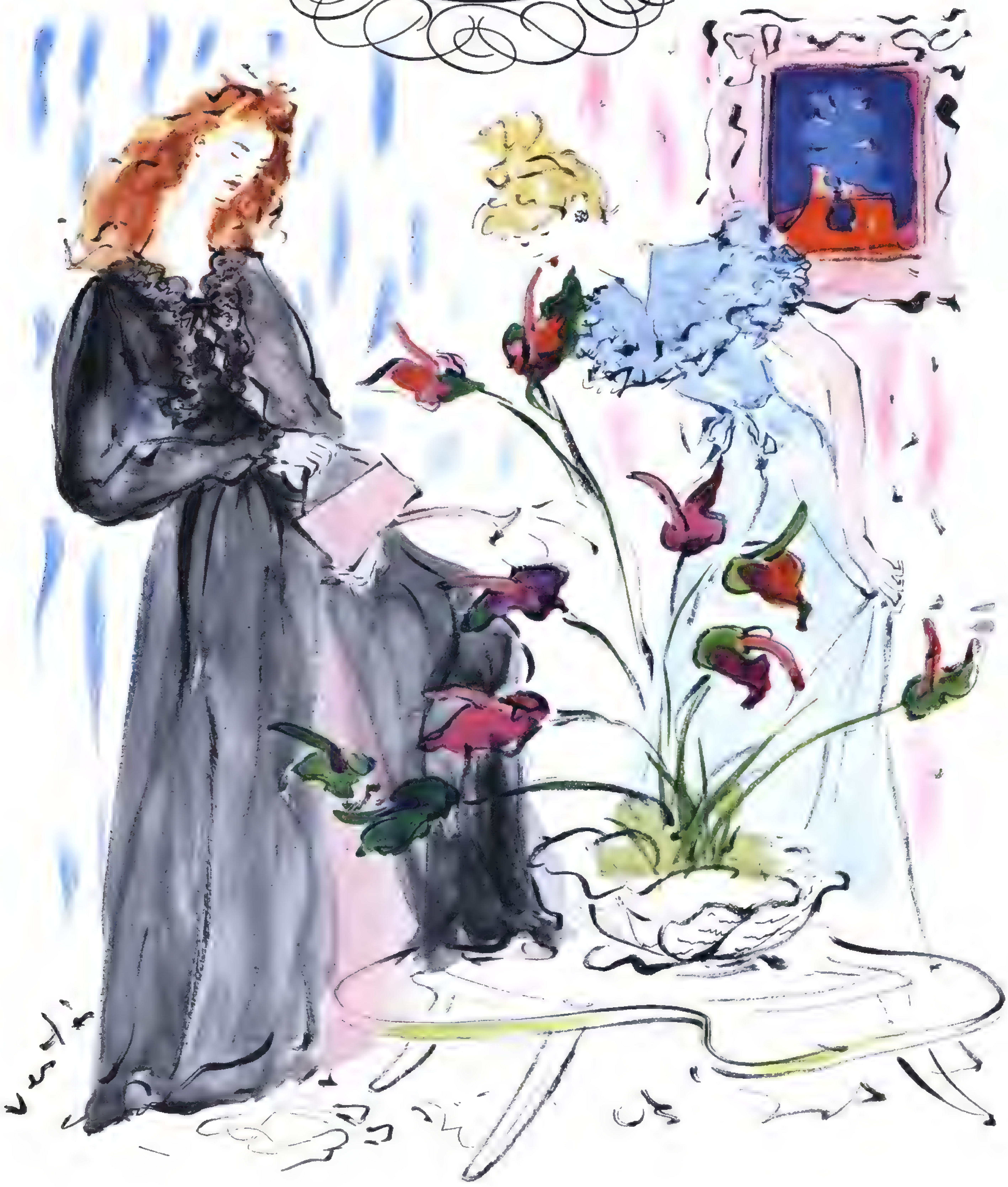
—all of the delicate hop flavor—none of the bitterness. That's why *there's no bitterness* in America's most distinguished beer. Once you taste that famous flavor found only in Schlitz you'll never go back to a bitter brew.

In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!

Copr. 1943, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

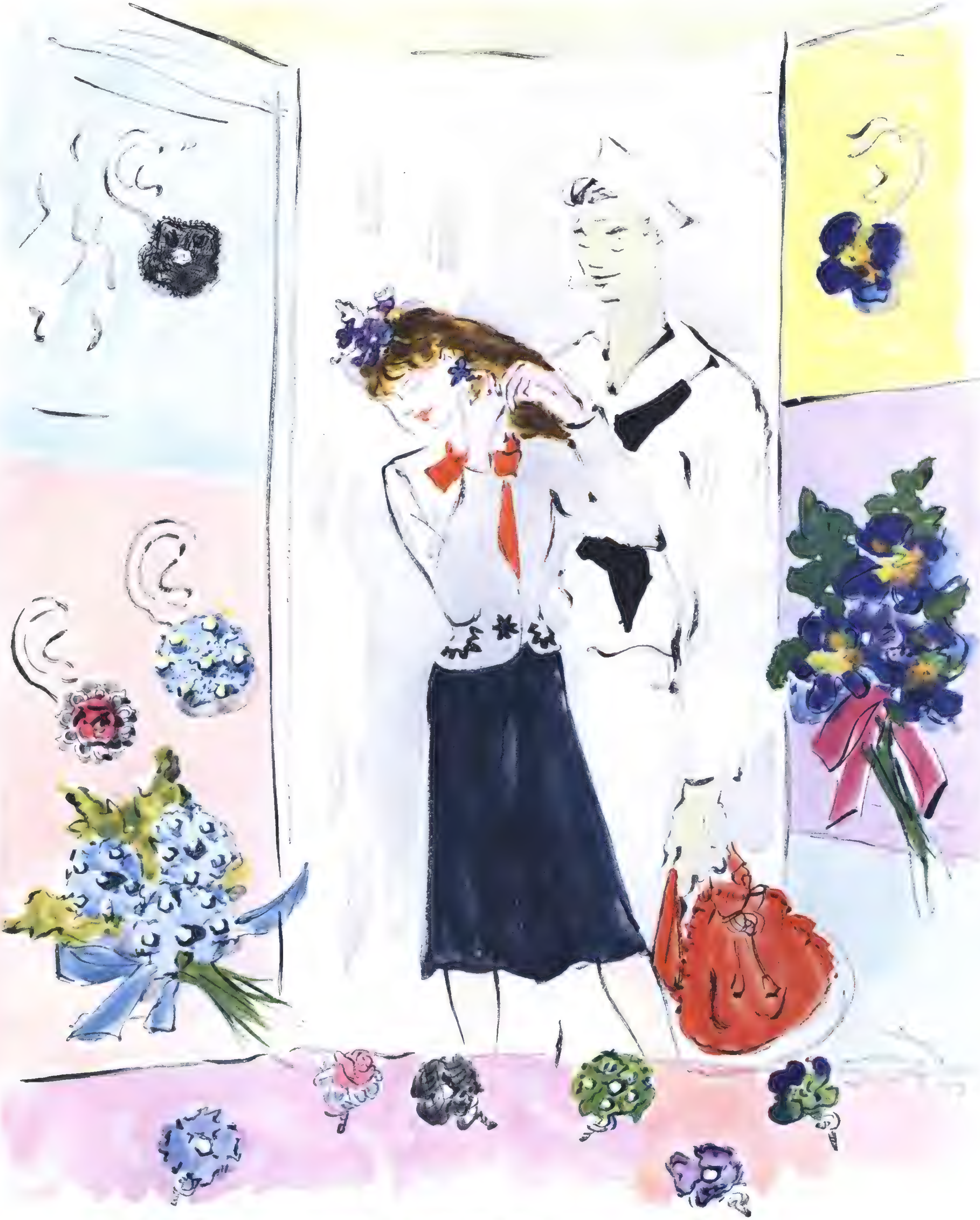
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

THE BELLES OF VERTÈS



"Mr. Foreski sent them when he heard I flunked welding school."

Take cheer, my pretty. You're the type to keep home fires burning, to our way of thinking. In that flowing black chiffon, you'd quicken the gleam in anyone's eye. And there's something about that ruffly lace jabot that brings out the protector in us. It makes you look so fragile . . . are you sure you can hang on to that sprinkling can? The absorbed lady on the right has defined herself as the little-girl type, and looks very well in the role. The pert effect of layers and layers of ruffles puffed around her shoulders is mighty fetching. And pale blue chiffon is the perfect medium. Both negligees can be had in pink and white, too.



"I don't mind holding the bag if I can hold you, too"

All eyes on the sailor and his lass. We'll take his look to mean approval as she debates with her mirror over that exciting array of earrings. And surprise! They're made of black lace, pink lace, blue lace—even pansies anybody'd swear were real. There are corsages to match that will make a lady's suit come alive in a whisk. The suit she wears is pure fun, with its gypsy red blouse and zigzag appliqúe. Her red cloth bag will hold a house.

(For answers to Fashion queries, address Dora Deane % Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We've warned you before to snip off the bottom of this page along the black line, before leaving this magazine around where it may fall under feminine eyes. On second thought, you'd better snip off the text on this page and the opposite one too. Just too suggestive of that old urge to go buy-buy.*

Cool fibers—A special weave—And tailoring genius help make you

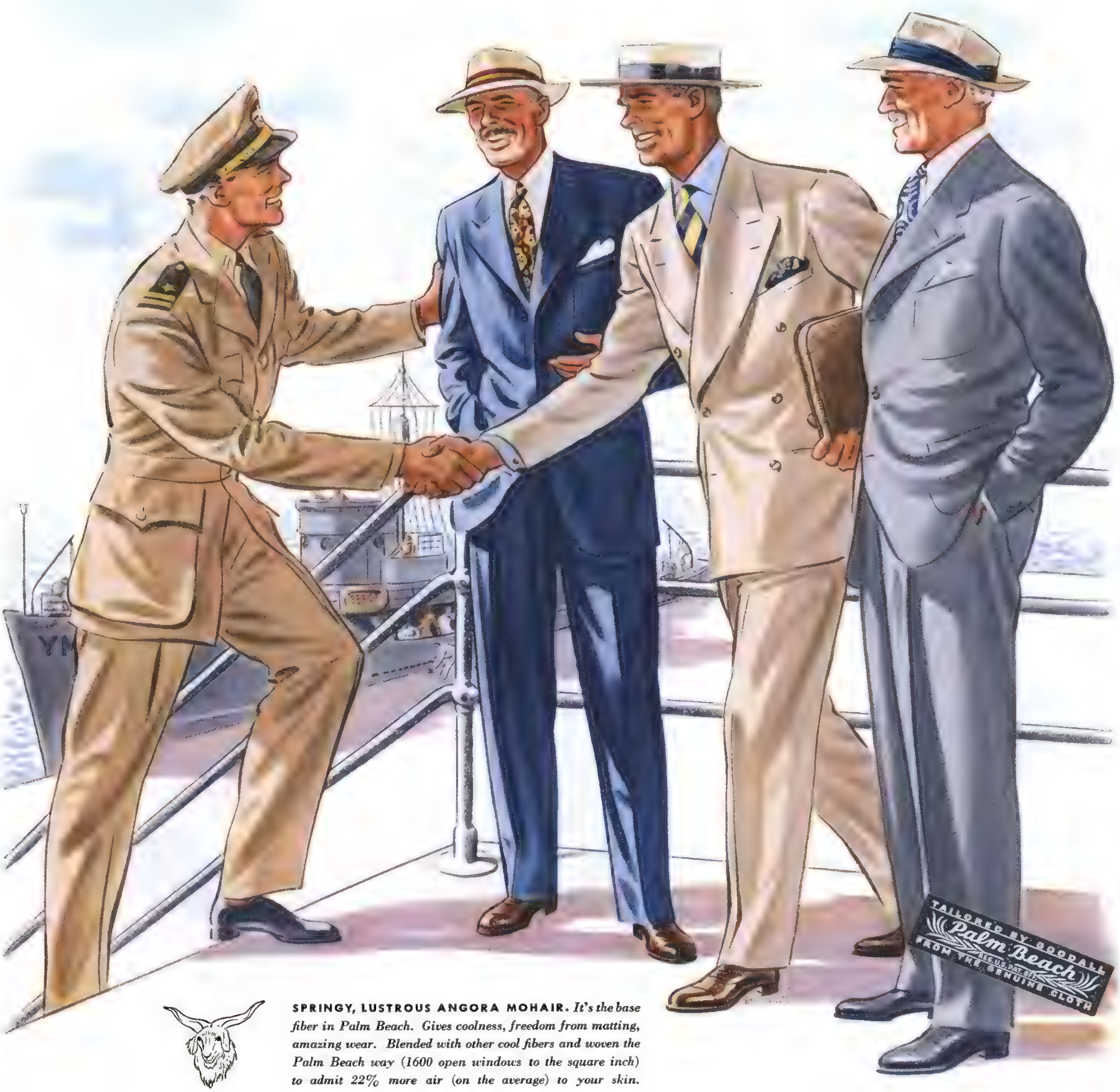
22% Cooler! Palm Beach suits

$19⁵⁰

ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS' UNIFORMS $19.95

22% COOLER! Yes, probably more than that, for just the Palm Beach fabrics average 22% cooler than any of the 22 other summer suitings tested by independent research men! In addition, Palm Beach "hot-weather-specialist" tailors have eliminated the heavy shoulder-pads and hot inner linings that "trap" heat next to your skin. And, in creating this extra comfort, they've also made Palm Beach a smooth-fitting, smartly-styled summer suit. Slip one on today—in your favorite pattern, dark or light color. See and feel why Palm Beach is America's fastest-selling summer suit. Featured at the finest stores everywhere!

Palm Beach also available in evening wear, slacks, Army and Navy Officers' uniforms.



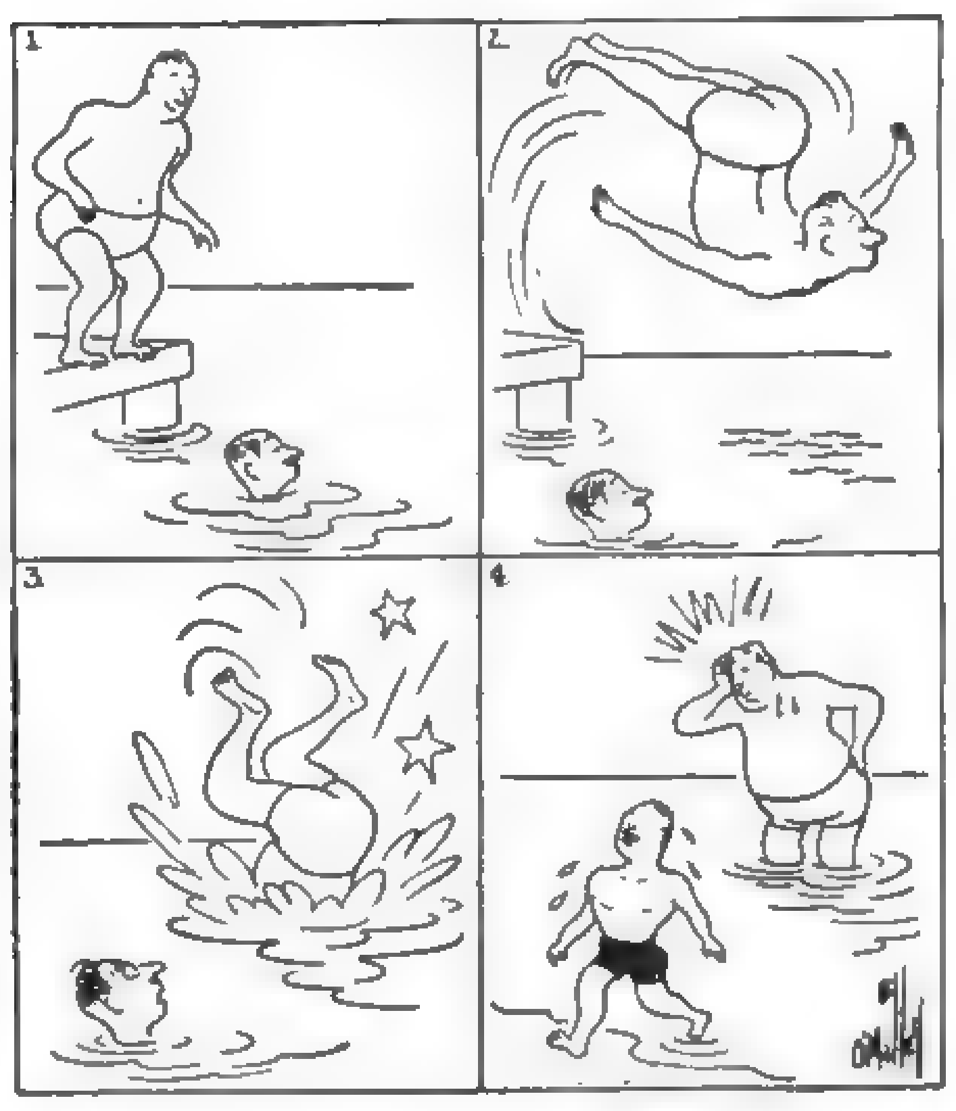
SPRINGY, LUSTROUS ANGORA MOHAIR. *It's the base fiber in Palm Beach. Gives coolness, freedom from matting, amazing wear. Blended with other cool fibers and woven the Palm Beach way (1600 open windows to the square inch) to admit 22% more air (on the average) to your skin.*

Fabulous Flinger

Dope to support and refute the lore that surrounds the Negro pitcher, Satchel Paige

by **BILL BRYSON**

SPORTS



A LEGENDARY figure has arisen in baseball in the past decade. Tales of his invincibility have made him in baseball like Paul Bunyan among loggers. His name is written in the folklore of the game. It is Leroy "Satchel" Paige.

Amazing tales of more than 150 games pitched in a season and an average of fifteen strikeouts to the game have been told of him. Last season he was the highest paid flinger in the nation.

He was born in Mobile, Alabama. As a youth he was a railway station Redcap and from that—not from suitcase-size feet—he got his nickname of "Satchel." In 1925, aged eighteen, he started his professional career as pitcher for the Chattanooga, Tennessee, Black Lookouts. Most of the years since 1925 have been devoted to barnstorming tours.

A tale is told of Satchel and Dizzy Dean at Tulsa, Oklahoma, in 1935. On the radio before the game Dean said, "He has a real fast one but his curve isn't much." That night when Dean came to bat, Satchel fanned him with three pitches, all curves.

There are the yarns about Satchel pulling the stunt of calling in his outfielders and striking out the side.

Pitching five complete games in one week in 1936, two in a doubleheader, and giving a total of three runs. Fanning nine in a row at Wilmington, Delaware, June 28, 1934, and three days later striking out eight straight at Utica, New York. Alternating at first base and hitting .408 for ninety-four games in 1937. These are some of the gaudiest pages in Satchel's biography.

He now plays in about eighty games a year, most of them as regular pitcher for the Kansas City Monarchs of the Negro American League.

The Paige legend has gained some of its mystery from his aloof personality. He is six feet and three and one-half inches tall and his straight, slender figure is conservatively dressed by expensive tailors. He is more than an ordinary connoisseur of antique silverware and china.

There is at least one baseball man who refuses to grant superman qualities to Satchel Paige. Ray L. Doan, Muscatine, Iowa, promoter, who has sponsored exhibitions of Babe Ruth, the Dean brothers, Bob Feller and many all-star teams, says, "There has been a lot of bunk peddled about Paige.

"Bob Feller once pitched parts of four games against the Monarchs. In about twenty innings he gave one run and it was unearned. That unearned run came in a game at St. Louis when a team of major and minor leaguers beat Paige and the Monarchs 4 to 1. All four runs were off Satchel. He never went the route against either of the Deans. I'd like to find someone who has seen Satchel go nine innings against strong opposition. Then I'd know if he were something more than a myth."

Pittsburgh last summer made an announcement that it would give trials to Negro players. The announcement was never acted on. Even if trials were granted to Negroes by the big leagues, Satchel Paige would not be a recruit. He is certain that no club would meet his salary demand of "as much as I made last year."

"And," he adds, "it would not appeal to me because of the inharmonious other problems. They exist, north as well as south."

To have the public appreciate the high caliber of Negro players, Satchel would like to see an entire team of Negro aces operated in one of the major leagues.

Until last fall there was no question of Satchel's invincibility in the Negro leagues. Then, trying to score a fourth straight victory for the Monarchs in the Negro world series, he was beaten 4 to 1 by the Pittsburgh Grays. The Grays had a twirler who simply outclassed Paige. Identified only as "Pitcher Day," he fanned twelve and got a two-base hit off Satchel. An investigation revealed that "Day" and two outfielders were ringers from the Washington club of the Negro National League. Nonetheless, they couldn't get away from it; Satchel had met his Negro pitching master.

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Just as a stirring symphony is a masterful blend of musical notes to produce an agreeable harmony of sound . . . so Park & Tilford *Private Stock* is a skilful blend of fine American whiskies to create an harmonious luxury of flavor. In Park & Tilford *Private Stock*, the ancient and difficult art of whiskey blending reaches a new peak of modern perfection—superbly rich, exceptionally agreeable in taste! The additional cost to you is trifling—the additional enjoyment is surprising.

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Bait Casting at Sea

Light tackle adds a bang to surf fishing and permits the game fish to prove his stuff

by **HART STILWELL**

SPORTS

Millions of fishermen in America are devotees of the artificial lure with light tackle in fresh water. Comparatively recently we have learned that the fresh water bait casting outfit, slightly modified, gives ideal sport in salt water. The light rig is just right for channel bass, striped bass, weakfish and blues. In the South you may reasonably expect to land tarpon up to five feet long.

Assuming that you have standard freshwater bass fishing equipment—say a six-ounce rod, five and a half feet long, with fifty yards of eighteen pound test line on the reel—what changes will you need for salt water?

The rod will do, but it really ought to be six or eight inches longer. Four inches of that will be in the grip. You can cast farther two-handed, and you can rest the butt of the rod against your body in fighting a large fish. But the rod won't be much heavier. The reel is all right but you will put on it a hundred yards of fifteen pound test silk or nylon line. Linen does not work well in salt water. Have a supply of one-foot gut leaders. Many salt water fish have teeth or sharp gill covers, or both.

For lures you will need several metal spoons and a few plugs, slow sinkers and fast sinkers. The tackle shop near where you are fishing will have the right kind.

You hook into, for instance, a fifteen pound channel bass. What do you do? Let him run If you try to stop him short with that outfit, you will break something. Don't agitate that channel bass too much. When he has run thirty to fifty yards he'll stop and then you start. Pump him in gently. Raise the rod tip slowly, bearing down on the reel spool with your left thumb, then let the tip down rapidly as you reel in slack. It's about the only way to move a large fish with light tackle. In fishing with such equipment, never put much pressure on the reel cranks. Use your thumb on the spool.

The rod for use down South is only slightly different. There you will go for tarpon and maybe big snook and bull reds—which are big channel bass. This rod was originally developed for king mackerel casting in the Gulf and is known as the "kingfish popping rod." It is built on the same lines as your fresh water bass rod but it will be about a foot longer and a little sturdier. On the reel you want a hundred yards of twenty-four pound test silk or nylon.

Different lures will be needed because this larger outfit won't cast a five-eighth ounce play. Pick out a couple of lures made for king mackerel, a couple more of the kind designed for great northern pike and top these off with a shrimp plug. You may also take along a metal spoon. The plugs weigh around an ounce and a quarter.

From the ground, or from a pier or jetty, or from a boat, you can throw that plug a mile. You can watch for tarpon and cast at them when they strike or roll at the surface. Hooked on this tackle the big fish really go to town, for you haven't a rig so heavy that you can slap him down flat and knock the fight out of him the first time he comes up out of the water.

The equipment you have is standard for king mackerel casting in the Gulf, and that isn't all. With it you can fish the surf.

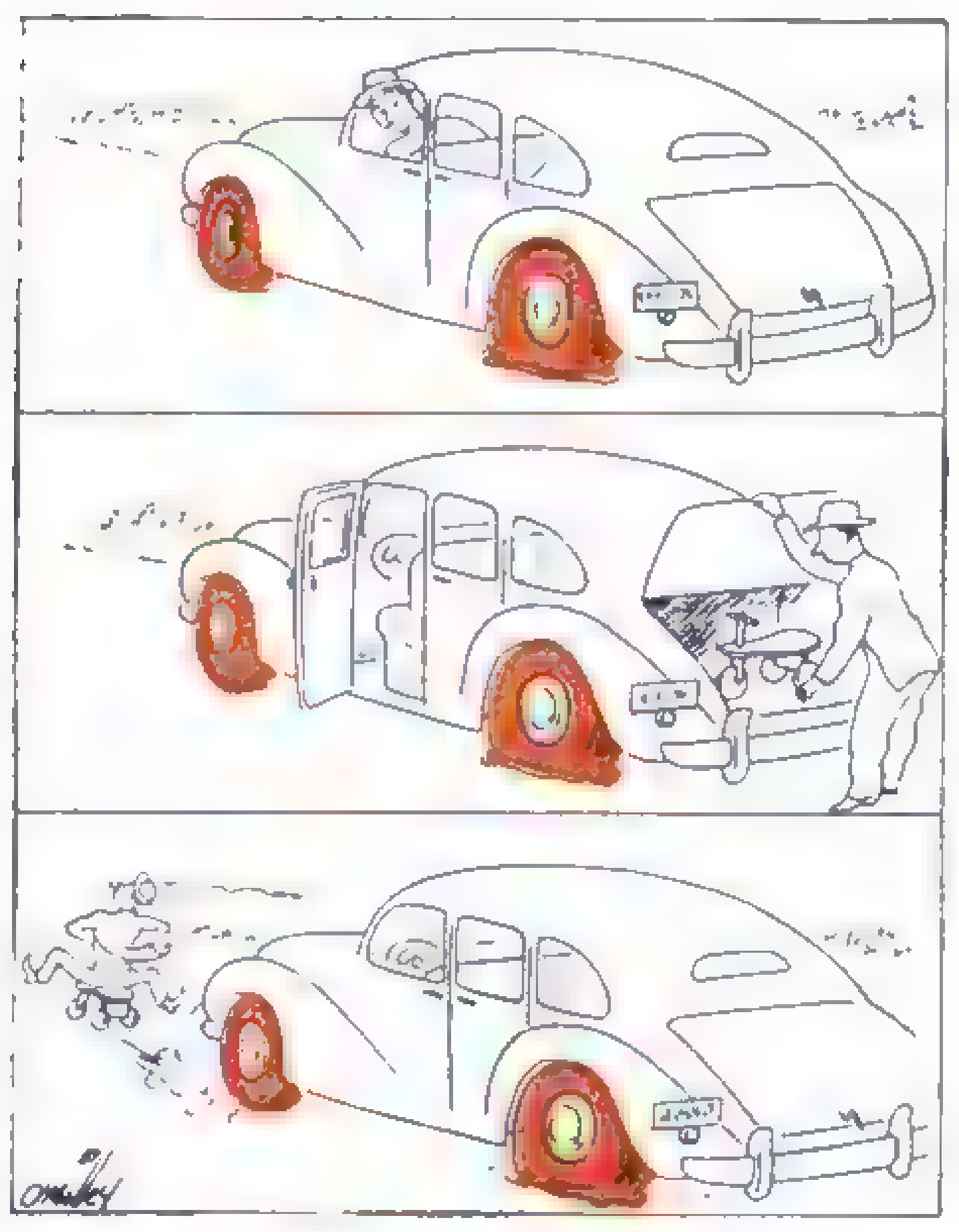
When you are fishing from the sand into old ocean himself, cast the plug out for all the distance you can get. Most of the time you simply reel in, working it a little if the surf is specially calm. Recently I snagged into fine snook, weakfish and channel bass, landing more fish in the surf with plugs than anglers who were using live bait. I covered miles of surf, going after my fish, while they waited in one spot for the fish to come.

It's a great game, this bait-casting in salt water. There is the pleasure of the cast itself, and a good cast has all the thrill of a well-hit golf ball. There is so much more thrill in the strike, because you always have a tight line and fish hit moving lures much harder than they do still baits. And there is the crowning pleasure of battling a fish on tackle that gives him a chance. ⵌ

The Lost Sportsmen

A new crop of athletes must be nurtured after the war to fill the inevitable hiatus

by **BEN WAHRMAN**
•SPORTS•



An English sports writer a few years ago, after seeing an exhibition game by American baseball teams in London, said that he was amazed by the technical expertness of the play. "The ball does not seem to be thrown around the infield," he wrote. "It is reflected from one man to another like a light flash."

A big-league baseball game is the most polished exhibition of artistry in athletics on any playing field in the world. The American baseball public is a nation of connoisseurs. Yet probably few fully realize that it takes more years to make a big-league ball player than are required for the education of a lawyer, doctor or Ph.D.

That is what is agitating baseball managers now. Every national enterprise has a similar problem but that of baseball is a special case. The war has not only swept away top-flight performers but has drained the educational reservoir that furnishes the life blood of the game. What will it be after the war? Millions in attendance are required to maintain the game as it is. Will the baseball public be loyal and patient while the polished machine is being built up again?

To see how the crop of coming stars has been nipped off, look at one area—that around Richmond, Virginia.

Vincent Smith is a Richmond boy who qualified by years of work to fill an important niche in the structure of the national game. After playing for the Greenville, North Carolina, club of the Coastal Plain League, and two years with Memphis of the Southern Association, he was bought by the Pittsburgh National League team for 15,000 dollars cash, plus several players. For Pittsburgh, he hit .303 in twenty-three games and caught thirteen. He now has the honor of wearing the uniform of a metalsmith, second-class, in the U. S. Navy.

Willard Marshall went from high school baseball to sandlot, to semi-pro, to Wake Forest, to Atlanta of the Southern Association for two years and then to a regular outfield berth on the New York Giants. Then to the U. S. Marine Corps.

John D. (Jack) Sanford was the most powerful hitter for the University of Richmond. Clark Griffith sent Sanford to Charlotte of the Piedmont League for two seasons and later to Chattanooga. This year he was due to play regular first base for the Senators but joined the Army instead.

Porter Vaughan was a teammate of Sanford's at Richmond. Connie Mack put down 8,000 dollars for Vaughan. This year was to have seen Vaughan blossom as an A southpaw but he and Sanford were sent to Camp Lee.

Among the football men, Bill Dudley, the University of Virginia's first All-American player, had a good first year as a professional and then was accepted by the U. S. Army Air Force.

Bill Burge, University of Richmond three-letter man, had several professional football offers. He died for his country—killed during his pilot training.

Dick Humbert and Arthur Jones entered the University of Richmond together. Jones was a sensation in college, played in the North-South game and in the All-Star game at Chicago. Jones was drafted by Pittsburgh. The Philadelphia Eagles signed Humbert. Both are officers in the Navy.

Every community could supply a similar list. There are Joe Martin of Cornell, Mort Landsberg and Len Eshmont and George McAfee of the Chicago Bears; Eddie Alloo, the tennis star; Bobby Dunelberger, Southern Amateur golf champion; Ed (Porky) Oliver in professional golf; Barney Ewell, colored track flash; George Abrams, who was close to the middleweight championship.

All these were among the stars of tomorrow. There can be none among their generation to take their places. Look around you at the kids in their first trousers. Among them will be the golden boys of sport in the coming era. We will have to wait for them to grow up. ⫲

HOW TO ENJOY Life with Father

Father's Day, June 20. Give him some Webster cigars . . . watch grumpiness disappear . . . watch affability spring from their fine *flavor* and nerve-calming *mellow-mildness.*

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The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 71

Physical Education, Springfield, Massachusetts, said: "Sports stimulate ideals of physical hardihood; they constitute one of the factors in our pre-war living era which kept us from going completely soft. Our greatest need now is more time for physical training in our schools and a more effective type of medical and dental examination and 'follow-up.'" **Dr. Louis R. Burnett,** Director of Health and Physical Education, Baltimore, explained that: "Baltimore has doctors and nurses in every school and gives an annual medical examination to every secondary student. The remediable handicaps discovered prove that every city should maintain a similar service by utilizing practicing physicians two hours daily."

"It is just as important to oversee the health of children as it is to think of their mental growth," stated **Charles E. Spencer,** Adviser Physical and Health Education, North Carolina. **Mayhew Derryberry,** Washington, added: "I am sympathetic to a program for improving the physical fitness of our entire population, but more attention also is needed on nutrition, and actual corrective medical care for those who could be made available for military duty or industrial work."

"A survey in the Wisconsin Valley Conference," reported **Bus Snyder,** Antigo, Wisconsin, *Journal*, "showed that twenty-some boys out of two hundred examined had heart conditions which would make them unacceptable for Army service. None of these twenty was in competitive sports." **Walter S. Farquhar,** *Pottsville Journal*, expressed the opinion that: "The reason for a high percentage of rejections is that Army physical requirements are too strict. When men like Tami Mauriello, Maxie Rosenbloom, George Zaharias, Leo Durocher, Augie Galan, Whitey Kurowski and a host of others are turned down for minor defects, the fault must be with the requirements. It is my opinion that the U. S. Army physical requirement system is obsolete. Russia didn't bother about such trifles at Stalingrad."

"The same per cent of defectives will show up next year and the next unless we do something," maintained **Frank S. Stafford,** State Health Department, Indiana.

Several voters wrote that organized physical conditioning (Question V) should not be regarded as "regimentation" any more than compulsory education for literacy. Some brought out the point that the Navy's own experience in making swimming optional, with a consequent heavy loss of life at Pearl Harbor by drowning, had provided an impressive lesson in the need of compulsory physical training.

"No civilization was ever developed or continued by 'kids who just grow up,'" contended **Simon A. McNeely,** State Supervisor of Health, Louisiana. "Every high school student is required to take English. Is that regimentation? We should be equally concerned with the optimum of health and physical fitness of our young citizens."

"Hell," said **Dr. Fred D. Miller,** Altoona, "we have been allowing them to grow up like Topsy for years. Regimentation now for physical independence or regimentation later for slavery. Being physically unfit is self sabotage." **King Harmon,** KUTA, Salt Lake City, with twenty years of coaching in his background, pointed out that: "Any coach who wants winning combinations gives the game over to the boys as much as possible, teaching the boys to think and act on their own, meeting situations as they arise without having the coach plan their moves and tell them what to do. I can't see how such things can be called regimentation."

H. O. Keuper, Milwaukee, contributed this amusing anecdote:

> At a family picnic last summer four of my brothers-in-law and three friends, all fathers of boys from 14 to 19 years of age, were challenged to a softball game. The men were more interested in a barrel of beer and a poker game. The boys ribbed us and called us softies and old men. So we took them on and beat them by a lopsided score. The fathers, all former all-around athletes, then rubbed it in by excelling the boys at other sports such as diving, swimming, horseshoes, etc. We then tried chinning on a bar. All of the fathers made it at least eight times (one of the men 17). The best any of the boys could do was four lifts.
>
> The fathers all believe that pound for pound, year for year, the boys of 20-25 years ago were far more rugged and stronger than our present generation.

Dick Cullum, *Minneapolis Times*, forcefully and constructively insisted that:

> For the government to go into the high schools with a comprehensive physical education program is not an act of "undue regimentation" but is merely to overcome the average high school principal's reluctance to give his students activities they want and need. There is no group more indifferent toward the war effort or more firm against changing ideas for changing times than teachers. If the youngsters of pre-induction age are to have a fair physical chance it must be given them by some compulsion brought to bear on their teachers. To depend upon a uniform voluntary effort by the schools would be to accept a permanent barrier to the normal physical advancement of the race. #

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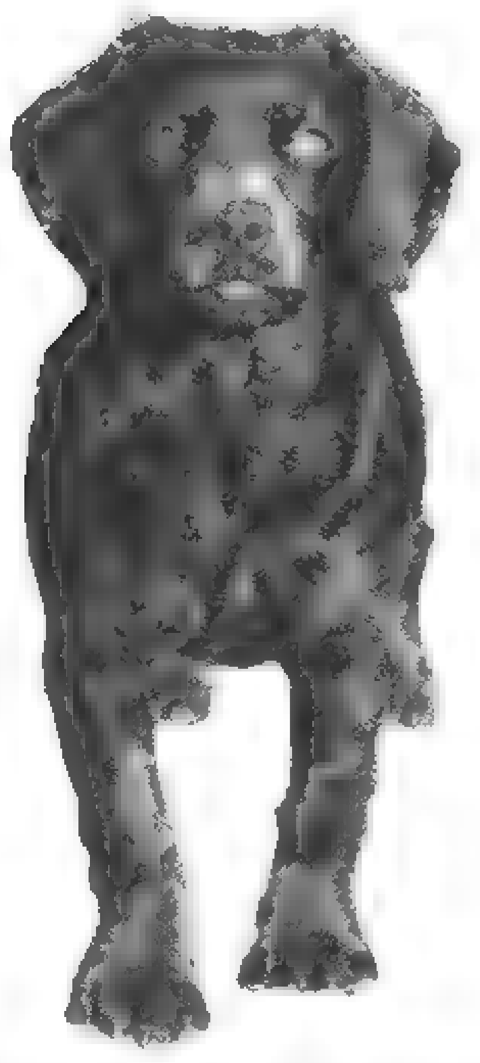
The Boykin Spaniel

The little brown dog that went to church founded a line of great retrievers

by **JACK FOSTER**

▪ ARTICLE ▪



The Boykin Spaniel of the present day.

ONE Sunday morning about thirty-five years ago, a lonely little brown dog trailed some strangers into a church in Spartanburg, South Carolina, and set off a chain of circumstances which led to the development of the famous Boykin breed of spaniels which now hunt feathered game along the eastern seaboard from Maine to the Florida keys.

For generations the Boykins (the family, that is, and not the spaniels) who inhabit an area bordering on the vast Wateree swamp eight miles south of Camden, have combed the grassy edges of the swamp for duck and turkey. For a long time they sought a dog which would fit their special needs—that is, a turkey dog which could run fast enough to flush the turkeys off the ground, but not fast enough to scatter the flock, and one which would retrieve their game from the swamp.

The late Mr. Whit Boykin had a hunting crony, A. L. White of Spartanburg. Mr. White was among those attending church that Sunday and it was he who enticed the little dog out of the church. When services were over, the dog was waiting for his new pal.

Well, the little brown dog under the care of the White family grew bigger and leggier and began to show a remarkable aptitude for retrieving anything and everything thrown for him. Taken hunting, he immediately exhibited ability and zeal for finding and retrieving game. At the season's end, Mr. White shipped the dog off to his friend, Whit Boykin, with a note that here was the dog they had been searching for.

No one knew exactly what breed the little brown dog sprang from, and none of the Boykins cared. They guessed he was Cocker for the most part, but J. W. C. Boykin, son of Mr. Whit, said: "He was just the best retriever that ever drew breath of life, and I don't bar anybody's dog."

Through the efforts of another friend of the Boykin family, they eventually succeeded in obtaining a brown spaniel bitch which matched their church-going flyer, and, through this mating the first Boykin Spaniel was born.

Their offspring were ideal turkey, duck, goose and dove dogs; and, if properly urged, would chase a deer out of the dense Wateree thickets. For a decade or so, these dogs and their descendants were bred and inner-bred until the younger dogs of the pack began to be too finely drawn. It was then that Mr. Whit and his friend Mr. White decided to introduce some Chesapeake blood into the strain. This proved to be a happy solution, for the mating produced one magnificent bitch—big and strong with a tightly-curled yellow coat and big yellow eyes.

After the introduction of the Chesapeake blood, the Boykins' dogs changed quite a bit physically, but mentally remained much the same dogs. Later, as they gradually drew further away from the Chesapeake blood, they became smaller and their coats deepened to a beautiful shade of mahogany.

The accepted thoroughbred Boykin Spaniel today is 1/32nd Chesapeake and 31/32nds true to the original Boykin strain. They are slightly larger than the average Cocker, have more leg and less coat and their coat grows more tightly to the body. They are large of bone and possess a superabundance of drive and energy alien to the nature of the typical spaniel. They are fanatical, almost hysterical retrievers and will fetch ducks, doves or partridges with equal facility and speed. An outstanding characteristic of the Boykins is their habit of flashing for a fallen bird at top speed, swooping him up in a rolling, dust-scattering bound and fetching him back just as fast as they went for him.

A great part of their fame is due to the fact that they have been widely scattered over the eastern United States by the rich "Yankees" who winter in Camden and go duck and dove shooting with the Boykins and their hunting crowd.

In this way the dogs have been taken to Delaware, Massachusetts, Maine and Pennsylvania in the north, and to Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Texas and other hunting sections, south and southwest.

The little dog which pattered into that Spartanburg church so many years ago, through his descendants, has come a long way. ###

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Victory

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TO ENTER THE CONTEST: Go to your jeweler for free entry blank and complete contest rules. Submit as many entries as you wish, provided you buy a U. S. War Savings Stamp with each. *You* keep the stamps!

Should Germany surrender — we hope! — before this advertisement is published, the contest will be considered closed as of the official time of the "cease-fire" order.

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"Victory Queen" for women. Smart, dainty, dependable. HELBROS 17 J. guaranteed movement in 14K rose gold case; high-domed crystal $57.50

Contributed to the war effort by
HELBROS WATCH CO., NEW YORK, N. Y.

How Far to Whose What Line?

Suggestion for the rules committee to spare the football fans from brainfag

by **WORTHEN C. CORNISH**

If you are a football fan, football writer or football announcer, I know you have said, "Now, how far did that guy run?"

Nearly always there is an argument, not only in the stands but also in the press box as to the exact length of every long run, punt, or pass play. The morning papers on Sunday nearly always are at variance, even though the particular play may have been the decisive one in the game. Radio announcers have their spotters, but even these sharp-eyes can't be sure of catching the exact start of a caught punt, kick-off, or pass—though of course they have plenty of time to get the finishing spot of the play. It's when they trace back to the beginning that they have trouble.

I know that it is harder to move the rules committee of any sport to make a change than to keep from asking your wife where, for the luva mud, did she get that hat, but there's a possibility here.

The idea that has strolled through my mental passages comes from close to two decades of football reporting and several years of announcing football games over the radio. It's essentially to help the scribes and screamers, but inasmuch as it will be just as helpful to the fans, it may come under the heading, "Keep The Customers Happy!"

Before letting you in on the simple, little secret that will bring joy to the grandstand quarterbacks, the sports side of the Fourth Estate and the announcers, let me say that Adam Walsh, captain of the famed Four Horsemen and Seven Mule team of Notre Dame, now coach at Bowdoin, George "Eck" Allen of Brown, Maine coach until he went into the service, and Nels Nitchman, Colby coach until he donned the Navy blue, have all put their okay on the idea as being worthy of consideration.

Briefly, the plan is to double-number the sidelines to aid in reckoning distances of gains and to eliminate the necessity of constantly referring—in stories and on the air—to which forty-yard line, for instance, the ball is clinging—or the back is crossing as he hurries towards a game-deciding touchdown.

In the double-numbering, the sideline markers would read as given in the chart shown below.

Under the new system, the runner with the ball would not be announced as sprinting from his own 22 to his opponent's 18—(quick, now! How far did he run?)—but from his 22 to his 82.

Under the present method, arithmetical sharks may figure it easily, but the adjective slingers in the press box are more likely to go at it this way: Let's see? He ran 28 to midfield, and then, 18 from 50 is 32. That's 32 and 28. He ran 60 yards! Under the new plan, 22 is easily subtracted from 82, and the 60's there quickly.

As of now, a writer or announcer has to designate whether the ball is on A's 40-yard line or B's 40-yard line—or thirty—or twenty. In the double-numbering system, this designating could be discarded, and the ball—always with the offense, of course—could be on any line up to the goal line. Instead of "Smith of Yale ran from his own 22 to Harvard's 18," it would be, simply, "Smith of Yale ran from the 22 to 82."

Always, again, it would be the offensive team's line to which reference was made, so, if Harvard, for instance, held on what is now called its own 43 (in new system, Yale on 57), and took the ball, it would be on the 43 just the same. Or, if Yale yielded on the 66, it would simply become Harvard's on the 34.

Besides runs, there are punts and forward passes that cross the midfield stripe and cannot be figured quickly, for distance, now. By the double-numbering plan, these distances could be easily and accurately figured as well.

This is written in the spring, with the idea that the rules committee might suggest a tryout of the plan in some of the games this fall, and perhaps discover its worthiness as a simplifying improvement for fan, writer and announcer. Nearly all innovations seem to have a hard time getting into the game, but they all help when they do. ⧻

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G	95	90	85	80	75	70	65	60	55	50	45	40	35	30	25	20	15	10	5	0

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ORIGINAL 4FOLD NO LINING

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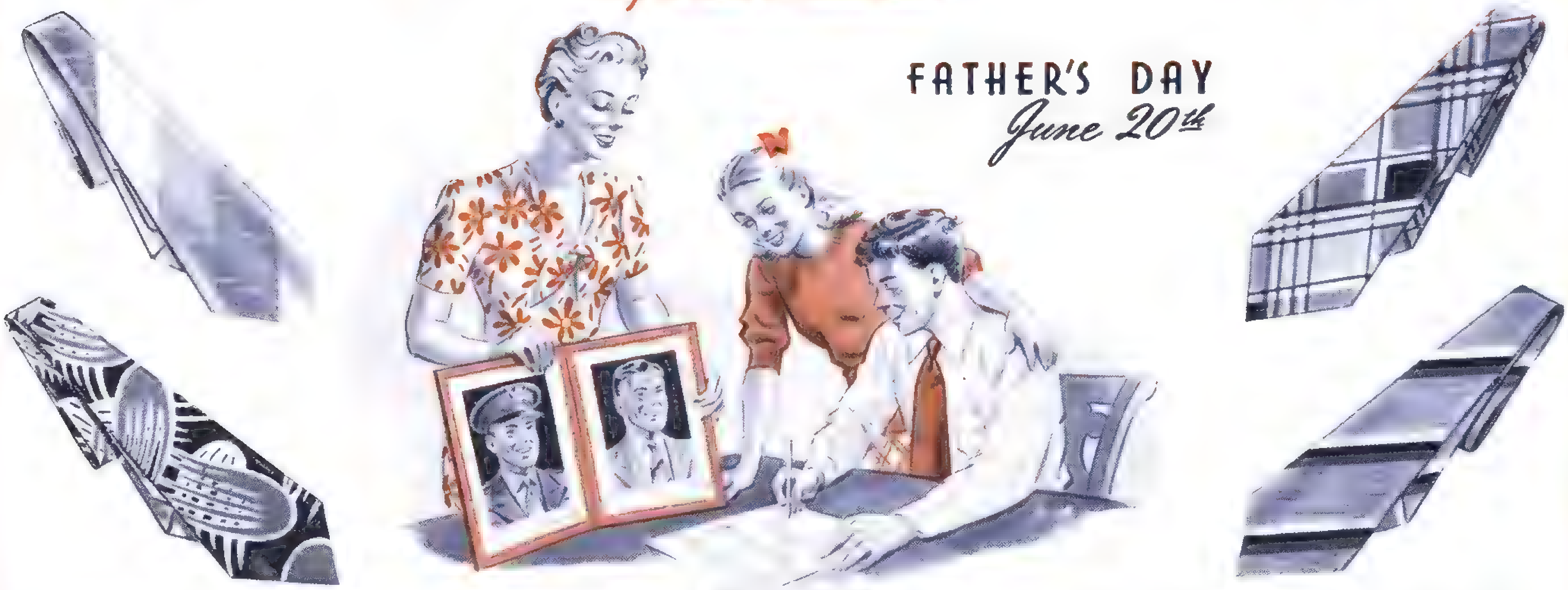
by Beau Brummell



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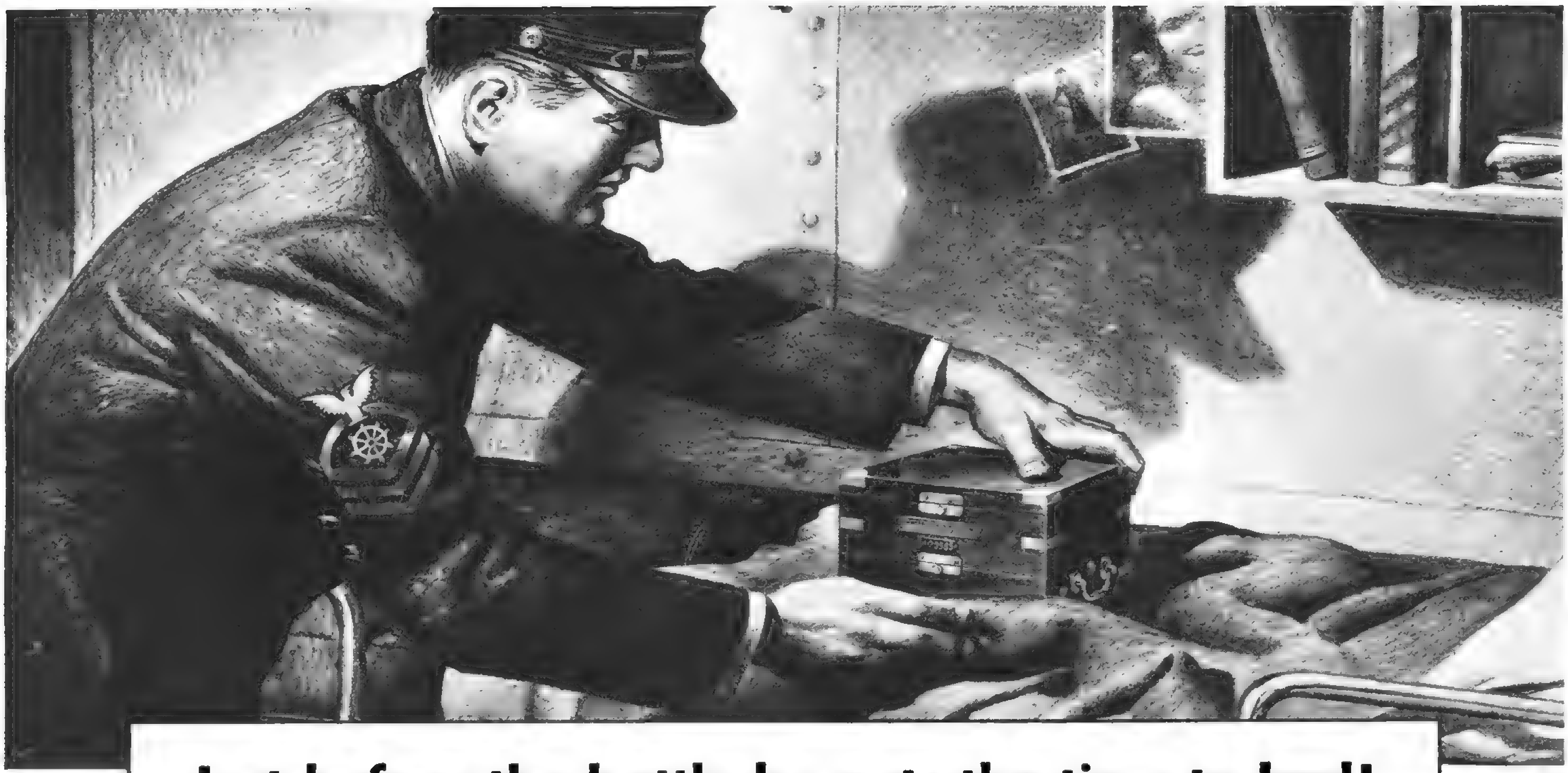
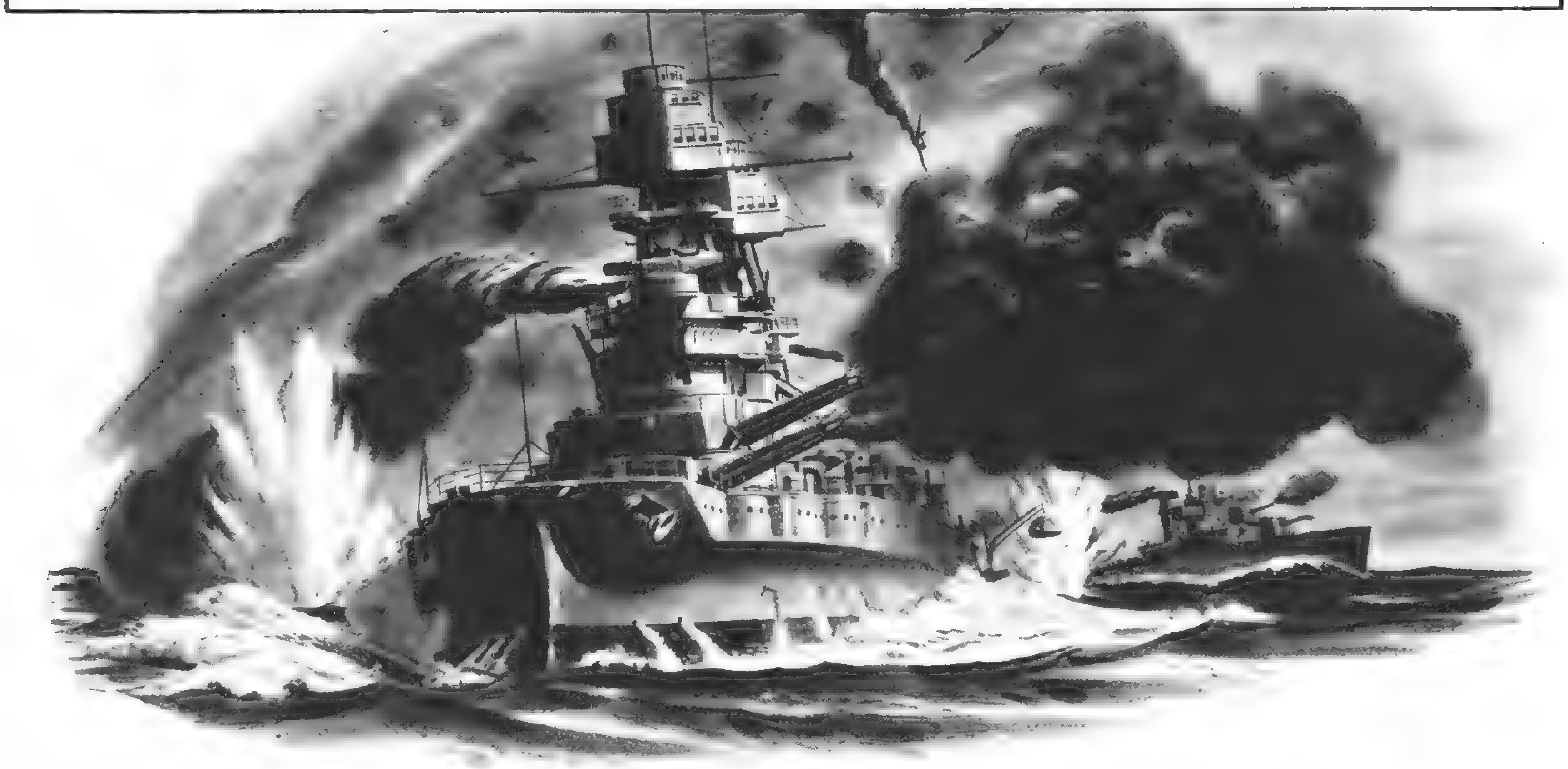


Just before the battle he puts the time to bed!



Deck crews dive for their guns! But this man makes a bee-line for the navigator's stateroom.

He carefully picks up a square wooden box, puts it on the bunk, and tucks it away as gently as a mother tucks in her child for the night. The bedsprings will cushion it against the tremendous, shuddering shocks of the ship's broadsides!

What's in that box to make it so precious? It holds one of the ship's chronometers — an instrument that keeps such exact time that its daily rate varies by no more than half a second . . . month after month!

Who is the man that's putting it to bed? He is the Chief Quartermaster, responsible to the navigator for the safety of this valuable instrument. Even if he's ordered to abandon ship, he takes the chronometer with him!

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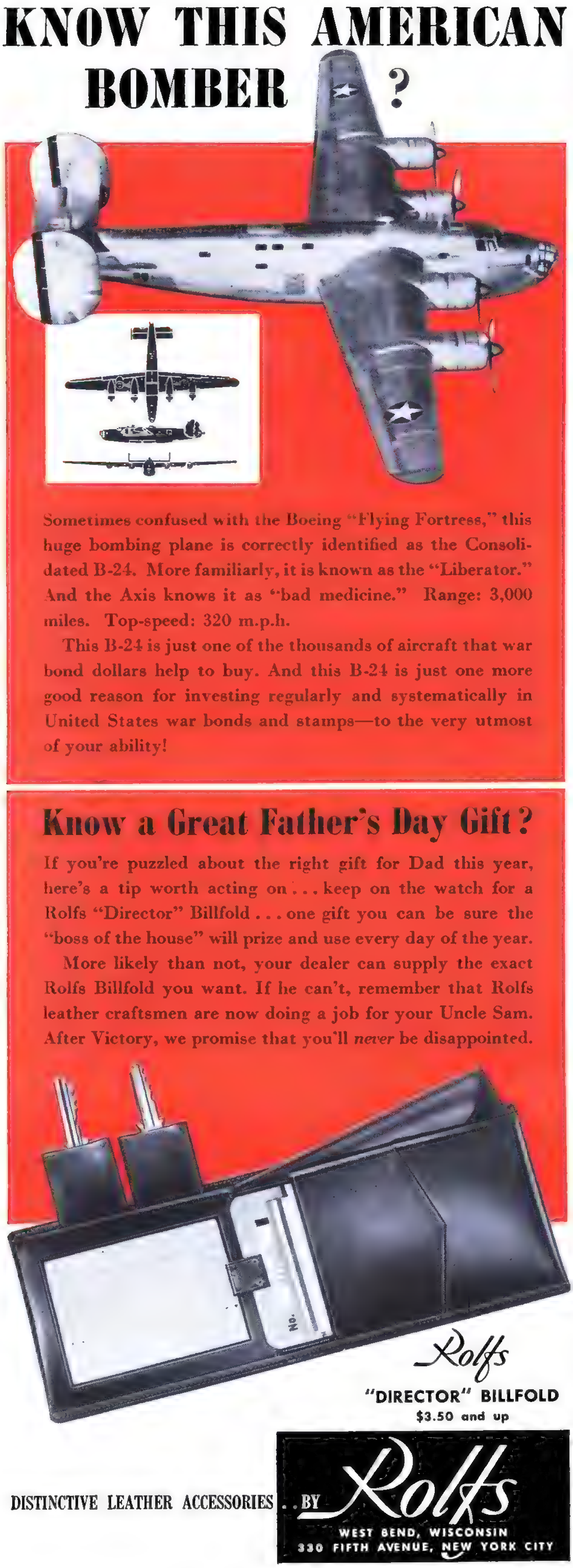

KNOW THIS AMERICAN BOMBER ?

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Know a Great Father's Day Gift?

If you're puzzled about the right gift for Dad this year, here's a tip worth acting on . . . keep on the watch for a Rolfs "Director" Billfold . . . one gift you can be sure the "boss of the house" will prize and use every day of the year.

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Citations for Father and Son

Continued from page 41

Graham with the Distinguished Flying Cross on his tunic could have no doubt of himself now, not after what he had done. A dozen victories testified to a flaming courage. Everyone who could read knew all about David Graham. And John, sitting on the platform beside him, listening to Charlie Phelps as he boomed out that old story, felt that he could not live through another day unless he told David what had really happened that night in France . . . They would have a bottle of beer in the study, after David took Betty home.

The boy stood straight and spoke quietly. He was grateful, but too many fine men had died. "This time we must see that it doesn't happen again."

They moved out through reaching hands. Youngsters swarmed around David. Betty Land was beautiful in her happiness and pride. John walked out with her arm under his.

"Oh, Mr. Graham, he's wonderful," she said.

"Yes, he's wonderful," John answered.

He built up the fire in the study fireplace. He brought the beer from the refrigerator, two bottles. "Of *course*, you'll want to talk to David," Caroline said. "You've hardly had a moment together." She put her arms around John and hugged him close. "Charlie Phelps is a bombastic nitwit," she said, smiling up through misty eyes, "but what he said is true. We're still proud of you, too, Johnny."

The firelight was reflected on the silver of the framed medal over the desk.

"What are you staring at?" Caroline laughed.

"The medal," he said.

The front door opened. She ran to meet David. He heard their voices in the hallway. She said: "You and Dad have your talk now. I'll be awake. I'll be reading in bed."

John said: "Come in, David. Close the door and come in." He opened a bottle and poured carefully into tall tumblers. David took his glass, saying:

"You know, Dad, I used to wonder why you never wanted to talk about what happened in France. Now I know."

The room was very still. Only the ticking of the clock on the mantel and the crackling of the fire. John looked up, slowly. David sat down on the arm of the red chair. Light from the floor lamp gleamed on his wings as he leaned back, on his tanned, strong hands, caught the lower half of his young, strong face. He was saying:

"It's a damned, intimate private thing the way a man fights a war. What he goes through, inside himself, I mean."

John's hands were unsteady so he put the glass down. His throat was tight. "How do you mean, David?"

David walked to the fireplace and turned his back, watching the flames. There was a long, ticking silence.

"Dad, I was so scared in that first scrap I wanted to hightail it out of there. But a thing you said once came popping into my mind." He studied the toe of his shoe, then raised his eyes. "It was almost like hearing your voice in my ear."

"Yes? Yes, David—what was that?"

"Well, you've probably forgotten, but you said 'Life isn't worth living if you're afraid.'" He laughed. "So I went in with everything I had. It was fine, after that. It was a great show."

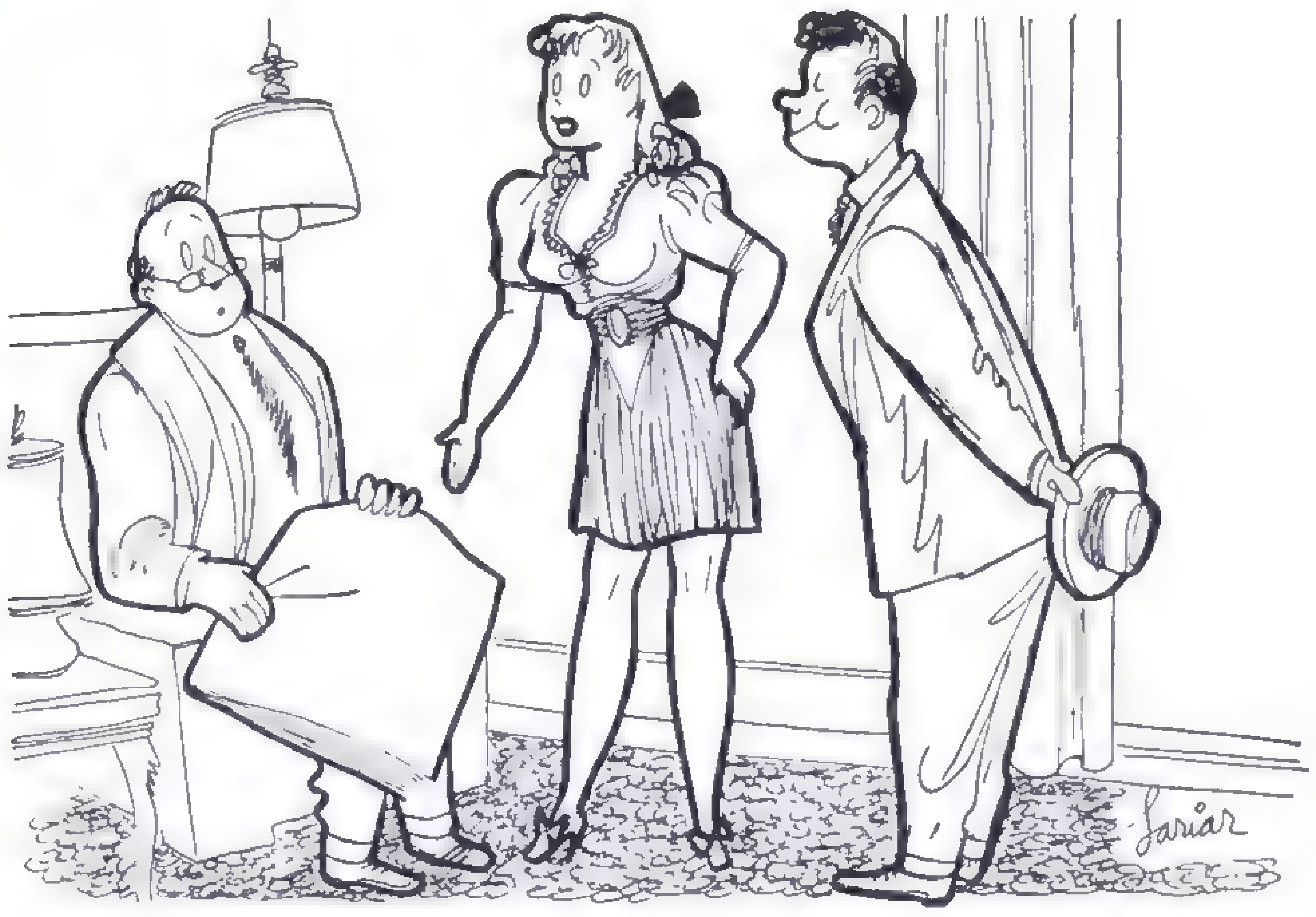
He crossed the room and stood looking at the medal in its frame.

"It's the first fight that scares you most," he said. "I kept thinking of this medal."

John lifted his head. The thought came slowly. *He's a better man than I was,* he thought, *and this is a more important war. Maybe that's why I came back from the other one.* He reached for his glass.

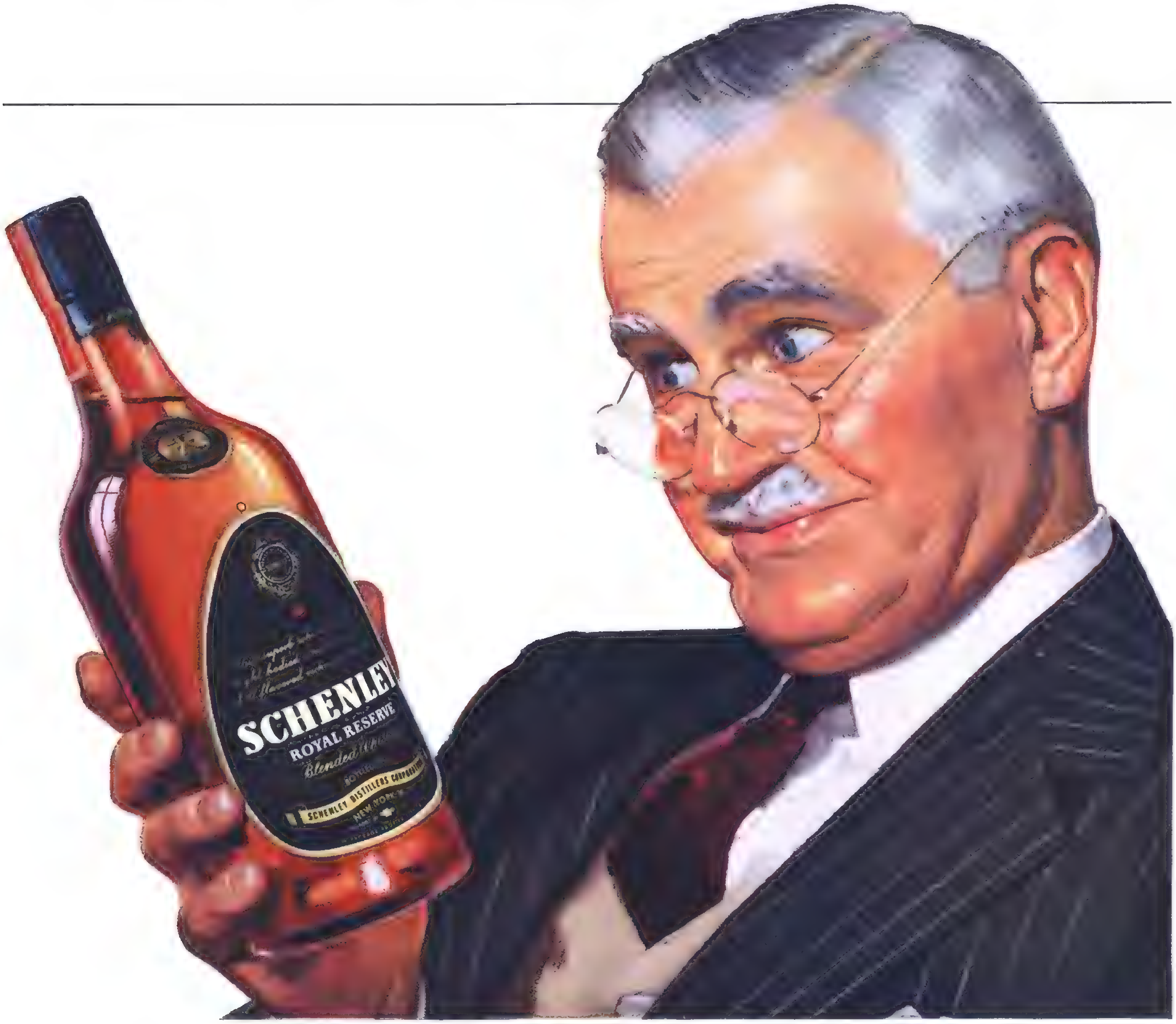
"Well then," he said, "here's to the medal, David."

They drank solemnly. #



"Jimmy wants to marry me, Dad—will you object so that mother will consent?"

“So glad Schenley laid it away in peace time”...


SCHENLEY
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SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION
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. . . and there’s still a limited supply available

Every drop of Schenley Royal Reserve now available was distilled in peace time. Today no whiskey is being made; all Schenley distilleries are making vital war alcohol exclusively. Thus, you may not always be able to get Schenley Royal Reserve...but when you do, use it sparingly...and enjoy it that much more.

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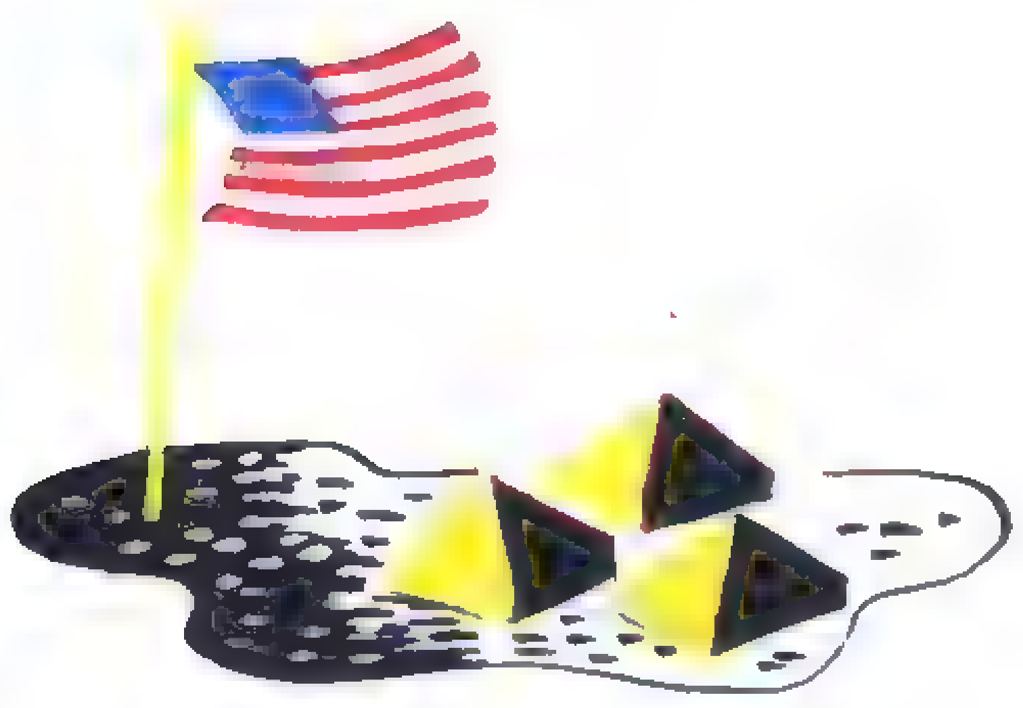
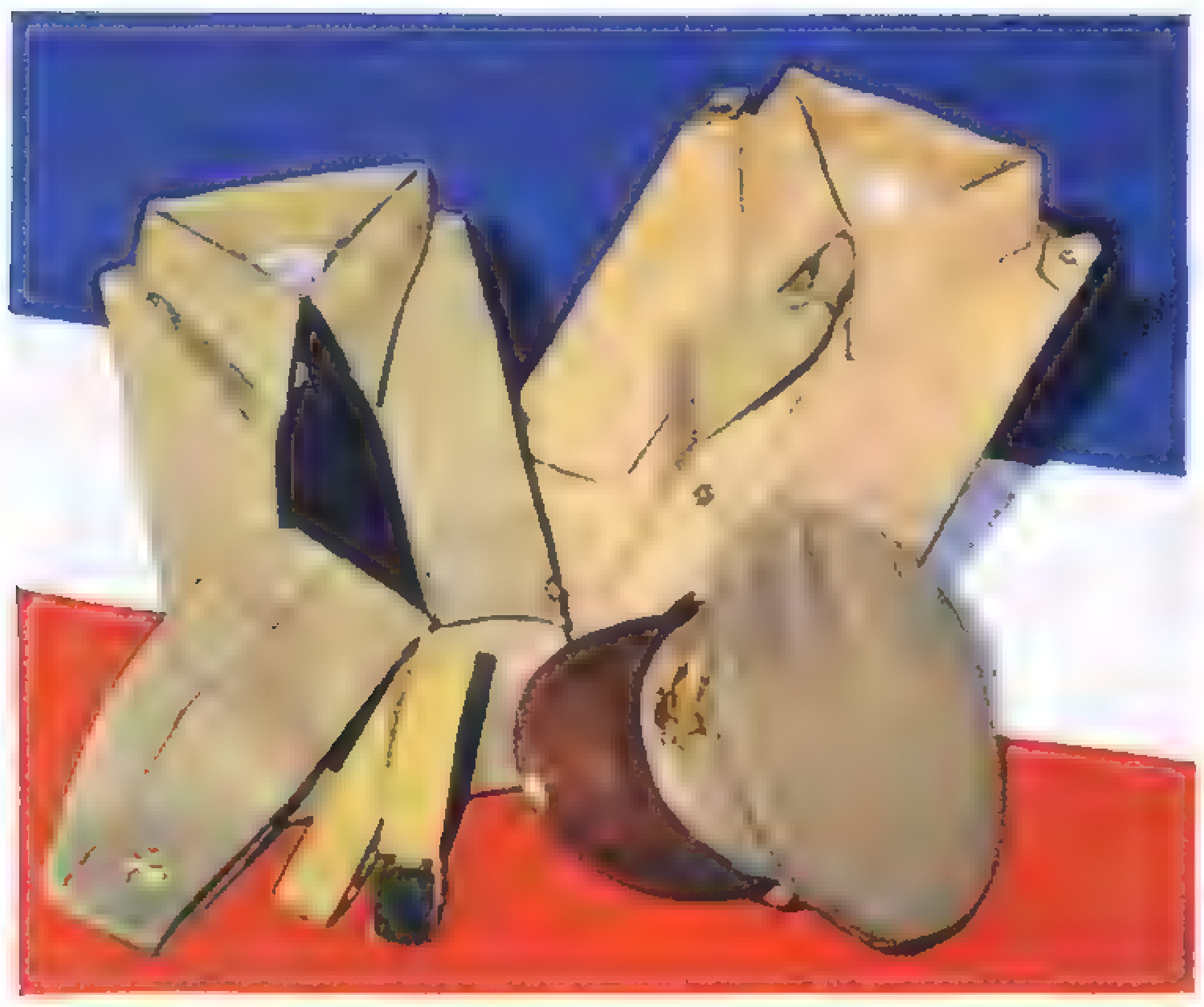
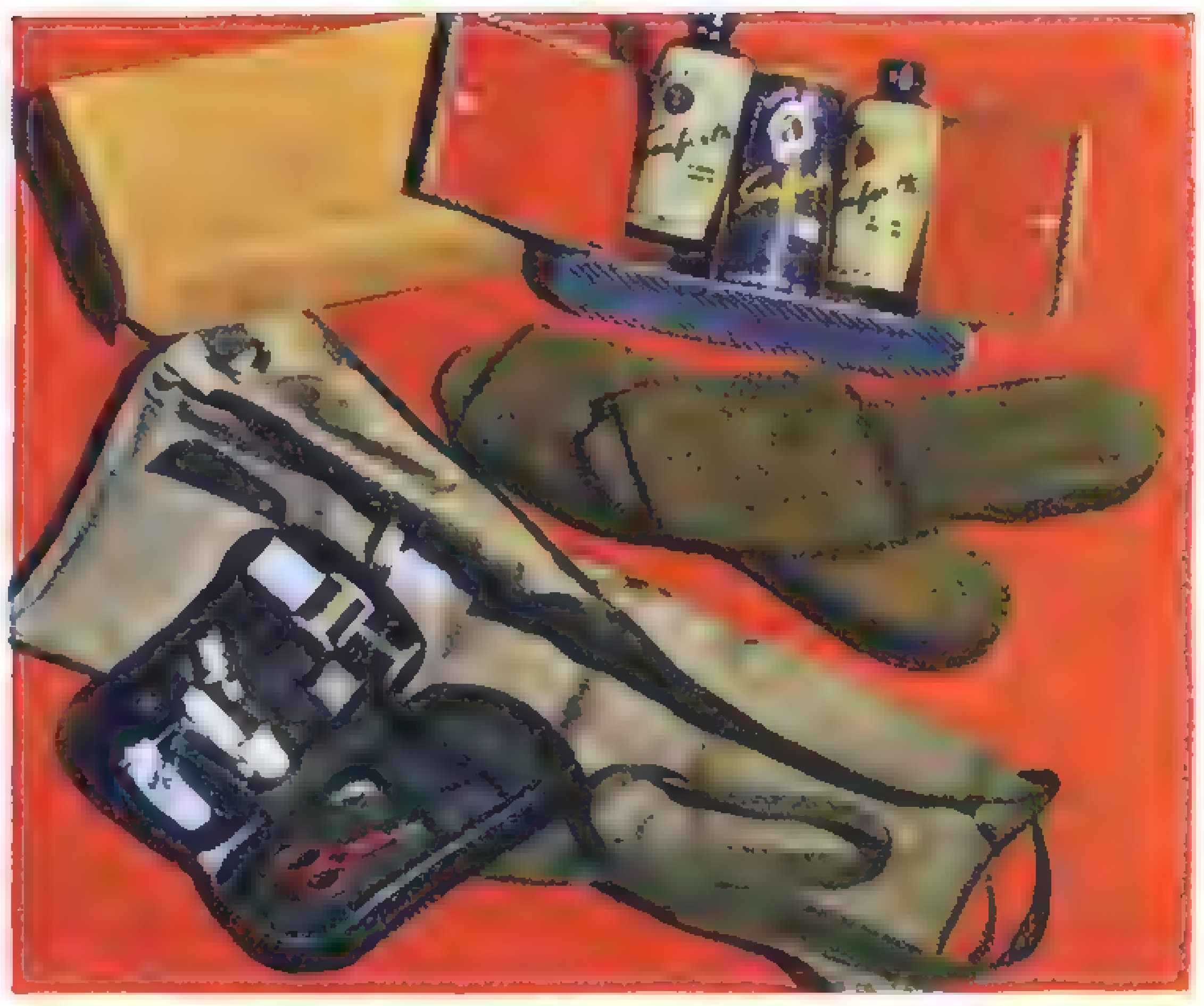
Father in the service



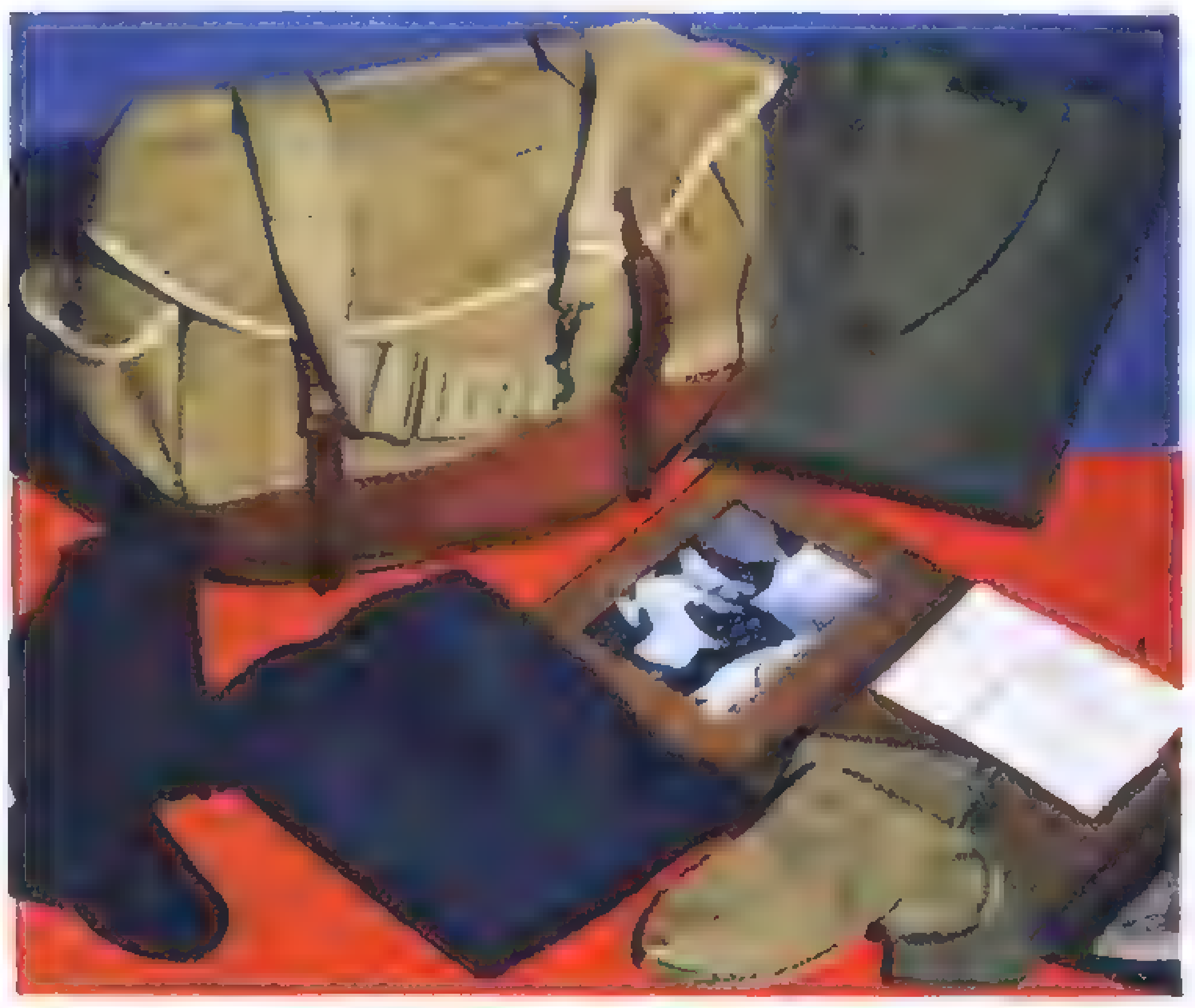
Polls disclose that men in the armed forces prefer gifts that are practical and not bulky. Keep this in mind for Father's Day.



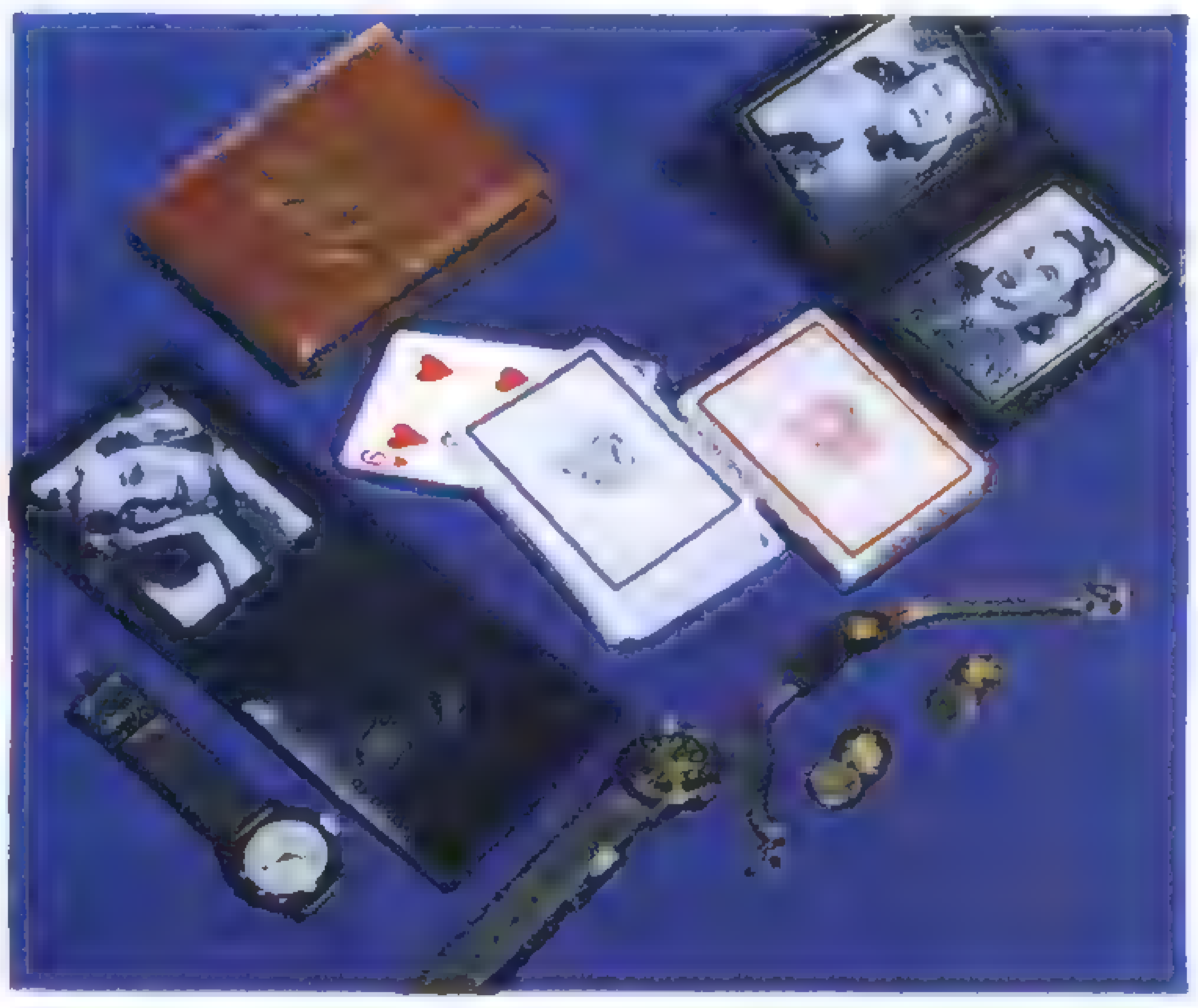
1. Any of these accessories qualify as gifts for Fathers in the armed forces. For Naval officer: Poplin working shirt, black tie, garrison cap. For Army officer: Tropical worsted shirt, tie, summer service cap, belt.



2. Plain calfskin utility case has gabardine lining. Toilet set in convenient gift package. Soft slippers. Apron with compartments for various toiletries is made of cloth used for paratroopers' uniforms. Fitted sewing kit.



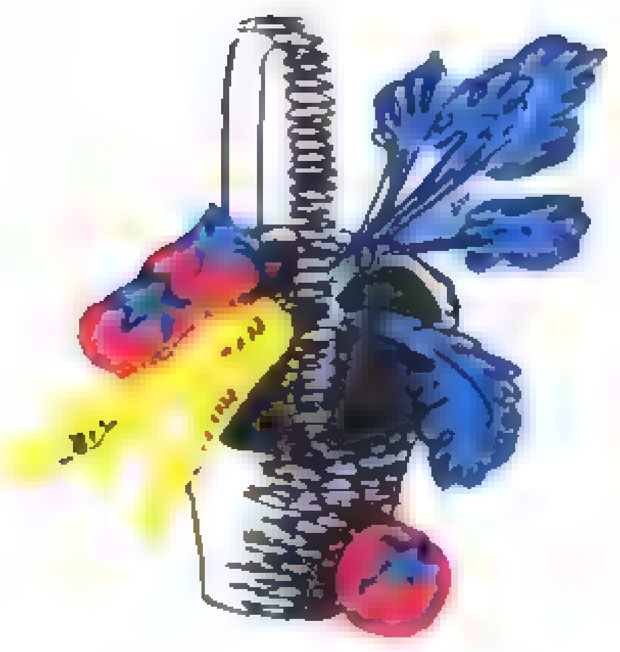
3. Army officer's musette bag has strong leather reenforcement. Khaki and Navy blue sweaters still high on lists of preferences. Black and Khaki socks always good. Leather writing set has an attached address index.



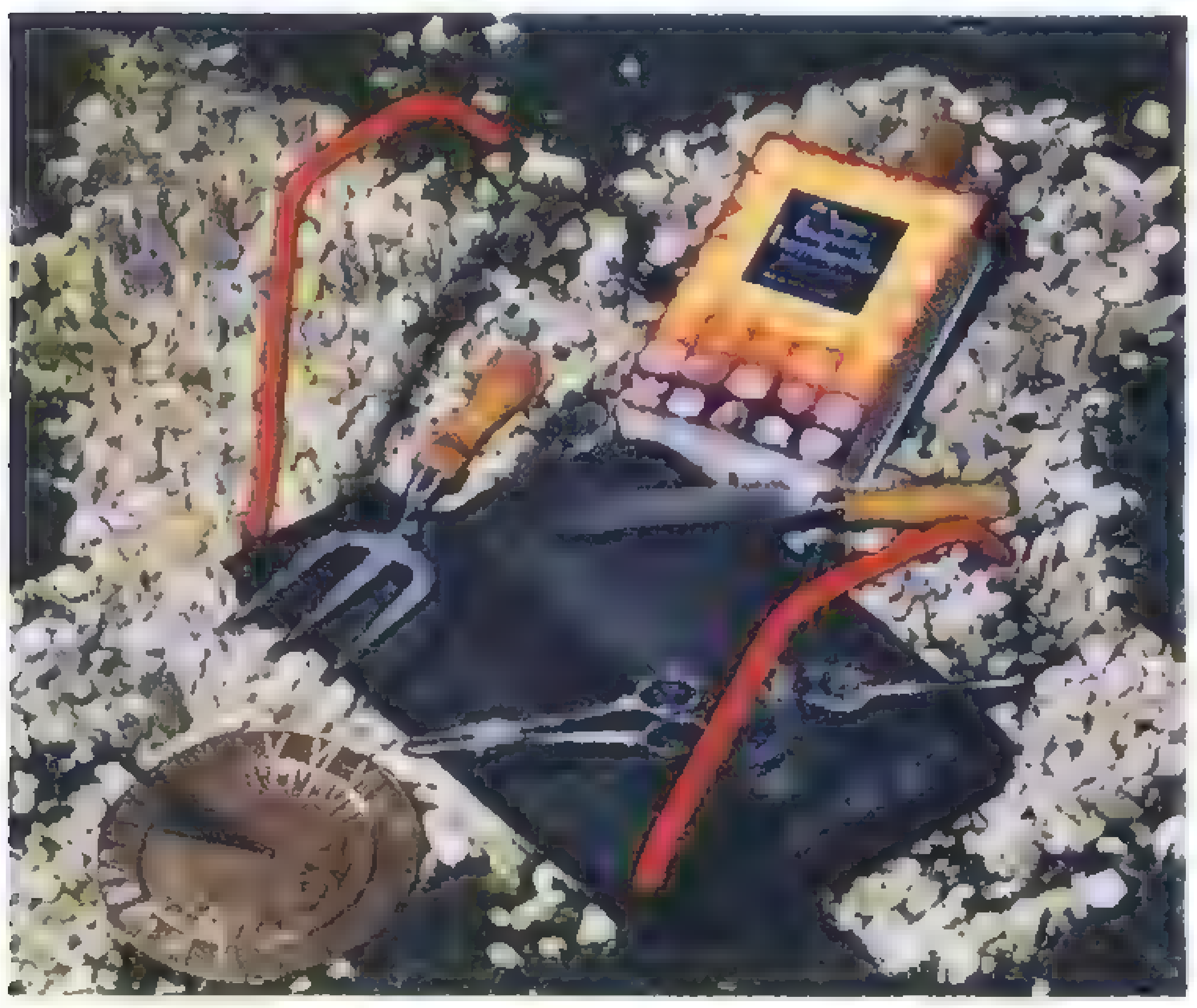
4. Tan leather billfold with embossed insignia for Dad in the Army. Black leather billfold with picture window and Navy insignia. Folding leather picture frame. Service watches. Identification bracelet. Navy links.

Father's Day

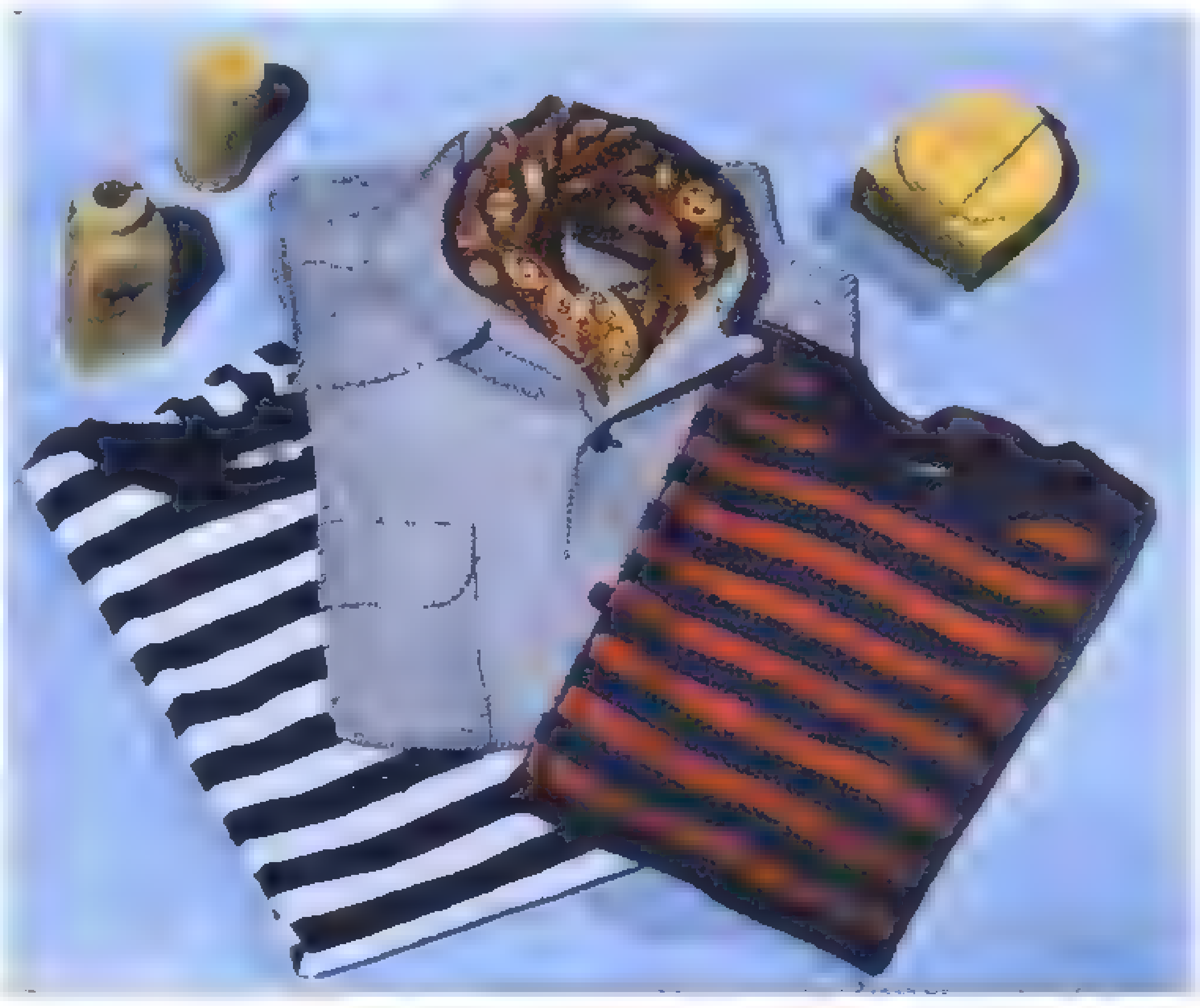
Father outdoors



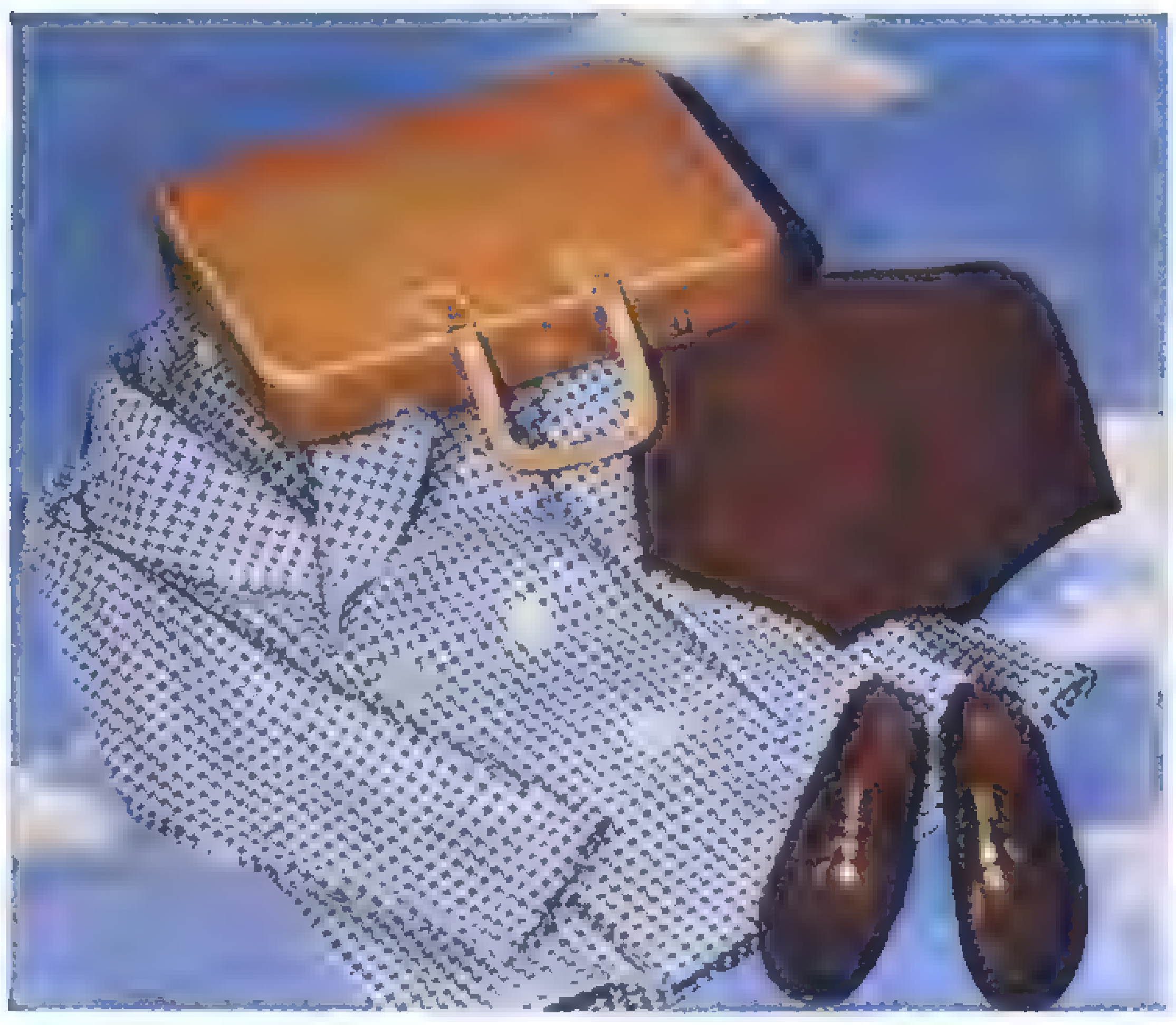
Aids to keep Father fit may be just the right gift for his big day. Consider his preferences in sports equipment and apparel.



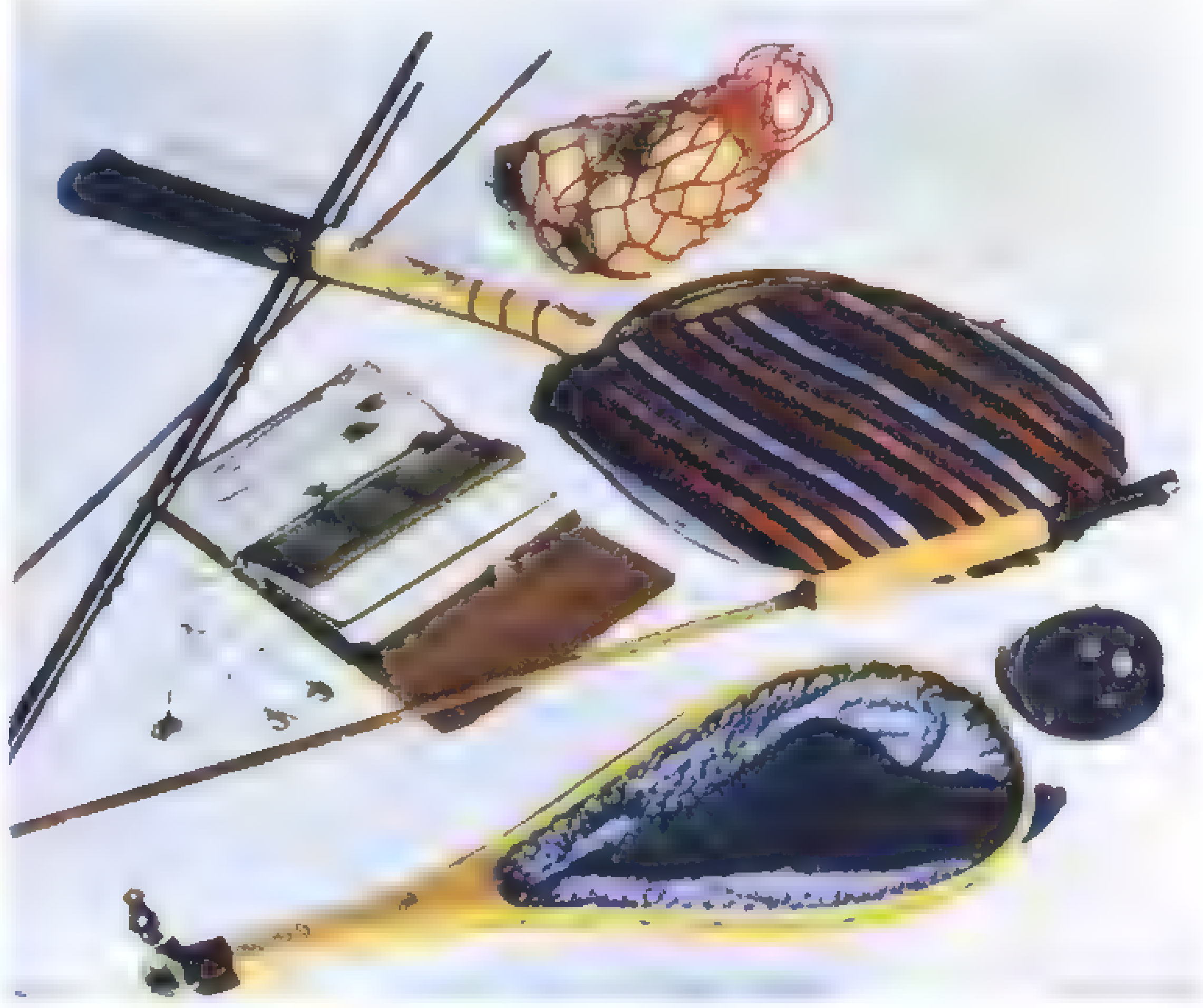
5. Victory gardener cultivates in comfort with this tool rack and attached knee pad. Implements go with it. Answers to all horticultural queries contained in complete volume. The dial still marks all the sunny hours.



6. Small checked rayon sport shirt and foulard neckerchief teams with a pair of summer slacks, with or without sport jacket. Striped shirts of knitted cotton for change of pace. Toiletries in new wooden containers.



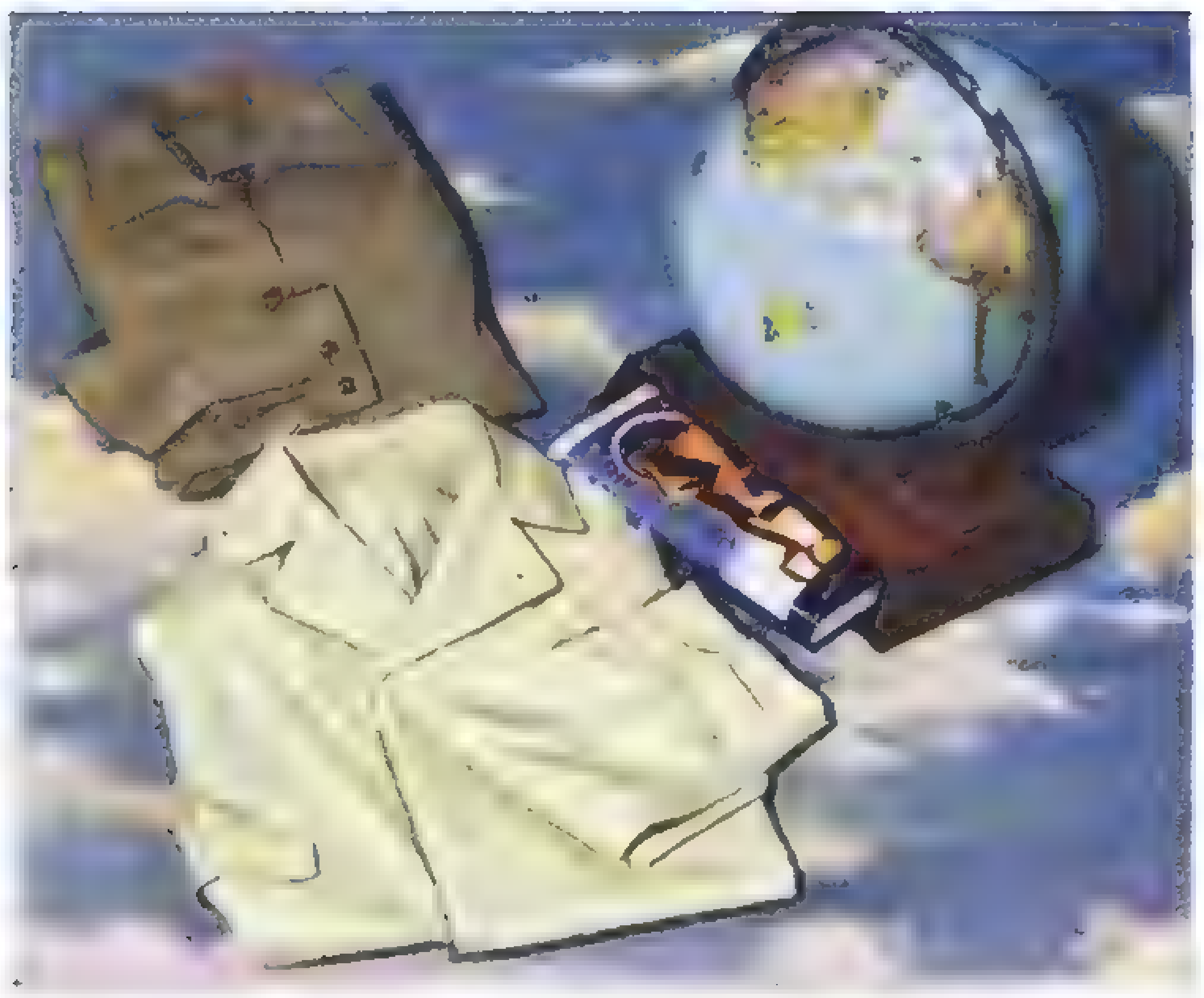
7. Hound's tooth checked beach jacket of loosely woven soft cotton topping for the shirtless bather. Pigskin weekend case holds a surprising lot and is easily carried. Knitted shorts and weejuns team up for swimming.



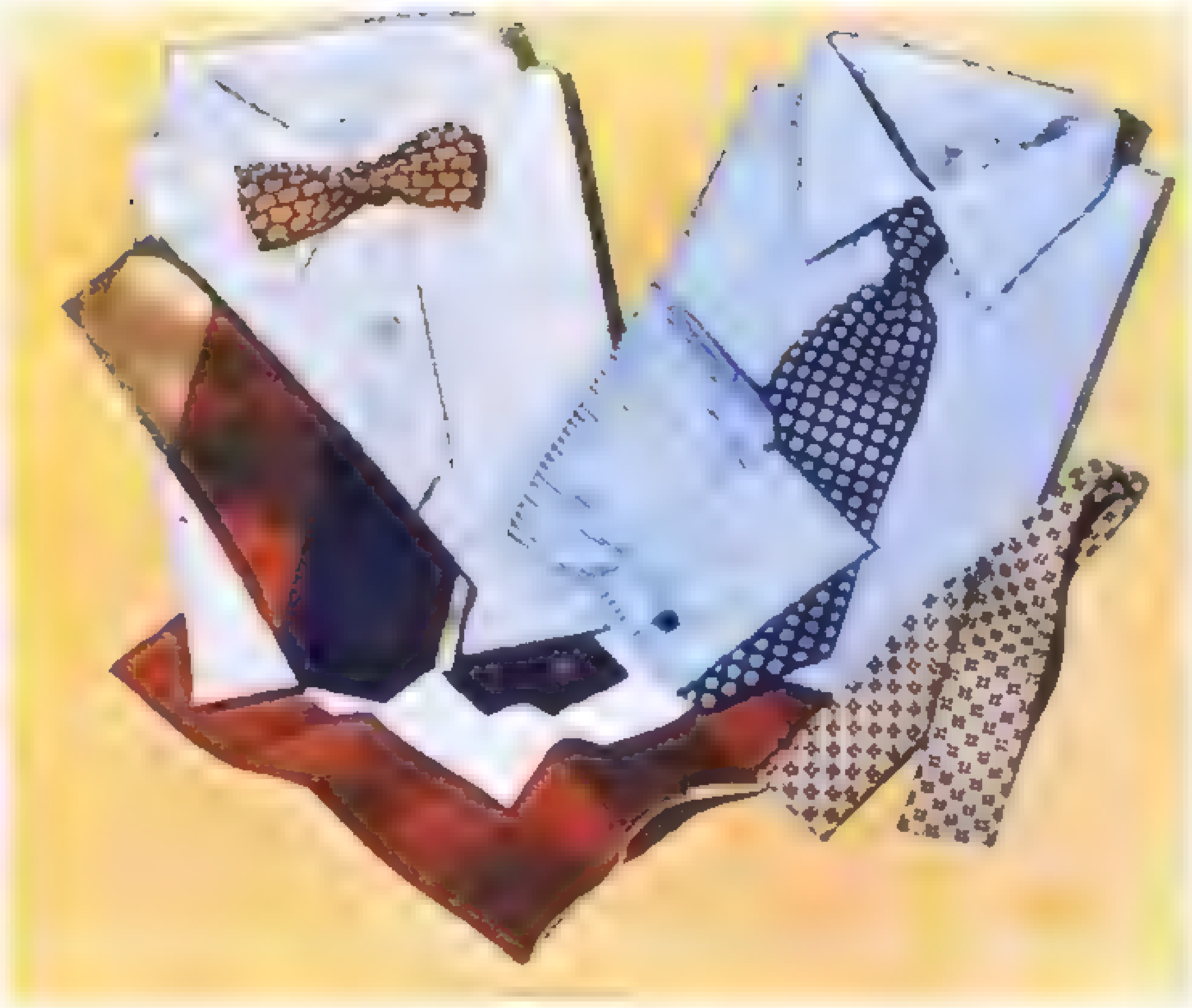
8. Gifts for better stroking and casting. Tennis racquet of a champion's model in gaily striped waterproof cover. Netted tennis balls. Trout rod of light weight with easy-to-operate reel. Handy fly book, flies and net.

Father at work

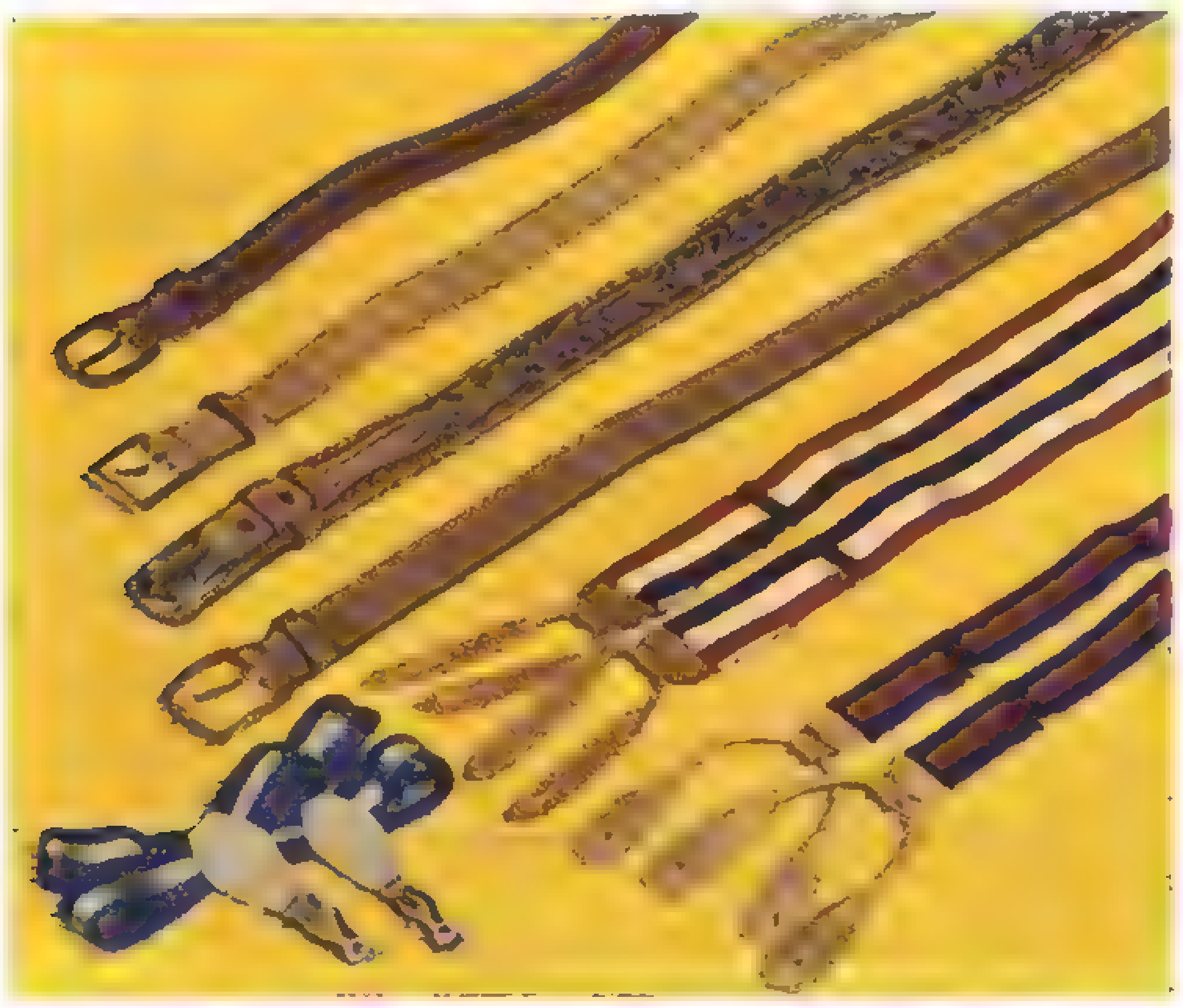
Apparel for wear to the office rates as an appropriate gift on Father's Day. Remember, his individual taste in accessories.



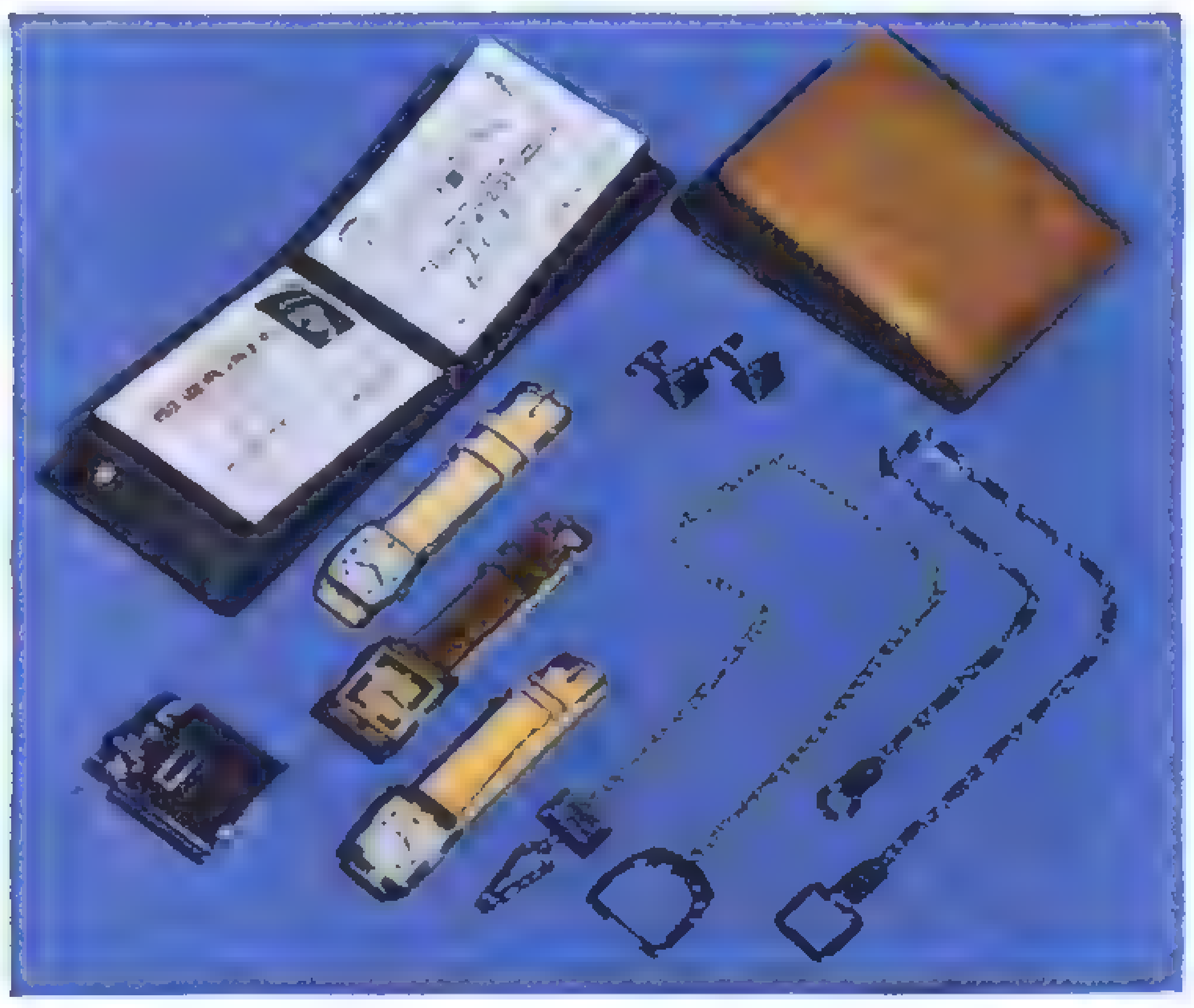
9. Dark tan jacket of water repellent gabardine rates as a multi-purpose wearable. Natural shade processed cotton raincoat is cut along roomy lines. The globe makes it easy to follow all world events. Atlas for reference.



10. Accessories to complement his summer clothes. Oxford shirt paired with foulard bow tie. Alternate tie: striped repp. Striped broadcloth shirt with small patterned four-in-hand and bow ties. Printed handkerchief.



11. Accredited members of the supporting cast. Belts of plain and stitched leather, tooled Western and grained calfskin. Striped ribbon suspenders in two widths with leather tabs. Mesh garters with short elastic inset.

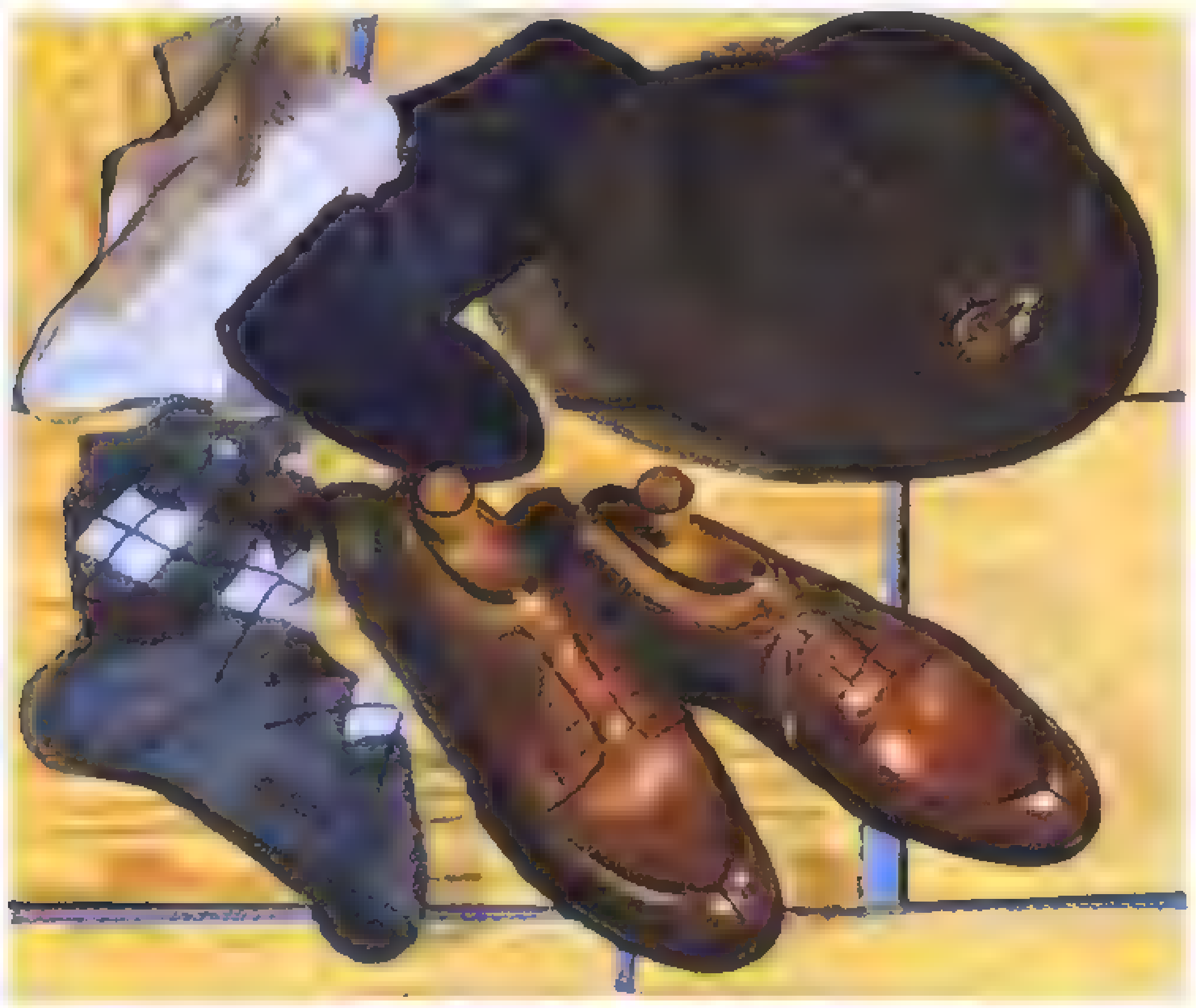


12. Many-windowed pass case attached to grained leather billfold. Plain stitched pigskin billfold. Blue stone cuff links. Trio of precision wrist watches. Lighter, contingent availability. Small and long link key chains.

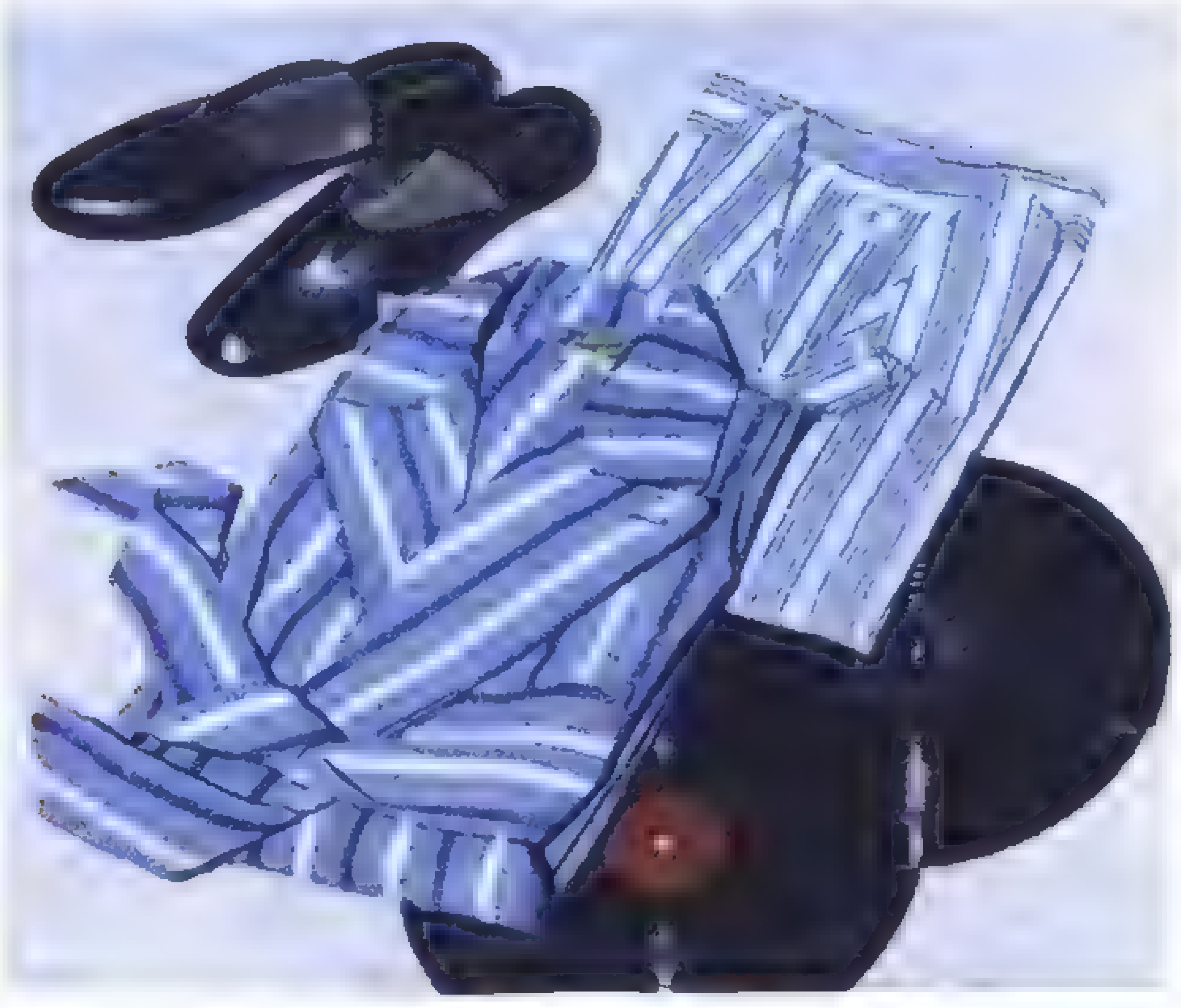
June 20th

Father at home

Relaxation and diversion, doctors say, are essential, especially these days. Note this mentally as you pick out his gift.

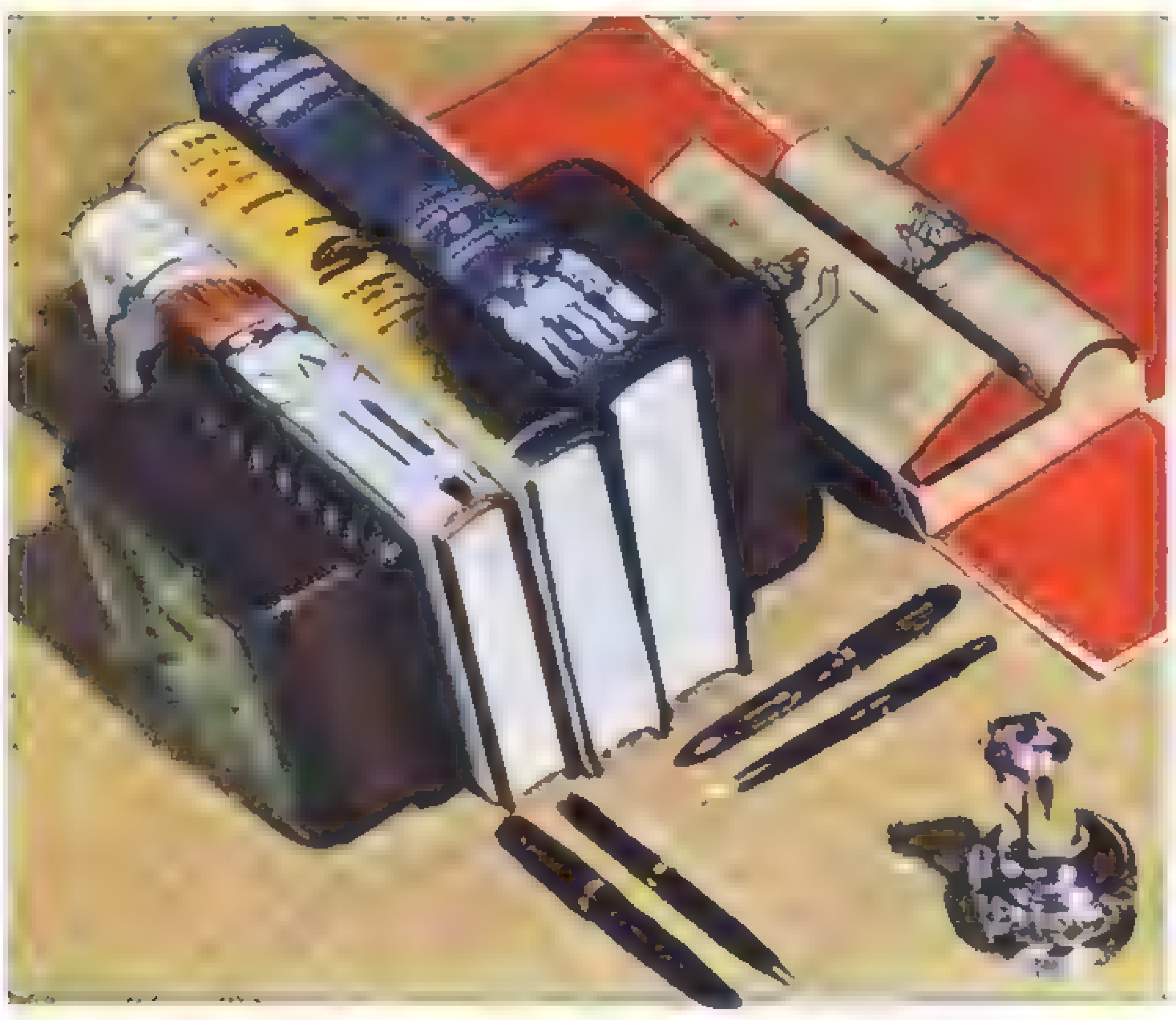


13. Overhead and underfoot remembrances. Rough finish felt hat with feather mount may be represented by a gift certificate. Lisle socks and wool anklets. You'll also have to give a ration coupon for the treed shoes.

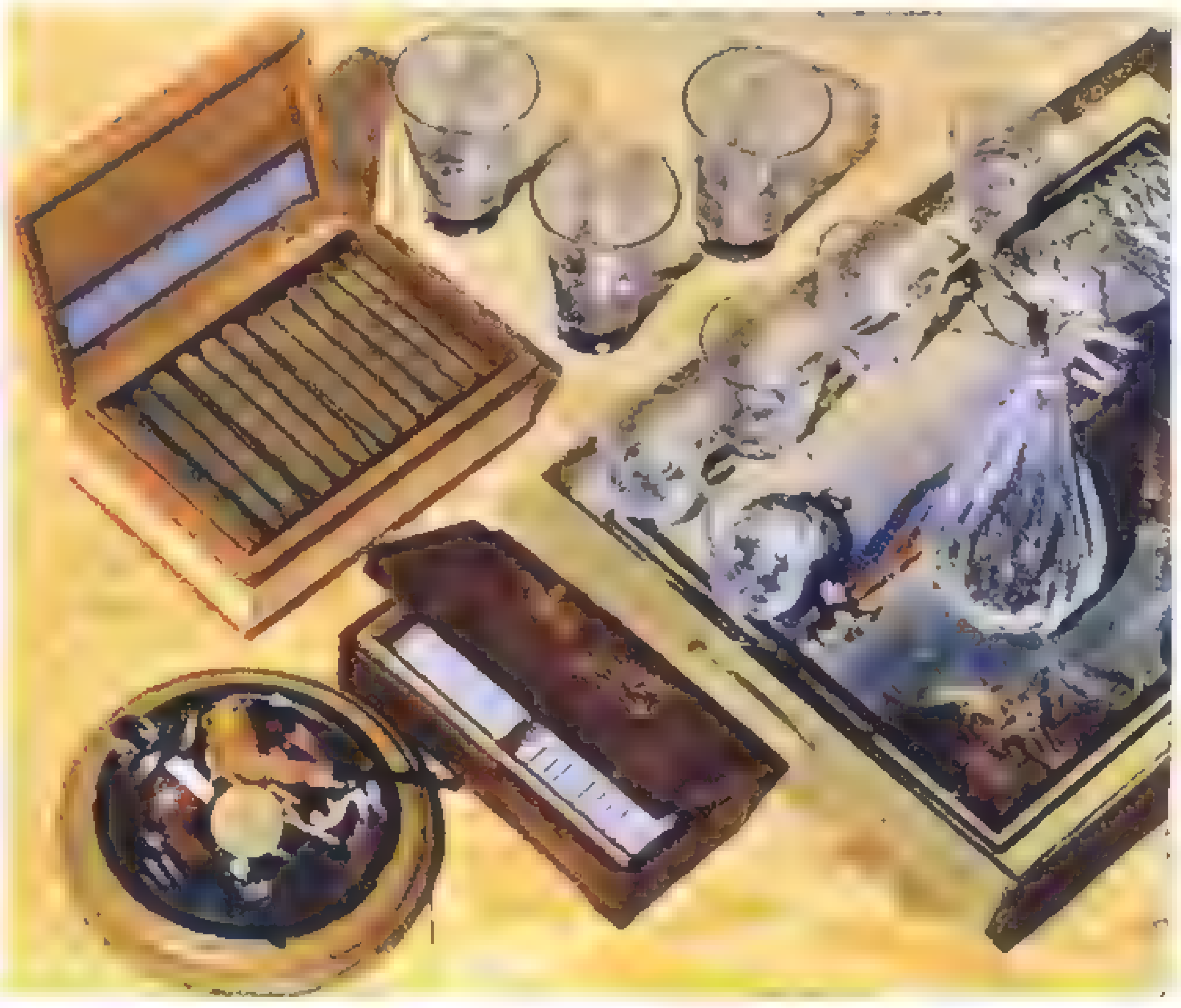


14. Lounging robe of striped thin wool keyed to modern lightweight living. Group striped broadcloth pajamas make practical gifts. Soft leather mules are easy on the feet. Phonograph records from current album sets.

KODACHROMES BY HOWARD S. REDELL



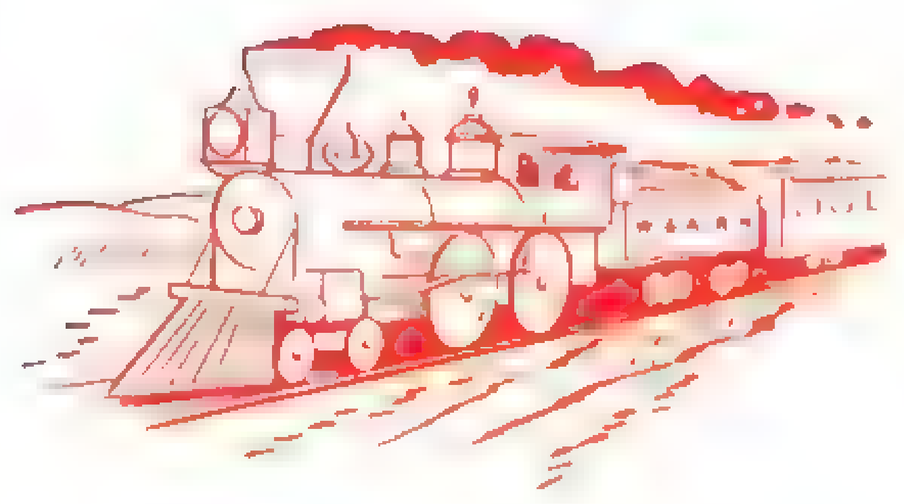
15. Start Dad off with a book every month, as chosen by a group of literary critics. Covered glass bookends. Toiletries in priority-free dress. Pen and pencil sets for easy writing. Table lighter in form of small urn.



16 Cigar humidor of pigskin decorated with natural color cord. Modern American crystal for tall or short drinks. Wooden tray with painted scene. Inlaid wooden cigarette case. Briar pipes on pigskin covered ash receiver.

A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

since the early days of the railroad



1 THE GENERAL—built in 1858, the year America first heard of Corby's; object of a raid by Union soldiers in Georgia in 1863. The raid failed and the General is now a revered relic.

N. Corby
CORBY'S
Special
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR
JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
PEORIA · ILLINOIS
999
Empire State

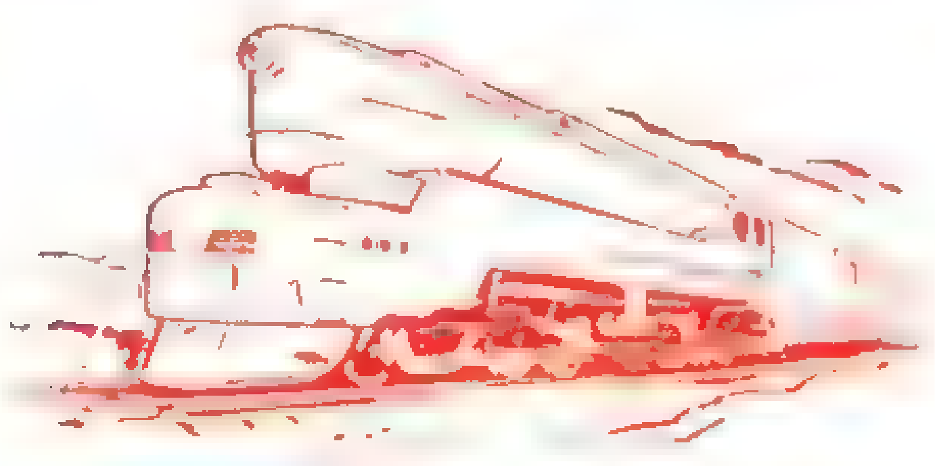
2 GOLDEN SPIKE—first railroad line to the Pacific was completed at Promontory, Utah, where the golden spike was driven in 1869. By then, Corby's had been a respected whiskey name for eleven years.

3 OLD 999—pulling the Empire State Express, made 112.5 miles an hour at Crittenden, in 1893. In those days, Corby's had been an established whiskey name for 35 years.

PRODUCED IN U. S. A.—*under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

American railroads and Americans everywhere are out to win this war. The distilleries that produce Corby's are now completely devoted to war production. Supplies of Corby's are limited and your dealer may occasionally be out of this light, sociable, blended whiskey with the famous Canadian name. Do not blame him. It is due entirely to war conditions, and he may have Corby's next time you ask for it. Corby's is well worth asking for a second or even a third time. And after victory, you'll be able to get Corby's every time!

86 Proof—73.4% Grain Neutral Spirits • Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited • Peoria, Ill.



4 STREAMLINER—with trains making 80 miles an hour, on schedule, railroads are today performing miracles. And Corby's, too, for 85 years a respected whiskey name, is carrying on through a fourth great war.

BUY WAR BONDS

Please Pardon My Scream

Continued from page 72

scream, sob, or moan on the split-second signal—and hold it as long as the director desires. Shirley Crowell, much in demand on horror shows, is famous chiefly because of the fact that she goes insane at a nod and is able to sob for fifteen minutes without fading into indistinct gasps. She can also roll back the top of a studio with a scream as efficient as a can-opener.

KMPC asks those auditioning for the program if they have studied nursing, medicine, have driven an ambulance or worked in a beauty parlor. This is supposed to give immunity to shock. They have a framed testimonial on the studio wall testifying that the Hermit's tales are required listening for graduate undertakers. Miss Crowell, incidentally, actually fainted after her first broadcast where she became a lycanthropist and disembowelled her mother.

Meanwhile, the horror shows continue their shocking way. If continuing surveys are reliable, they are getting a bigger audience of escapists every day the war keeps on.

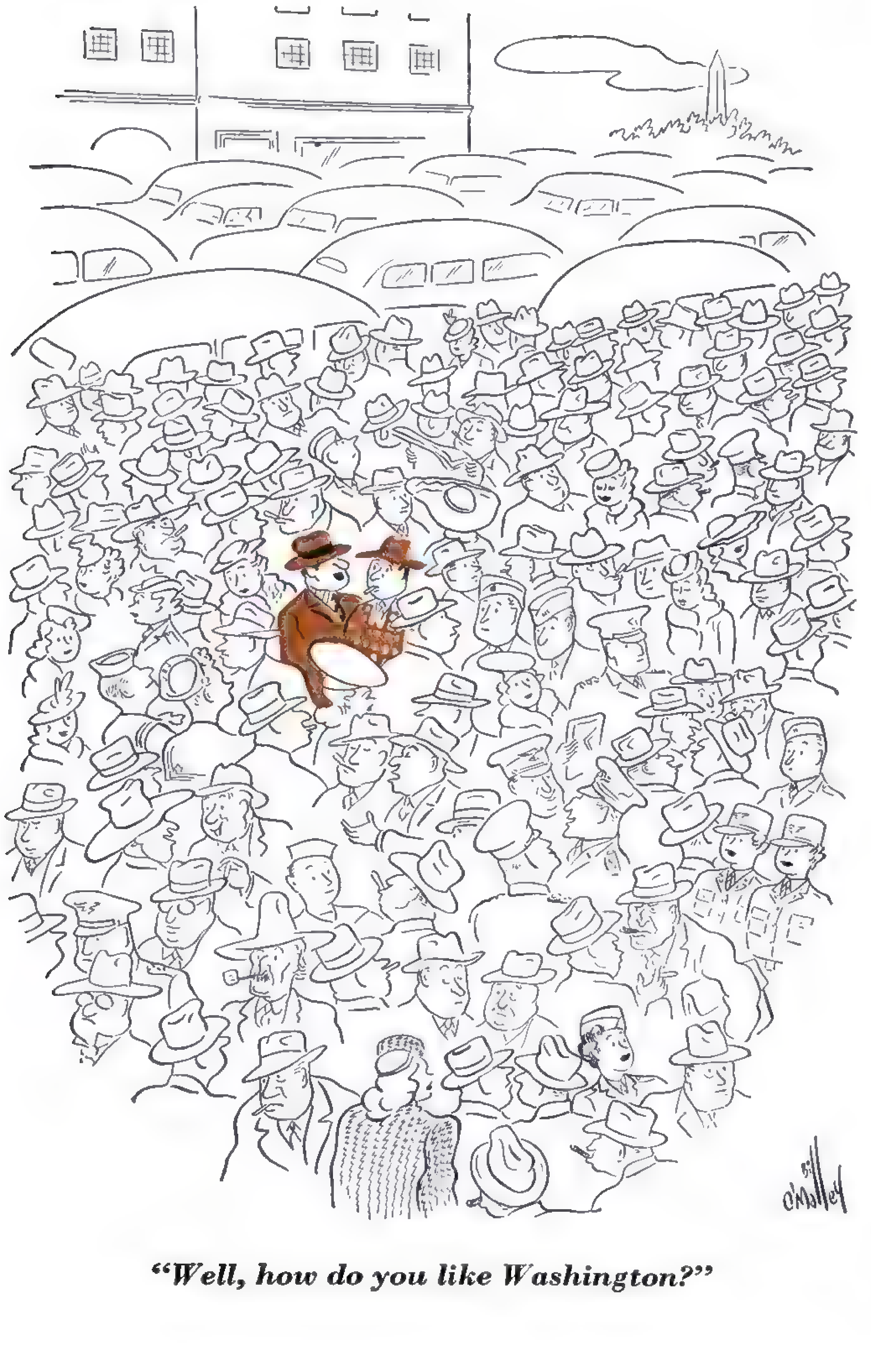
Oboler is striving to make his shows more realistic and scientific. The *Inner Sanctum* is trying to strike a popular compromise between psychological terror and logical denouements. *The Whistler* is going in for sheer mystery. *The Shadow* continues on his career as the nemesis of evil. *The Hermit's Cave* is going even further out of this world into a plane where evil triumphs, blood is spilled in cloudbursts, bones are shattered like matchwood and horror is supreme.

Horror pays what the traffic will bear. Probably the highest and lowest paid producers are Oboler and Huston. Oboler, who used to gross 4,000 dollars a week, may get a check of 1,000 dollars for *Lights Out.* Huston gets less than 100 dollars. *The Inner Sanctum*, *The Shadow* and *The Whistler* range between the two.

Not long ago a radio fan magazine asked Huston for an interview. Huston prepared for it by gagging up the Hermit. An old man was planted in a cave with hounds tethered to a *No Parking* sign. He was surrounded by bones and skulls and old chains. Chief of the exhibits was a freshly bloodied axe.

"What's that?" quavered the interviewer, pointing a not particularly steady finger at the gouts of gore on the axe.

The ragged Hermit chuckled. "Cut myself shaving," he said. ###



"Well, how do you like Washington?"

Jane Wyman, to appear in the Warner Bros. picture, "Princess O'Rourke"

from the battlefronts of North Africa . . .

to the boulevards of Hollywood . . . . . .

Whether men go into canteens or into stores to buy it for themselves . . . .

It's Definitely Seaforth!

A man's appearance is more important than ever these active days. It bolsters morale! This is true whether he is strolling down a boulevard in Hollywood or relaxing in a North African cafe. And it is equally true that men prefer Seaforth toiletries for the impeccable grooming necessary to smart appearance.

Tangy heather and fern fragrance, finest ingredients, sturdy stone jugs that perfectly preserve each product... all these combine to make Seaforth toiletries the choice of men everywhere!

ALFRED D. McKELVY COMPANY
10 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK

Seaforth! FOR men

SHAVING SOAP . SHAVING LOTION . MEN'S TALC . MEN'S COLOGNE . DEODORANT . HAIR DRESSING . HAND SOAP

for **Dads**—
who deserve the finest!

BLOCK
Tailored
SPORTSWEAR
Made in California

(Dad's Day . . . June 20th)

Dad's working harder than ever these days, whether he pushes a pencil or rassles a riveting gun. Make Dad glad with a jacket or sport shirt that boasts the nationally famous Block label. On the job . . . or off . . . Block sportswear will mean solid comfort, easy freedom, worlds of service for a grand guy!

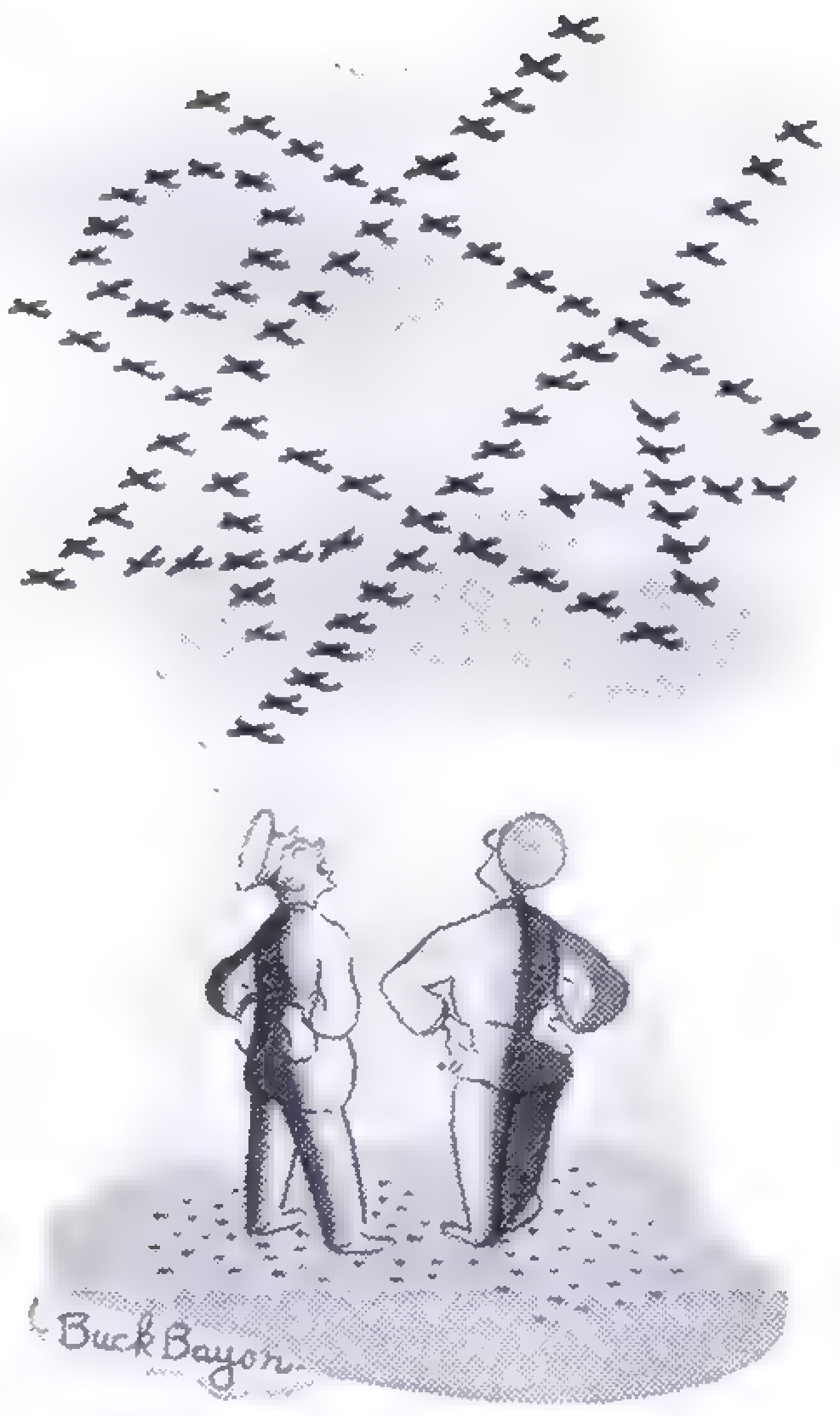
Make your Dad's Day gift one of the big three! A Block leather jacket with exclusive ball-bearing shoulders, a colorful sport shirt, or a Weather-bird jacket that sheds water like a duck, but has plenty of style and comfort.

At leading stores everywhere

BLOCK Sportswear
Made in California by H & L BLOCK
1563 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

Stars in Service

Five thousand commissioned officers in the Army carry on the traditions of L. S. U.



"The Air Corps has adopted a little amusement for that monotonous trip to Tokyo"

In one of the early American attacks in Tunisia, Lieutenant Alex Box, former Louisiana State football and baseball player, won the D.S.C. for capturing eight Germans and silencing eight machine gun nests and a mortar. Regrettably, however, he was wounded in this action, and died of his wounds four days later—another of the heroes of L.S.U., which along with Texas A. & M. and West Point, constitutes the Big Three of Army schools in this country. The "Ole War Skule" now counts about 5,000 commissioned officers in the Army and thousands of enlisted men.

Distinguished Service Crosses also have been won by Jimmy Collins, former tennis star, for air action in the Pacific, and Larry Landry, a former cheerleader, who won the D.S.C. and the Purple Heart for gallantry over Java. Landry went to the aid of a friend who had two Japs on his tail, and shot down both. Then two Japs got on his tail and shot him to death.

* * *

Lieutenant Allan Rothenberg, who managed the George Washington University football team in 1938 and '39 and played outfield on the ball team, has won both the Silver Star and the Navy Cross for distinguished action in the Pacific. On October 16, 1942, according to his citation, "Lieutenant Rothenberg skillfully located an enemy cruiser off Santa Cruz Island under difficult conditions of night visibility. On his first run he found himself too close to the vessel for a release which would aim the torpedo. He made a second run through heavy antiaircraft fire and scored a direct hit on the enemy cruiser."

In December he received the Silver Star for gallantry in the Battle of Midway when "On the night of June 3-4 his plane successfully located the enemy and attacked with torpedoes from close range. His successfully locating the enemy and carrying out his assigned mission was a definite contribution to the success of our forces in the Battle of Midway."

* * *

Like father like son doesn't seem to work very consistently in baseball these days. Lieutenant Rogers Hornsby, Jr., a navigator in the Army Air Force, in peace time was an engineer draftsman, and never played baseball. Lew Fonseca's son, Junior, was more interested in becoming a band leader than in athletics while in school at Northwestern University before he joined Naval Aviation.

And Gabby Hartnett relates that his 13-year-old youngster has no interest in baseball but is all het up to become a flier.

* * *

Don "Scotty" McLennon, who was lost in Marine Fighter Squadron 223 on Guadalcanal, starred for three years on the Yale hockey team, winding up his competition with three goals against Harvard. At Hotchkiss, from which he was graduated in 1937, he made a good record in hockey, baseball and football; and he also earned numerals in all three of these sports as a freshman at Yale.

* * *

Lieutenant Tim Lowry, who as captain and center of the Northwestern University eleven, called for the famous safety that beat Michigan, 3 to 2 in the mud of Soldier Field, Chicago, in 1925, is an instructor at Quonset, Rhode Island.

Edgar "Eggs" Manske, former Northwestern star end, is helping train naval pilots at the St. Mary's Pre-Flight School in California.

* * *

First Lieutenant Kenneth McCord of Baltimore, former Johns Hopkins football man, was awarded the *Croix de Guerre* by the general commanding a French army corps for meritorious conduct in fighting alongside the French in Tunisia.

* * *

Lieutenant General George S. Patton, Jr., commander of our tank forces in Tunisia, was our fencing and modern pentathlon entry on the American Olympic Team that went to Stockholm in 1912. Patton, then a lieutenant, finished fourth in the "military" pentathlon, which was included in the Games for the first time that year and consisted of: duel shooting, swimming, fencing, riding and cross-country.

* * *

Lieutenant (j.g.) Stanley H. Lane of Kalamazoo College, class of '39, put in 150 days in the Navy Air Corps in the South Pacific at one stretch, and then after a rest, returned to the combat zone. In college he played football and basketball for three years, captaining two championship elevens as a blocking back. Lieutenant Joe Perry Martin, who was Kalamazoo's dropkick specialist in 1938, '39 and '40, saw action with the Army Air Corps in Australia and other countries and went down on the aircraft tender *U.S.S. Langley* in the Battle of Java.

* * *

Ensign Harry S. Buxbaum, after receiving his wings at Jacksonville, Florida, has been stationed at San Diego. He was captain of his football and basketball teams at Lawrence High, Lawrence, Long Island for two years, and was blocking back on the University of Pennsylvania freshman eleven and played fullback as a sophomore.

* * *

When Jack Samsel left Kemper Military School, Boonville, Missouri, to become the youngest commissioned officer in the service, he left behind the longest string of "most outstandings" in the school's 99-year history. He was Cadet Lieutenant Colonel and Corps Commander when his 18th birthday rolled around in 1942, and he was accepted for his commission three days later. A freshman in college, he had three varsity football letters, the same number in varsity wrestling and boxing, with the captainship in these two sports, and in addition, two letters in varsity track—all on the basis of junior college competition. He also was first in scholarship throughout his Kemper career.

When sent to Fort Benning, he asked for paratroop duty. He was transferred to Fort Hoffman, North Carolina, as a first lieutenant and instructor.

* * *

Lieutenant Edward A. Fielden, end on the Pennsylvania elevens of 1936, '37 and '38, died of a cerebral hemorrhage while serving with the Army Air Corps at Puerto Rico.

* * *

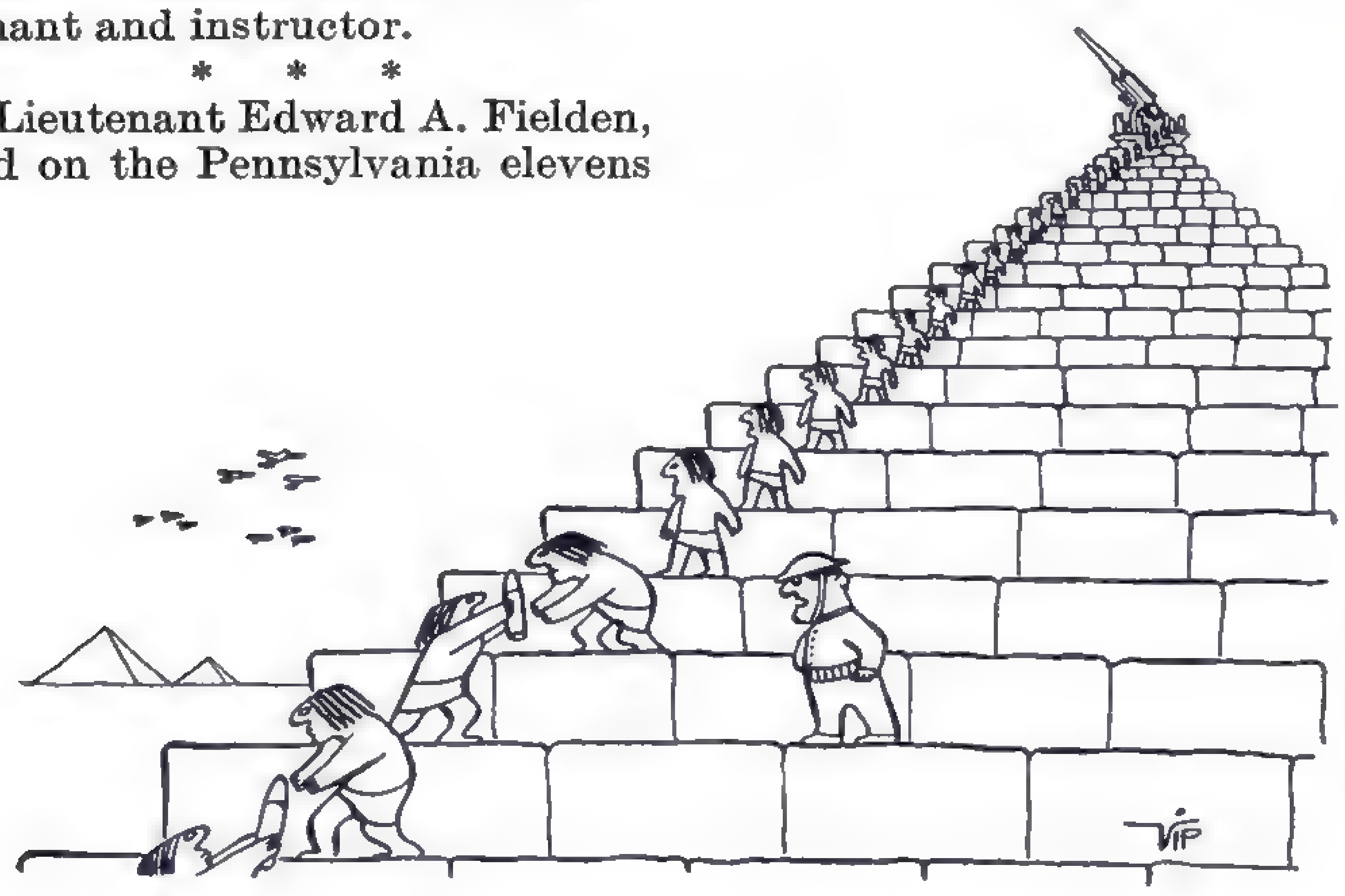
Lieutenant Don Kristufek, former four-sport star at Doane College, Crete, Nebraska, was one of the prices we paid for the victory in North Africa . . . killed only a short time after he reached the front line. In school, Lieutenant Kristufek twice led the Nebraska Collegiate Athletic Conference in scoring in basketball, and in addition was one of the conference's all-time athletic greats in football, track and tennis. In 1938-39 he toured South America with an A.A.U. All-American basketball team, and served for two years as coach at Wymore, Nebraska, high school before volunteering for Army aviation training in the Summer of 1941.

* * *

Massachusetts Institute of Technology has lost two former athletes in action in Africa, and a third is a prisoner of the Japs. Captain Charles Francis Kelley, Jr., swimmer and a member of the varsity 150-pound crew, was killed in action on March 9, 1943. Lieutenant Robert M. Emery, coxswain of the varsity crew, was killed on November 8, 1942. Lieutenant Walter H. Farrell was captured in the fall of the Philippines. While at M.I.T. he played on the varsity basketball and lacrosse teams for three years, and was on the soccer team for two years. He was president of his class in both his junior and senior years.

* * *

A month before General Doolittle's raid on Tokyo, a plane swooped low over the football field at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio where the track team was working out. In it was Lieutenant Robert J. Meder, Miami half-miler, 1937-39. Lieutenant Meder's plane flew on to Dayton, but the pilot drove back to Oxford to visit friends. A month later this same plane was over Tokyo, and most regrettably Lieutenant Meder was one of the eight Americans who fell into Jap hands, and most likely was executed. ⌗



"Let's hurry it up, fellows"

You're even more attractive in these glasses, Mr. Walker

JOHNNIE WALKER'S appeal is apparent at the very first sip. For here is a whisky that's distinctive in taste . . . that has a delightful flavour of its own. But discover for yourself how richly smooth this fine scotch is . . . you'll find it pays to keep out in front with Johnnie Walker.

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

RED LABEL 8 YEARS OLD

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Both 86.8 proof

BORN 1820 . . .
Still going strong

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Two-Fisted Fighting Man

Continued from page 42

this any time, anywhere, on the slightest provocation. A fighting family, one surmises, and once convinced, difficult to change. But amongst themselves, a profoundly happy and affectionate one. The tall son attended the public schools of New York and then went to City College where he was a star athlete and an outstanding student, graduating at the age of nineteen with an enviable record in penny-ante poker. Shortly after graduation he went to work in a broker's office at three dollars a week, and eight years later, asking for a raise to fifty dollars a week, was offered a one-sixth partnership in the firm. He accepted this and immediately married Annie Griffen, the granddaughter of an Episcopalian minister. (Mrs. Baruch died in 1938 leaving three children; a son and two daughters.) The year of his marriage, he made 6,000 dollars. This so encouraged him that he embarked upon the wizard-like career that made him the astonishment of Wall Street. He borrowed 10,000 dollars from his father, being at the time twenty-seven, and within three years ran this up to over a million, losing it a couple of times but winning it back with interest. From that time on money has never bothered him.

Mr. Baruch complains humorously that his huge mail has been cluttered for years by innocent and tragic people asking him the secret of making money. His answer is the simple and historic one; keep your mind on your job and do it, whatever it is, so perfectly that you become indispensable. Once you are indispensable, you will have an opportunity to branch out along your own particular talent which in Mr. Baruch's case for a long while was cashing in, via Wall Street, on the inevitable growth of the United States. He speaks of this dryly and modestly as "speculation."

Once, on the witness stand, he was asked what was his profession.

"I am a speculator," said Mr. Baruch firmly.

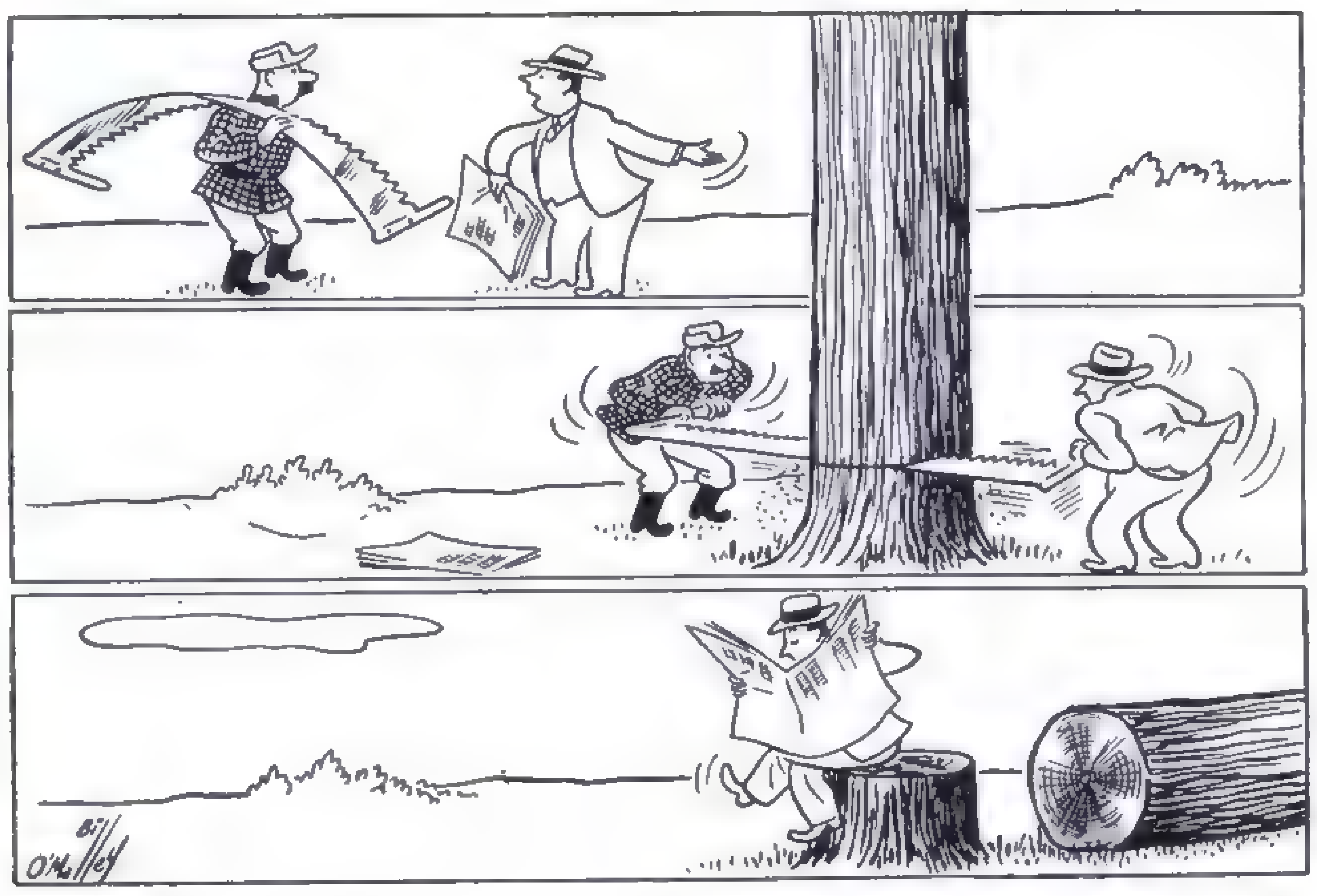
"Well, what's a speculator?"

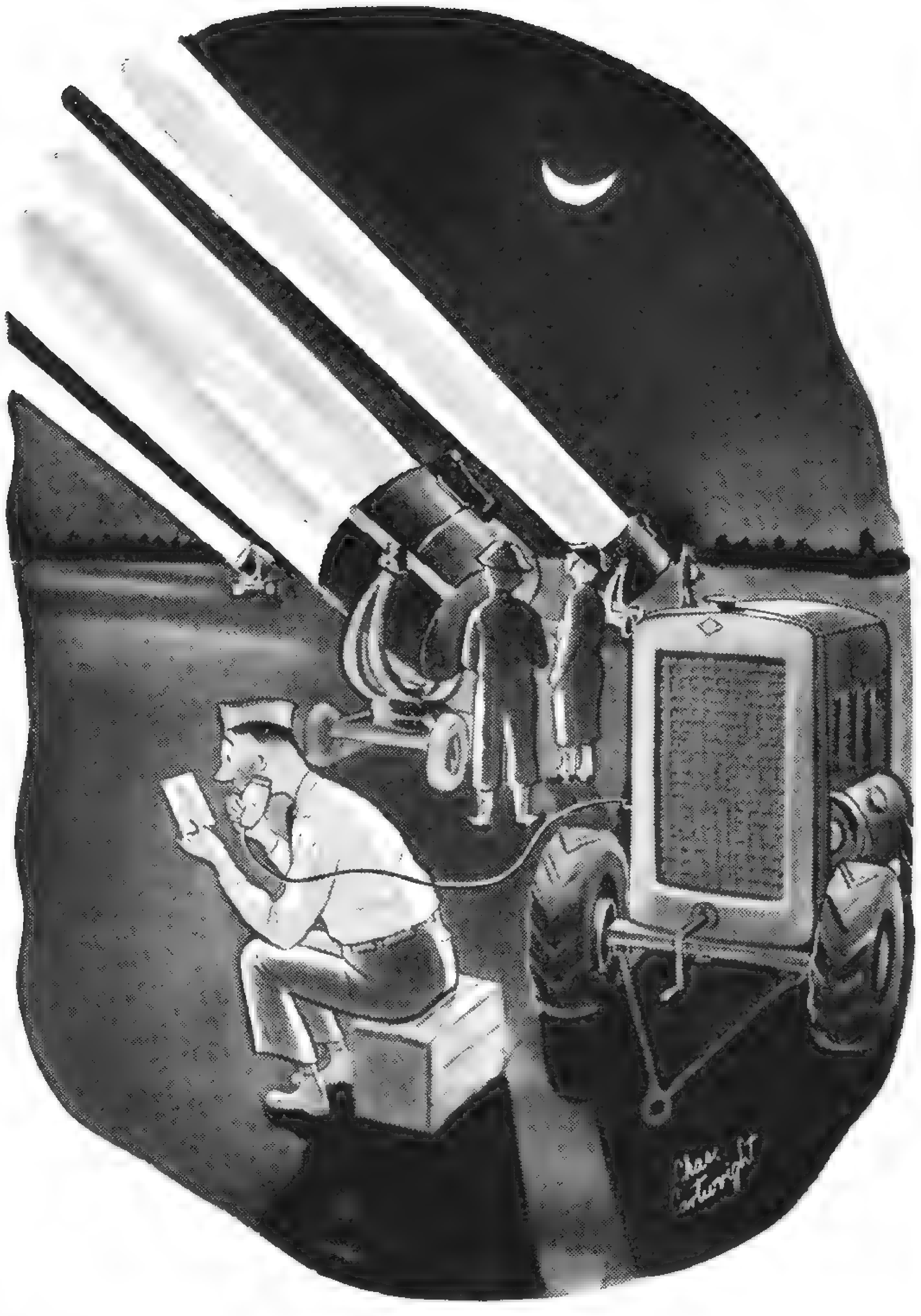
"A speculator," he replied in an extemporaneous definition that is now classic, "is a man who observes the future and acts before it occurs."

For over three and a half decades Mr. Baruch has been an extremely rich man, and what's more, a solidly rich one. He is by no means one of the richest men in the country, but his fortune is estimated to be somewhere up in the riper 30,000,000 dollars. He says this is ridiculous, but admits he can always find a dollar or so to do what he wants, and on one occasion remarked that "it was natural when God and the community had been so good to a man, that he should try to make some repayment."

His repayments have been magnificent. Only a few months ago he gave 1,000,000 dollars to fifteen war-relief organizations; such organizations as the Army and Navy Relief, the U.S.O., the United Seaman's Service, the Red Cross, the China Relief, the Greek Relief, the American Committee for Christian Refugees, the Catholic Refugee Relief, the Unitarian Service Committee, and so on. This was at about the time he was being attacked by political enemies, both in Congress and out, for having given a dinner of Lucullian proportions to the lately married Harry Hopkins. "Forty dollars a plate!" screamed his enemies. Mr. Baruch, with his usual precision, had kept his bills which proved that the dinner had cost five dollars a plate, or what it would in any good restaurant. One of his first "repayments" was to endow his father with an income sufficient to permit him to retire from his practice and devote himself to public sanitation among the poor, his especial desire. The public bath system of New York is due to this, and the first bath built was named after him. So when you see the annual crop of summer photographs showing slum children cooling off you can think of Doctor Baruch.

Gilbert and Sullivan in *Pinafore* give the same recipe for success as Mr. Baruch, in the lines, "I polished up the handle of the





big front door; I polished it so care-ful-ee, that now I am ruler of the Queen's nav-ee." But neither Gilbert and Sullivan nor Mr. Baruch adds the equally necessary plus. To really successful men, the fact that "two and two make four" is so obvious, so much a part of their instinctive action, that they are inclined to forget what a rare human performance the solving of this simple and basic equation is. Plenty of men collect any number of 2's, but they can't add them up. Mr. Baruch could, and for twenty years he has.

Until he was around forty-five, here is the picture of the man: a tall fellow, six feet four or five, graceful, suave, well-dressed, aquiline-featured, soft-voiced, self-contained but amusing and charming when he wished; his hair parted in the middle, a wave in it, his sharp eyes taking you in behind pince-nez. His friends say he can see "through the back of his head and out of both ears;" that he has only to enter a crowded room to know who's there, and that if he passes you in a car, in the midst of huge traffic, even if you happen to be in the recesses of yours, he'll tell you about it afterward. That would explain his being a good bird-shot and would indicate his pioneering ancestry. Until he was well into his forties, his talents for stalking were exhibited mostly in Wall Street and in glamorous living. He had a castle and shooting moor at Fetteresso, Scotland. An apartment in New York. Steam yachts he could have had when he felt like them, but he was too ready a victim of seasickness ever to feel like owning one. Country places, of course. He became a connoisseur of wine, and delights in it, always extremely moderate; a lover of good food, although now he has to be fairly careful. He played, and plays, a more than good game of bridge. For a long while he ran a racing stable—he has always loved horses, and one of his daughters is a famous horsewoman—and his colors were well-known on the track. As for "going out," he took much pleasure in it, provided the company was intelligent and good-looking, and he still does when he has time, but if you are going to ask him to dinner, see that some of the lady-guests are both bright and pretty.

All alert and powerful men like, other things being equal, pretty women, and one is at liberty to suppose that God, who made so many women pretty, wouldn't have done so if He hadn't intended it. In any case, Mr. Baruch likes women, and understands them, and instinctively they like him, and understand him.

But anyway, there was the man until his early forties; enormously successful, popular, generous, a sportsman; the sort of man as well known in Paris, London, Vienna and Rome as in New York. The sort of man the haughtiest head-waiters welcomed with a flourish,

Continued on page 140

"—AT LEAST DAD WON'T MIND PAYING FOR HIS NEW PRINCE GARDNER"

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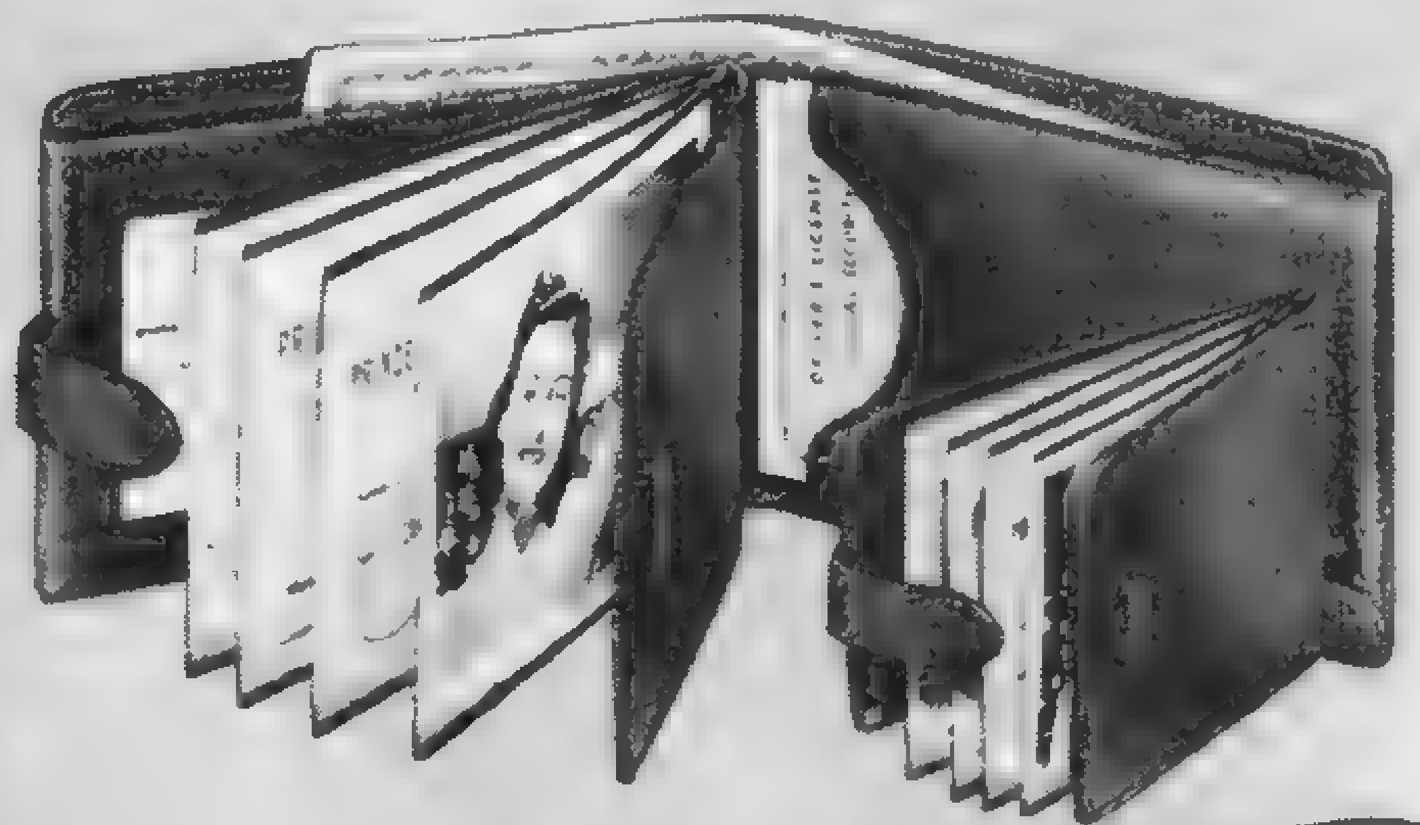
Let's pay Dad back for all his generosities with a gift he'll enjoy for years—a crisp new Prince Gardner! Efficient . . . compact . . . handsomely crafted with "invisible stitch," in rich India Goatskin leathers (increasingly rare)—handboarded to highlight their distinctive grain. In Black, Brown, Gahna Mission Brown.



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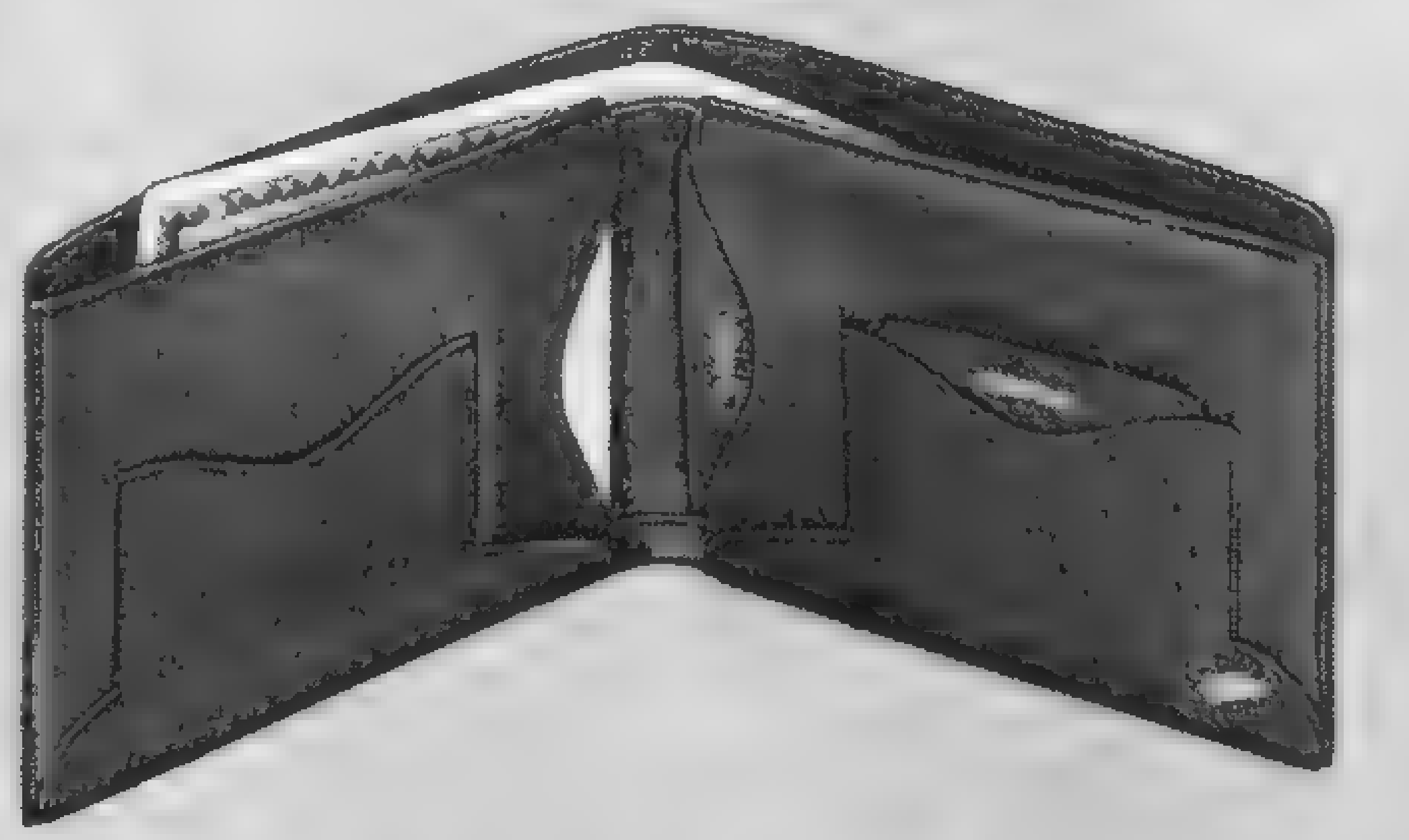

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Schenley IMPORT

Two-Fisted Fighting Man

Continued from pages 42-139

for whom suites were made immediately available, no matter how crowded with minor royalties the hotel might be. In short, until he was a mature man, Bernie Baruch was a typical Wall Street operator of the small, select upper-bracket; one of the "wonder-men" of the gilded epoch, different from his fellows only in his infallible acumen, his charities, and in his liberalism. And of all things in the world, he remained a Democrat with a big d. His friends forgave him because he was so popular and put it down to his South Carolina boyhood.

As soon as he could afford it he bought Hobcaw Barony, that lovely old place of 20,000 acres—in South Carolina the original grants were called "baronies"—just below the shining sands of Myrtle Beach and near the Wacamaw River in that delicious land of sea and forest and old plantations. But Hobcaw Barony deserves a paragraph to itself, having to do with blood and tradition and a poor boy's dreams, infused with the color of a land-owning South. Bernie Baruch as a child saw Hobcaw Barony, there across the wide and placid Wacamaw, bowered in its trees, but he never thought he would own it.

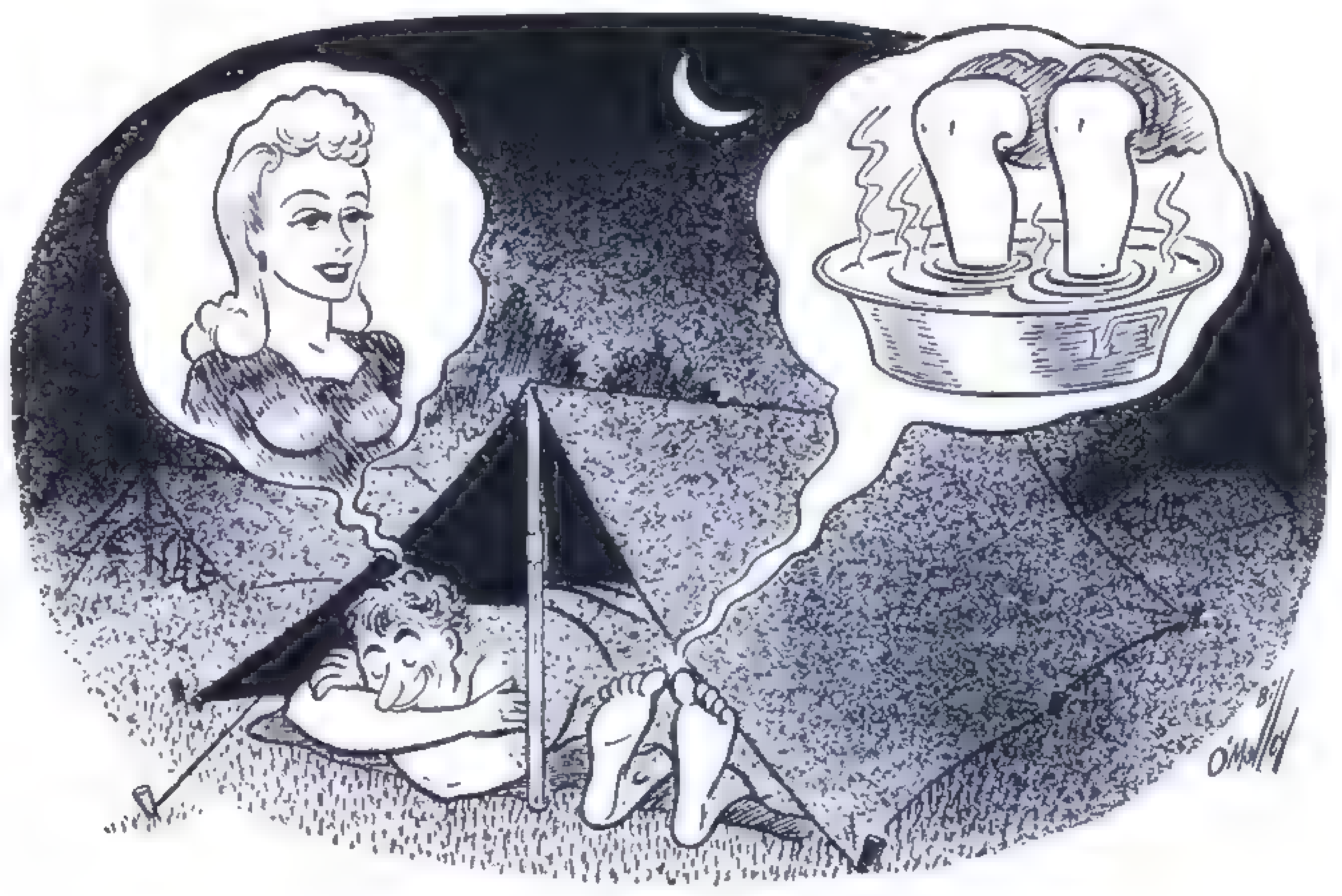
Suddenly in his early forties something happened. Mr. Baruch explains this sudden reversal, or emergence, or whatever you choose to call it, this sort of Paul of Tarsus revelation, by the word "frustration." He says he realized that he had certain talents and a long experience, and that he could do certain things well, and wanted to see them done that way. He felt "frustrated" until they were. He feels the same way today. He does not take into account, at least openly, a long and honorable American fighting tradition or an implacable hatred, a deep contempt, for cruelty and tyranny and injustice, here and abroad. You can see, however, that he does take into account, although he does not mention it, a father who was a distinguished soldier and a mother whose every impulse was humanitarian. And then, there was Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Baruch says he was "the most Christ-like man" he ever met. At all events, somewhere around 1912 this popular fellow, this wizard of Wall Street, this bon vivant, this super-shrewd speculator, became one of the most self-sacrificing, hard-working, far-visioned patriots this country has ever seen. It began by his being one of Woodrow Wilson's right hand men and financial adviser, and pretty soon the man who coordinated all this country's industry and resources to fight the first World War.

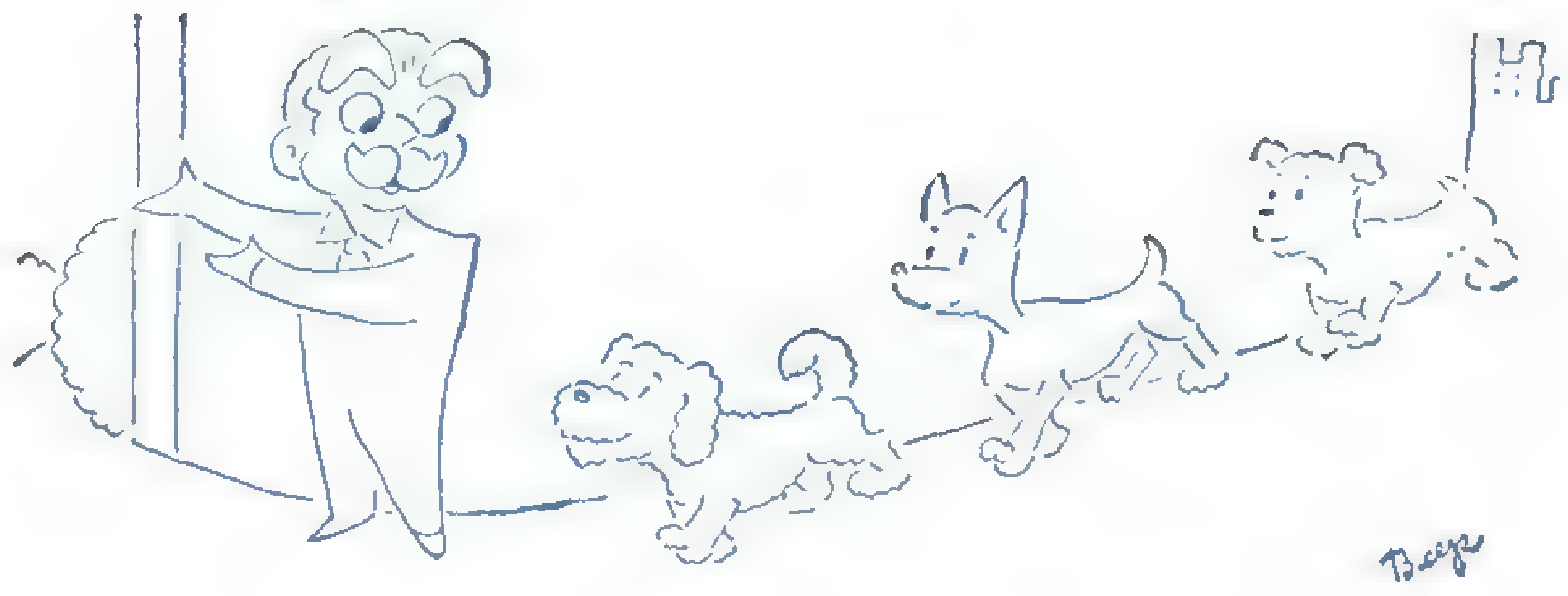
That's where Joshua came in, and where he's likely to come in again.

It was the first time any such thing had been done in the history of the world, and after her defeat, Germany immediately took it over, and on that basis is fighting today. Meanwhile, Mr. Baruch unavailingly begged that we maintain some sort of organization so that we would be ready for the next war which, with his clairvoyance, he saw was coming. People don't pay much attention to clairvoyants; in times of peace they prefer Circes like Nye, Wheeler, Reynolds and Hamilton Fish.

About the only thing left of the early days is a predilection for Charvet ties, now worn somewhat carelessly. The tall figure is a trifle stooped, the hair is snow white, no wave left in it at all, the bushy eyebrows are still black, and down from either side of the strong aquiline nose, reaching almost to the jowls, and framing the perfectly straight, long, determined mouth, are two deep lines of experience. The chin is just as determined as the mouth, sharply outlined and a trifle jutting. The voice is inclined to be terse and somewhat peremptory as if tired of senseless argument, but every now and then you catch the slur of the Gullah country—you can't get that out of a man's system. Only the eyes are unchanged; shrewd, quizzical, often amused, just as often slightly contemptuous.

Mr. Baruch despite his great





DOG'S WORST FRIEND

People
who have dogs
who shouldn't have dogs
I hate them.

People
who have dogs
and a mink coat
and think they are doing their dogs a favor
by taking them out for a walk
and walk very fast
and pull at the leash
so that the dog gets no chance to smell a hydrant
or a tree
or another dog
I hate them.

Who the hell ever asked them to
have a dog?

People
who have dogs
French poodles
wise and sapient dogs
and clip them fore and aft
so that they look
and feel
like goddam fools
I hate them.

Who the hell are they to make dogs foolish?

People
who have dogs
Pomeranians
Pekingeses (except one)
Chihuahuas;
Who carry dogs like muffs
who train dogs to carry packages in their teeth
put sweaters on them
bows on them
polish on their toe-nails (they do so help me).

I would like to plant them in Central Park
in a long row
and introduce a lot of dogs to them.

by ROBERT PAUL SMITH

muscular strength—he boxed every day for an hour until he was forty, and in his youth was an outstanding amateur—has not in other ways been particularly rugged. He has been ill several times in his life, including two or three bouts with pneumonia, but he has the secret of longevity; magnificent adrenalin glands and complete ability to forget himself in what he is doing. At eighty—he's now seventy-three—he'll be as good as at the moment, which is about forty and at ninety, in all things that count, he'll be about the same.

Hobcaw Barony is out for the duration except for flying visits, and I think that is a great sorrow and privation. It is one of his four or five life-long passions. For the past two years he has commuted between his Fifth Avenue apartment and Washington, where he has a suite at the Carleton. He is not yet as powerful as he was in the Wilson Administration, but the President has a habit of summoning him for conferences, as in the rubber imbroglio, and then of summoning him back again, even if the first, or even the second time, he doesn't always take his advice. Baruch has a way of coming out right, of making, that is, his 2's into 4's, and in the long run that's convincing. There are signs that surely but slowly he's once more coming into his own.

He'll welcome it. He's a war-horse.

But he misses Hobcaw terribly, and the long and soft winters, and the shooting, and the lovely gentle springs. Those who have visited him at Hobcaw say that there he is at his very best as a personality; relaxed, keen, amused and amusing, given to mild practical jokes.

Hobcaw is in the Gullah country; they still have "shouts" down there and big mass open-river Negro baptisms. Mr. Baruch has restored the ancient Barony perfectly, and most of the farm-hands and indoor and outdoor people are descendants of Negro families who have been there for generations; pre-Civil War, a lot of them. They adore Mr. Baruch, and he adores them. Six or seven years ago the original plantation house burned down, and was rebuilt. It's nice that one of the old Baronies is owned by an actual Southerner, even if that Southerner has spent most of his time in Washington and New York, and in high finance, private and governmental, and in writing books about it.

And now for a summation of this man whom Winston Churchill and his family call "The Boss," and whom Clemenceau called "The Prince," and whom Woodrow Wilson called "Dr. Facts." Well, outside of the fact that as much as any man, and considerably more than most, he contributed to the winning of the last war (although he stoutly insists it was the fighting men who won the last war and it will be the fighting men who win this one), and outside of the fact that along with one or two others, he has the keenest financial mind of any man alive,

Continued on page 142

"ONLY THE FINEST"

American officers are "made," not born . . . and they're made with the utmost care. Highly intelligent, physically perfect, eager young men are trained by the best possible methods . . . and supplied with the finest equipment American industry can produce.

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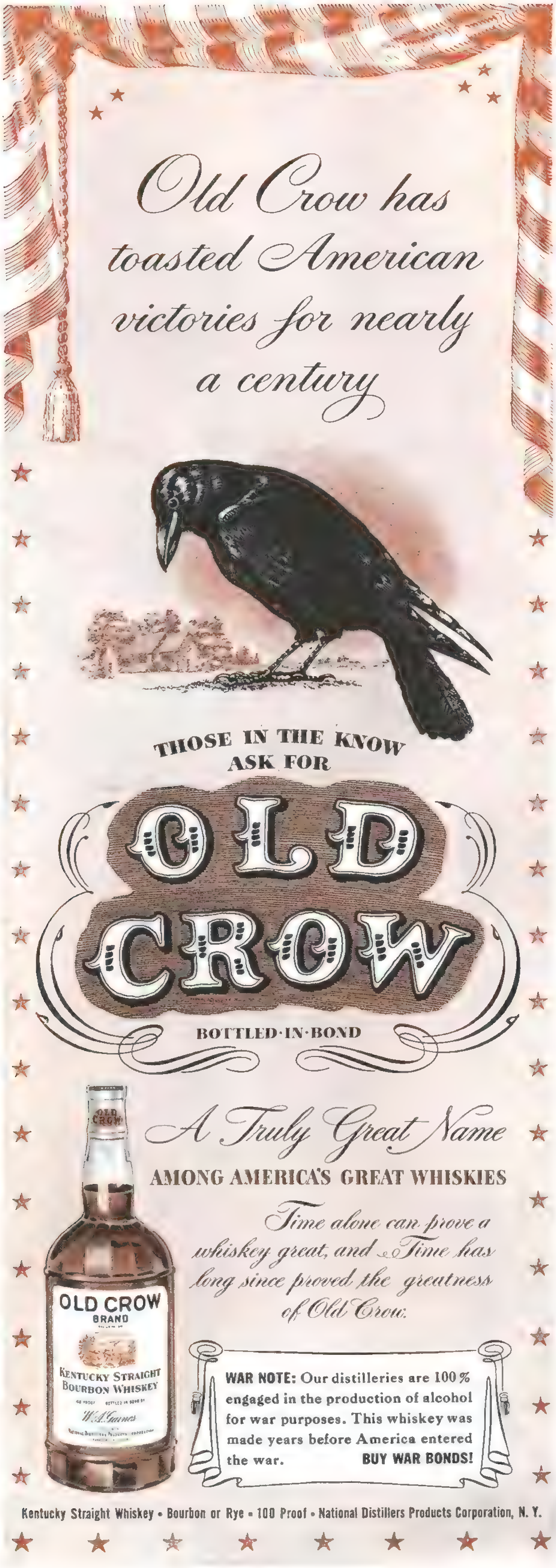
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Two-Fisted Fighting Man

Continued from pages 42-139-141

and outside of his genius for coordination and organization, his greatest influence has been at the core of the Democratic Party where he has been a commonsensible and stabilizing influence; a progressive-conservative, a factual liberal. He has also had considerable influence in agriculture. More or less of a farmer himself, he is a great friend of the farmers and an earnest believer in cooperatives. Is he an intellectual? Yes, along his own lines; no, in a general sense. He does not read much, except on public affairs, and when he does, he likes light reading. But he has one interesting quirk. He is extremely fond of fairy-tales and knows all about Hans Christian Andersen and the Grimm Brothers, and all the other great ones.

By and large he's a specialized man. A sharp spear-like one, not a broad inclusive one.

Ask why he has done all that he has done. Ask him directly. His answer is typical. "Common sense."

"And is that your essential message? The thing you would tell a young man or woman for their guidance, if they asked you? The statement you would like to be remembered by?"

"Yes."

And when you come to think it over, it's about as wise and inspiring a statement as you can imagine. Good people, wise people, patriotic people don't have to be told things. They are what they are, and thank goodness, there are a lot of them. But bad people, stupid people, selfish people, are also what they are, and if you talk to them about idealism and liberalism and progressivism they just think you're silly. Talk to them about "common sense," however, beat them at their own game, and then show them something better, prove to them that your 2 and 2 make 4, while their 2's don't make anything, and you've got something. I think when all is said and done, that's going to be Bernie Baruch's final influence in the history of the country.

The first time I saw Mr. Baruch was twenty years or so ago at a Hunt Ball in the South. He was standing by himself on a raised platform at one end of the long room. I did not meet him. He was looking very distinguished in evening clothes, white tie, long tailed coat, and for half an hour or so he just stood there studying the dancers, the women in their pretty clothes, the men in their pink-coats.

The second time I saw Bernie Baruch was only a little while ago in the drawing room of a train between New York and Washington. He was eating his lunch—cold chicken much faster than he should, and an apple. When he came to the apple he glanced apprehensively at the young nurse-secretary sitting opposite, for he has to have someone to watch him, otherwise he would do a lot of things he shouldn't, such as sitting up too late at night, and over-working, and eating too fast. "Do I have to peel it?" he asked.

"Yes," she said sternly.

He sighed.

"All right."

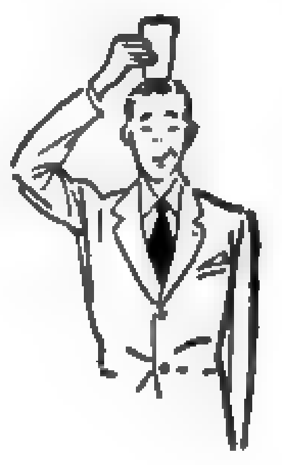
I thought, in a way he's a fairly lonely man as most men of seventy-three are, especially those who have been, and are, enormously busy. And then I thought, no, he's not half so lonely and never will be as most men, young or old, for he has a great love that cannot possibly be lost and a great friend that cannot possibly die. I was thinking of the United States of America. ⌗

Checkpayers . . .

good for one free drink at the nearest bar

the wager: That you can stay under water for any specified length of time.

the payoff: Hold a glass of water over your head for the period agreed upon . . . then run, don't walk, to the closest exit.



Checkpayers . . .

good for one free drink at the nearest bar

the wager: That you can prophesy the name of the future wife of any bachelor present at your party.

the payoff: Ask the bachelor to write his name on a slip of paper, then write the word "Mrs." before it and you will have it—and him.

Uniforms FOR COMMISSIONED OFFICERS IN THE U.S. MARINE CORPS

1 White dress uniform for summer is made of cotton drill or Palm Beach cloth. Shoes are white, cap is white covered.

2 The Summer Service uniform is of suntan cotton, tropical worsted or gabardine, and accessories include garrison cap to match, khaki shirt and tie and dark brown shoes.

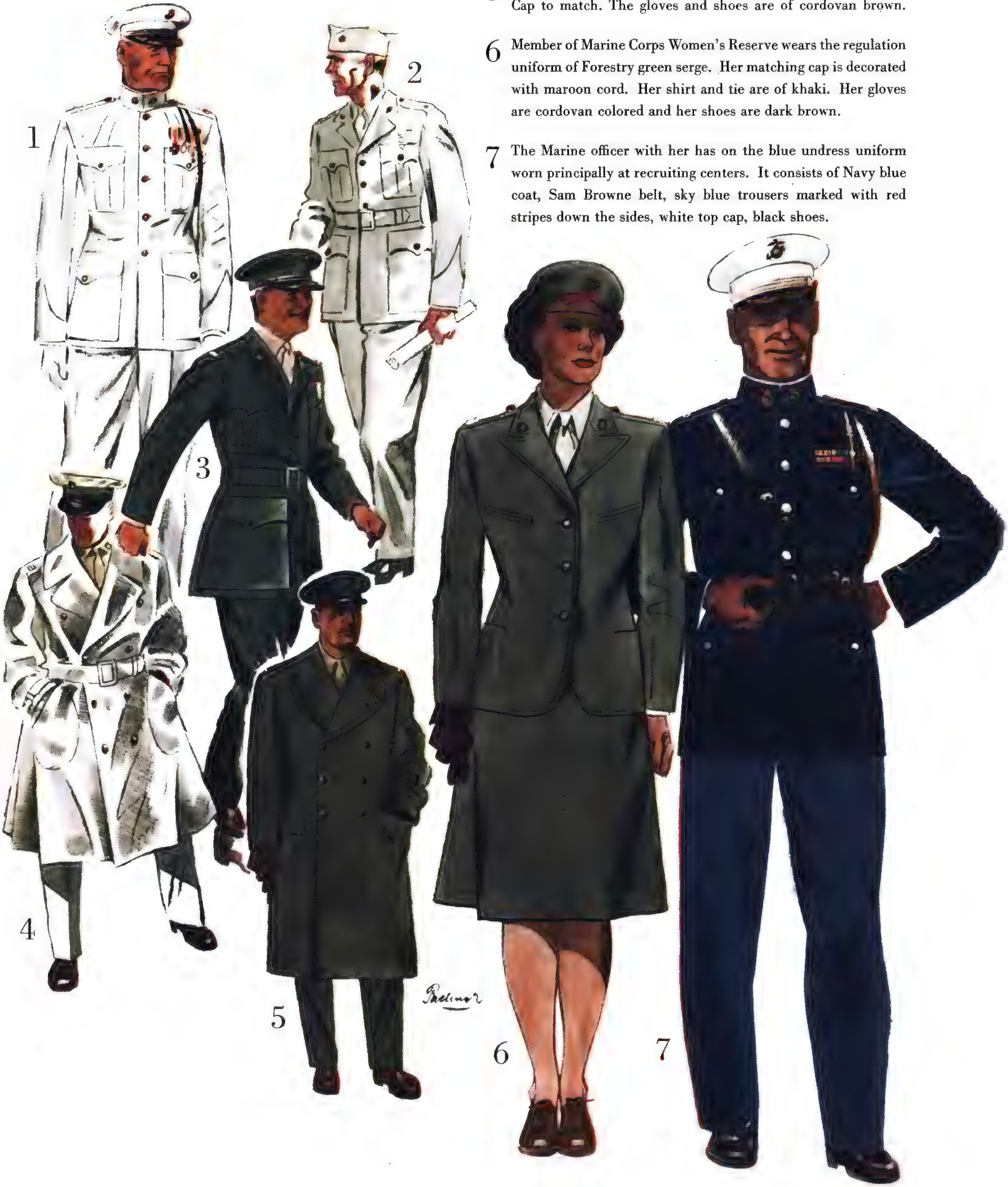
3 Field uniform of Forestry green elastique. Cap to match, khaki shirt and tie, dark brown shoes complete the outfit.

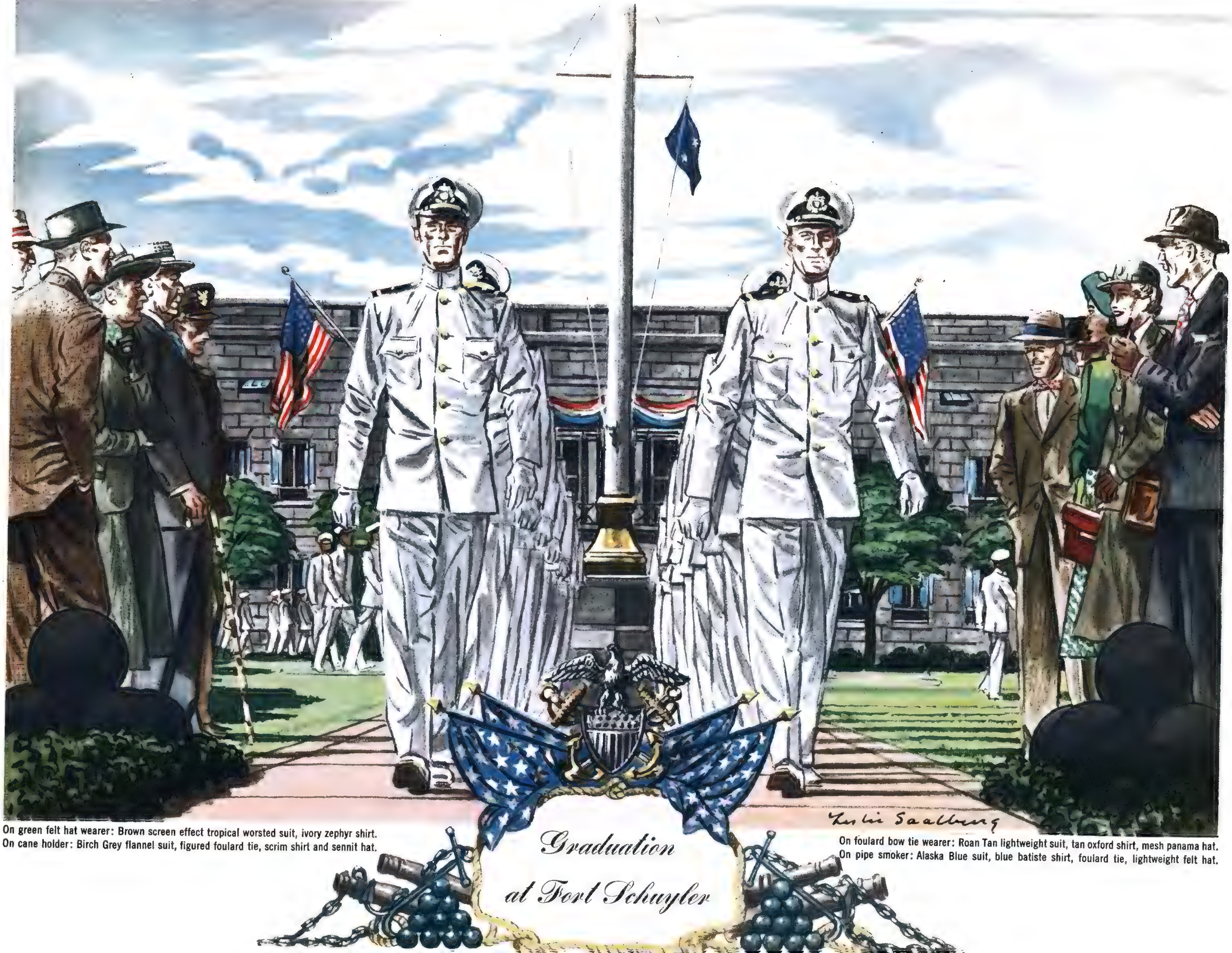
4 Sea green oiled cotton raincoat combines with and protects the regulation uniform of an officer in the Marine Corps.

5 The overcoat is Forestry green beaver with bronze buttons. Cap to match. The gloves and shoes are of cordovan brown.

6 Member of Marine Corps Women's Reserve wears the regulation uniform of Forestry green serge. Her matching cap is decorated with maroon cord. Her shirt and tie are of khaki. Her gloves are cordovan colored and her shoes are dark brown.

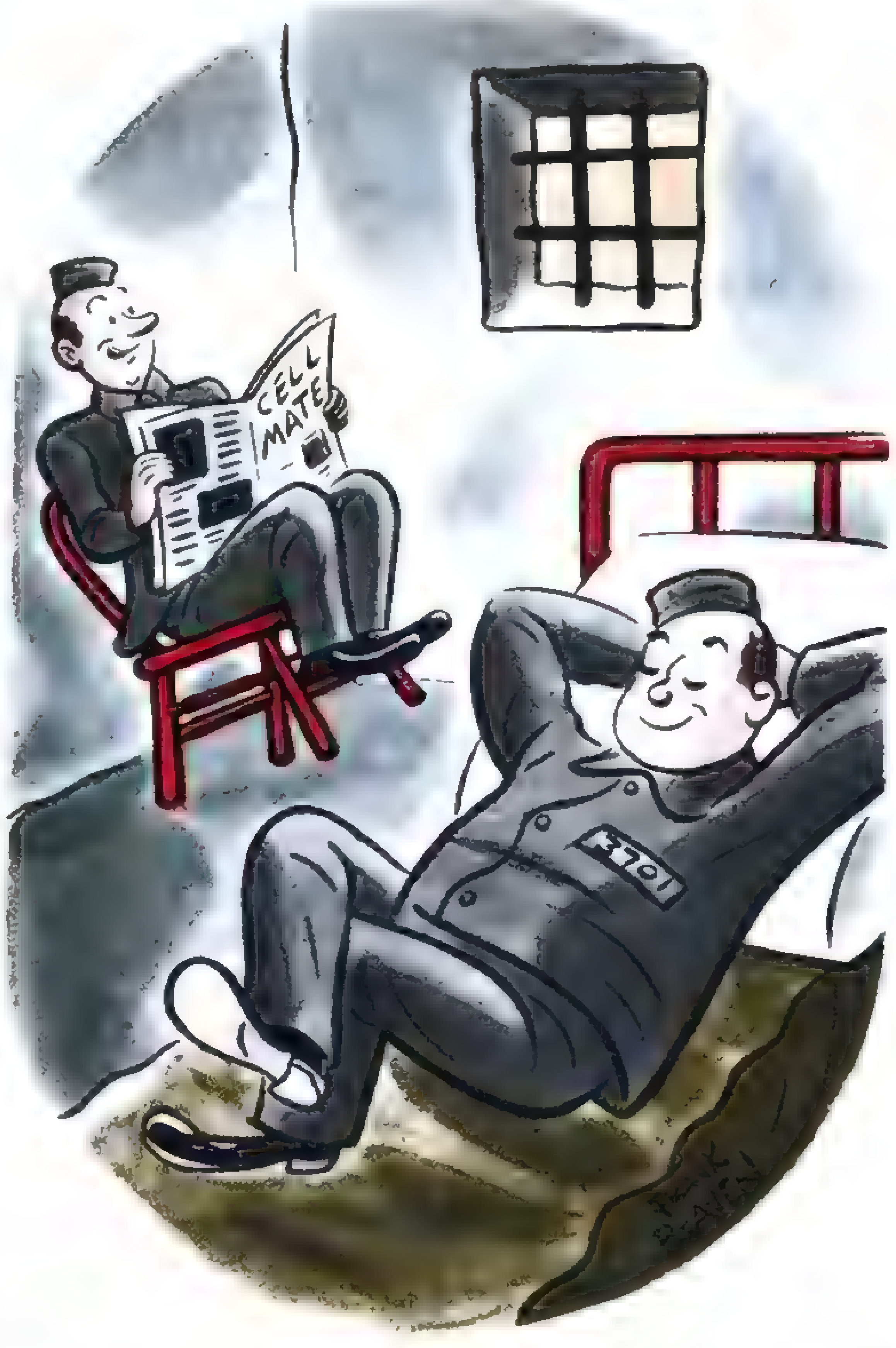
7 The Marine officer with her has on the blue undress uniform worn principally at recruiting centers. It consists of Navy blue coat, Sam Browne belt, sky blue trousers marked with red stripes down the sides, white top cap, black shoes.



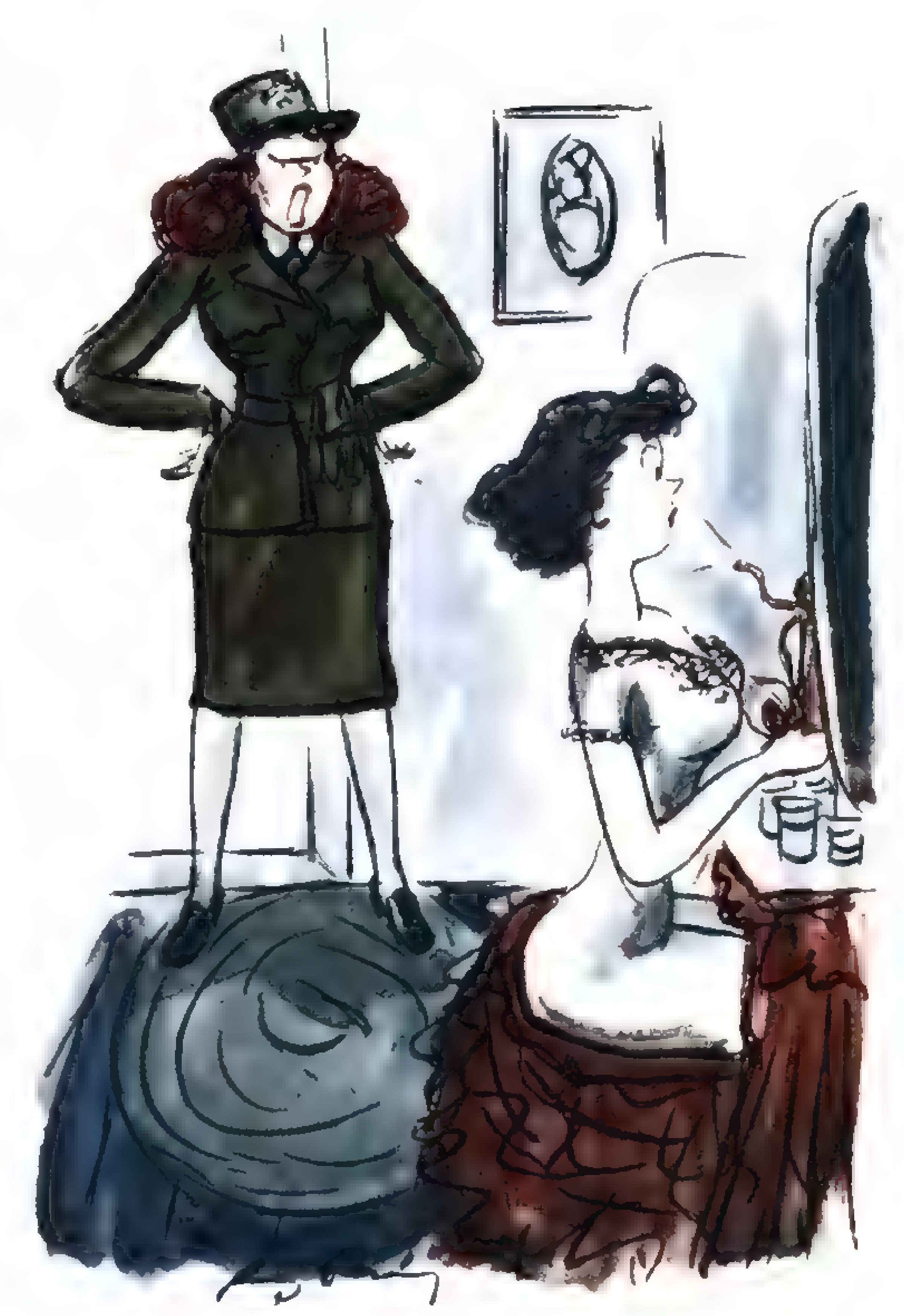

Graduation
at Fort Schuyler
Leslie Saalburg

On green felt hat wearer: Brown screen effect tropical worsted suit, ivory zephyr shirt.
On cane holder: Birch Grey flannel suit, figured foulard tie, scrim shirt and sennit hat.

On foulard bow tie wearer: Roan Tan lightweight suit, tan oxford shirt, mesh panama hat.
On pipe smoker: Alaska Blue suit, blue batiste shirt, foulard tie, lightweight felt hat.



"Well, Spike, I see the boys have elected you 'most likely to succeed'!"



"Oh, you civilians—the time it takes you to dress!"

The Foolhardy Courage of Milk

The stout-hearted black man proved why explorers cherish their native friends

by COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI

A SMALL clearing was ahead of us with a large flat rock at one side. In the shadow of a tree, stretched across the rock, lay an enormous black-maned lion.

We had come out to get a motion picture. Here was our subject. The Professor and I had been walking ahead. Bomba followed with the camera and Milk, our native cook, had the magazine bags and the tripod on his head.

"Set up behind that bust about two hundred feet from him," I whispered to Bomba. "Then have Milk go away and climb a tree."

"The *Musungu* have their biggest rifles," Milk said. "Besides, *simba* will be fixed in his place and cannot move while Bomba turns the crank."

While we were getting ready, the lion remained motionless. In the full power of his maturity, too sure of himself to move unnecessarily, he looked like an animal mounted in a museum.

B-z-z, the camera crank began to turn. The king of the plains approached to thirty feet by the magic of the telephoto lens. But we needed action. I crept in a wide circle to get behind the lion and stir him up. At last, dripping with sweat, I cautiously raised myself and found the lion standing and looking at me. He had been aware of me all the way.

He was lashing his tail—a bad sign. Suddenly he decided to go for the camera. With a rasping roar he turned and leaped into the air. At that instant I heard the Professor's shot. Bursting out of the undergrowth I saw the lion between us, but he was slinking into the bushes, one foreleg dangling, the bone smashed by the bullet.

"Don't follow him," I yelled. The Professor and I were on the far side of the clearing where the lion had gone in. We were watching intently the spot when Bomba screamed behind us. We whirled. There was our lion, coming out of the brush, bounding across the grass on three legs. As Bomba screamed, the lion leaped on him.

No. Not Bomba. Milk ran between Bomba and the lion and received the charge. He was down at once. All we could see was the black hummock of mane and the yellow body, with Milk's arm and the flicker of his knife blade as he fought for his life.

As we ran toward them through the stiff grass, we saw the animal crouching over Milk, whose left arm had disappeared in the lion's mouth. Actually Milk had grasped the tongue of the beast with all his strength, multiplied by despair and pain, and this must have prevented the lion from crushing or tearing off the arm. While the lion chewed and shook his head, deep raucous growls rumbled from his throat. Milk was on his back. His knife flashed in the sun as he stabbed the lion again and again.

The Professor and I were running crazily the two hundred feet we had to cover. The Professor raised his rifle but I stopped him for a shot fired now would be more likely to hit Milk as the lion dragged him about.

"Bomba!" I shouted. "Run in and grab his tail."

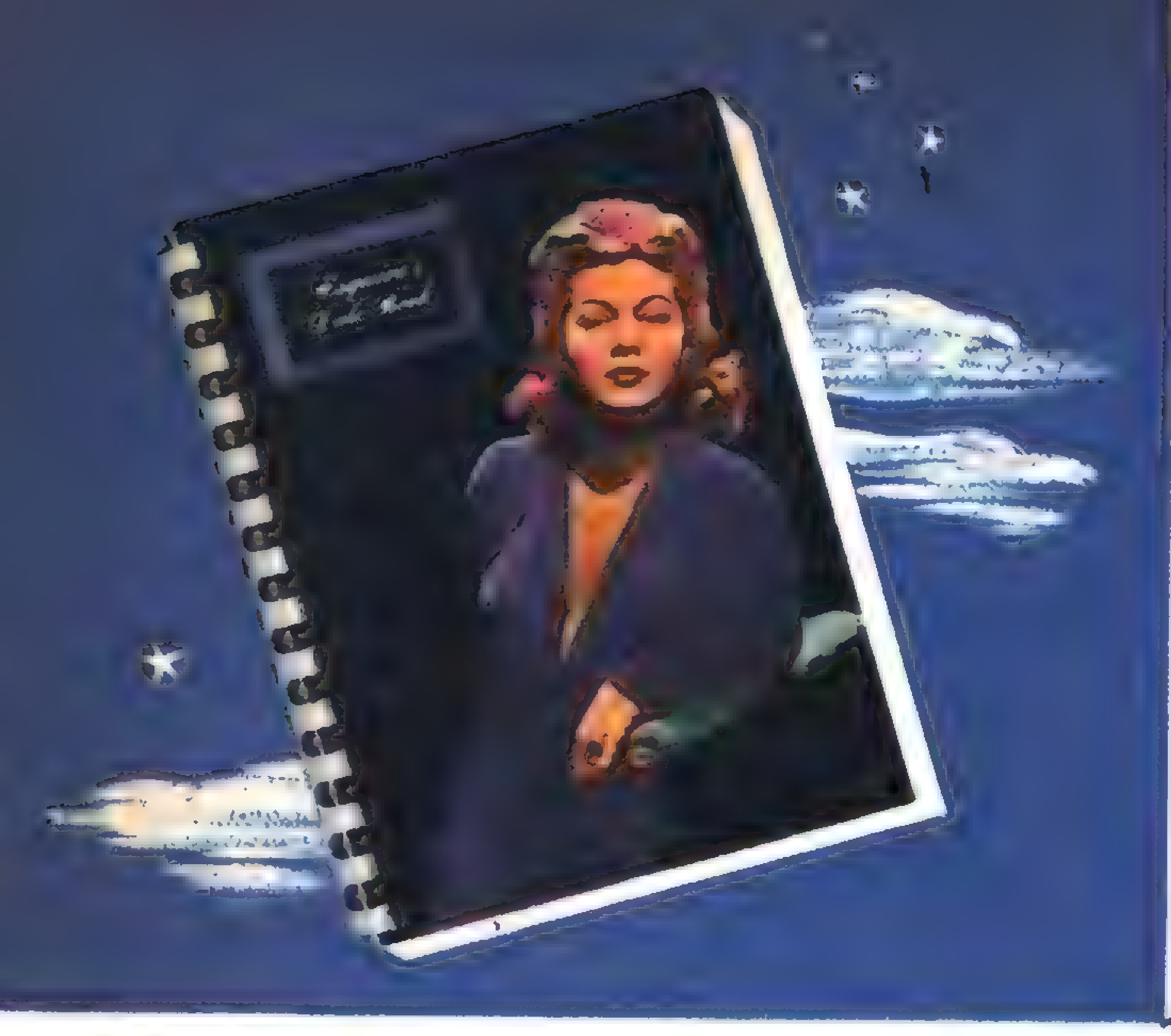
The timid Bomba jumped out from the bushes where he was hiding and lunged wildly for the lashing tail. He seized it and pulled with all his strength, nerved to heroism by Milk's peril. The lion ignored the puny attack for a moment but as Bomba hung on, the beast reared on his hind legs with Milk hanging by the arm from the dripping jaws.

The moment was enough. The Professor was in position and ready. He fired instantly and the bullet broke the lion's spine. In his death agony, he dropped Milk and rolled away.

Milk, our ever-joking cook, called Milk because he was so black, had faced a wounded lion to save his friend.

Could we save him? He was covered with blood and almost unconscious. His left arm seemed to be in shreds. We tore our shirts for a tourniquet and then washed the wounds with water and tea from our flasks. When we disinfected the red pulpy gashes with iodine, the agony must have been terrific but Milk gave no cry of pain. His glazed eyes looked up at us. "*Musungu mushle,* the white men are kind," he murmured.

With poles cut from the bush we made a stretcher and carried him back to camp. Quick, the maps. We must have a surgeon. By driving day and night, never stopping, taking turns at the wheel, we could reach Umtali in Southern Rhodesia where there was a hospital with surgeons and nurses. In less than half an hour the truck was bouncing over the hummocks toward the road. ⌗



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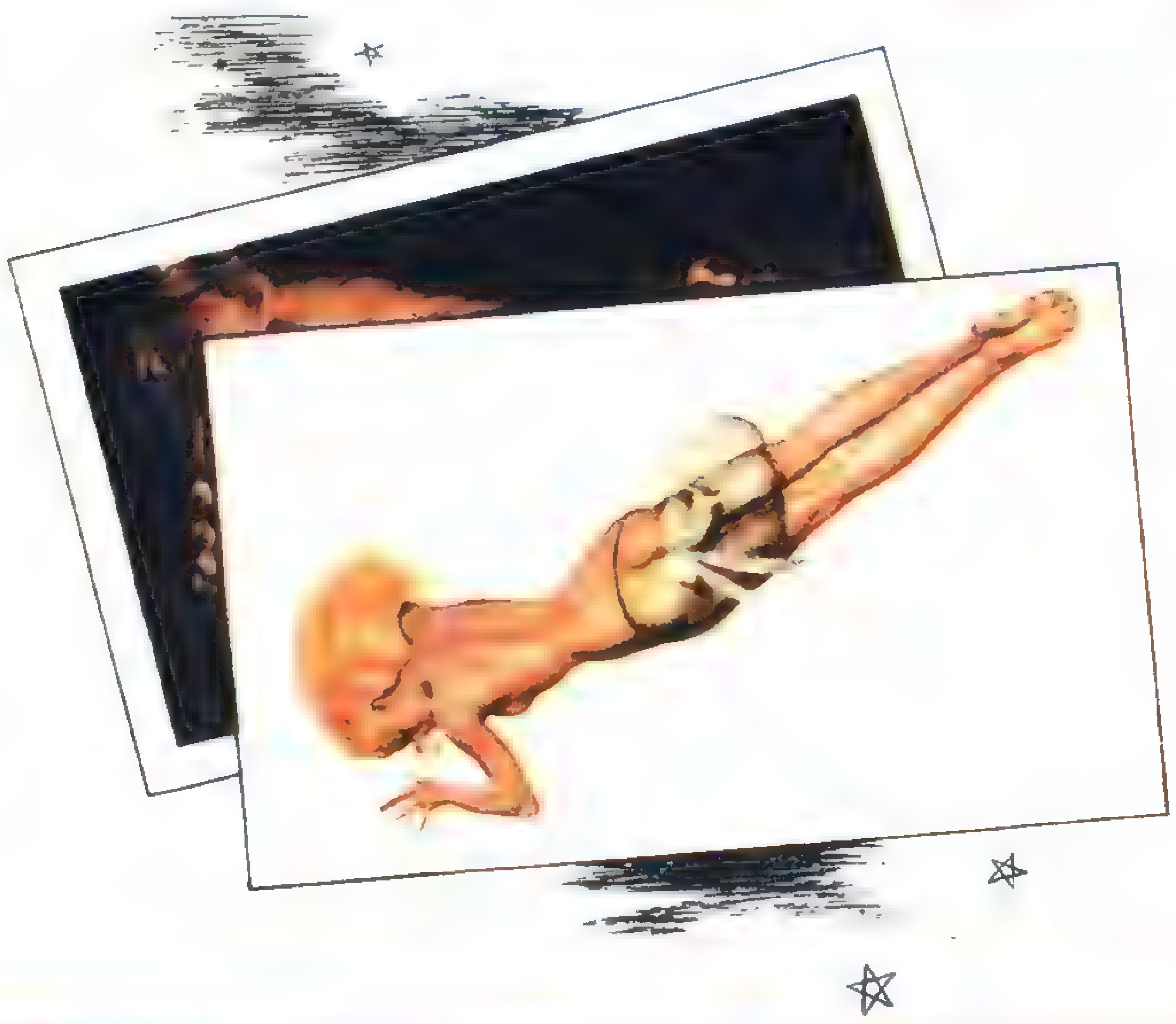

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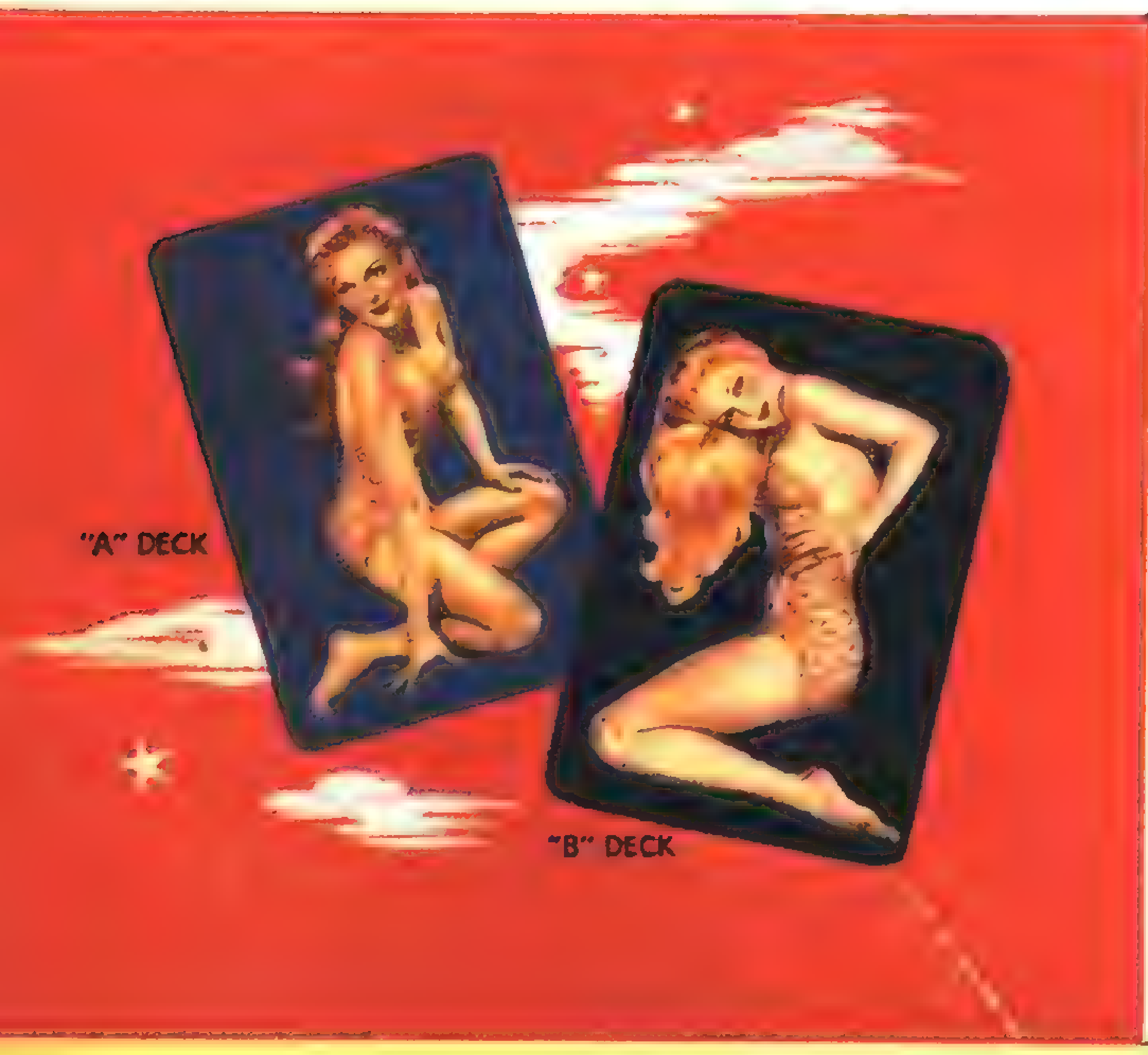

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A Show for the *Abelard*

Continued from page 33

was past 4:30 now. The chances were good that the *Macon's* force would hold off any attempted break through until darkness fell. After darkness, the whole train might be reformed, and the chances of rejoined combat were slim, for Auckland was only a day away, and the Army bombers could make things rather hot for the Nips.

Astern, remote, the sound of gunfire finally broke. The *Macon's* eight-inchers thundered, supplemented by the six-inchers of the two Brooklyn class light cruisers. The fighting range had closed quickly, if the six-inchers were already in it. The firing grew softer, like far thunder, as the *Abelard* followed the *Samson's* wake southward.

The sun began to dip with infuriating slowness. It was a beautiful sunset when he would have preferred storm clouds, mists and premature night. Still, the auxies were safe enough. The dark would be down very soon. No smoke screen could match darkness. It was refuge.

The luxury of this false security warmed him until seven p.m. when the *U.S.S. Samson* cut from her lead in the line of position, turned sharply, her fire control tower leaning far out over the beam as if she would capsize, and then came about. She beat back toward the destroyer-tender like an avenging angel, her white bone savage at her stem, her funnel laying down smoke again, thick and black, her blinker winking madly at the *Abelard's* bridge as she came, *Enemy Sighted!* Her fore and aft turrets were turning, and her eight five-inch rifles were raising their black snouts up for elevation to extreme range. Before and abaft the funnel, her four sets of triple torp tubes swung out at right angles to the beam.

"Two enemy destroyers Asasio class, sighted dead ahead, closing fast. Change your course eastward and scatter. Will engage and cover you. Good luck. Sears, commanding."

"Give them a good luck," Nick told the signalman. His eyes watched the southwest sharply, and he could just discern the forepeak of the fifteen hundred ton Asasios on the horizon. Charlie Sears was going to have his hands full with the *Samson*. He was not too heavily outgunned—the Asasios had twelve five-inchers to the *Samson's* eight—but it was going to be rugged with two on the *Samson's* back.

It was going to be rugged for the *Abelard*, *Pelisande* and *Cumberland* too. One of the Japs would engage the *Samson*, and the other would run for the auxies, easily outdistancing them. The Nips had a thirty-four knot top as against eighteen knots of the *Abelard*. Nick could get his four five-inch rifles into action, but he couldn't compete with torps. Those Nips had eight torpedo tubes to throw at him. And the *Abelard* didn't wear blisters under the water.

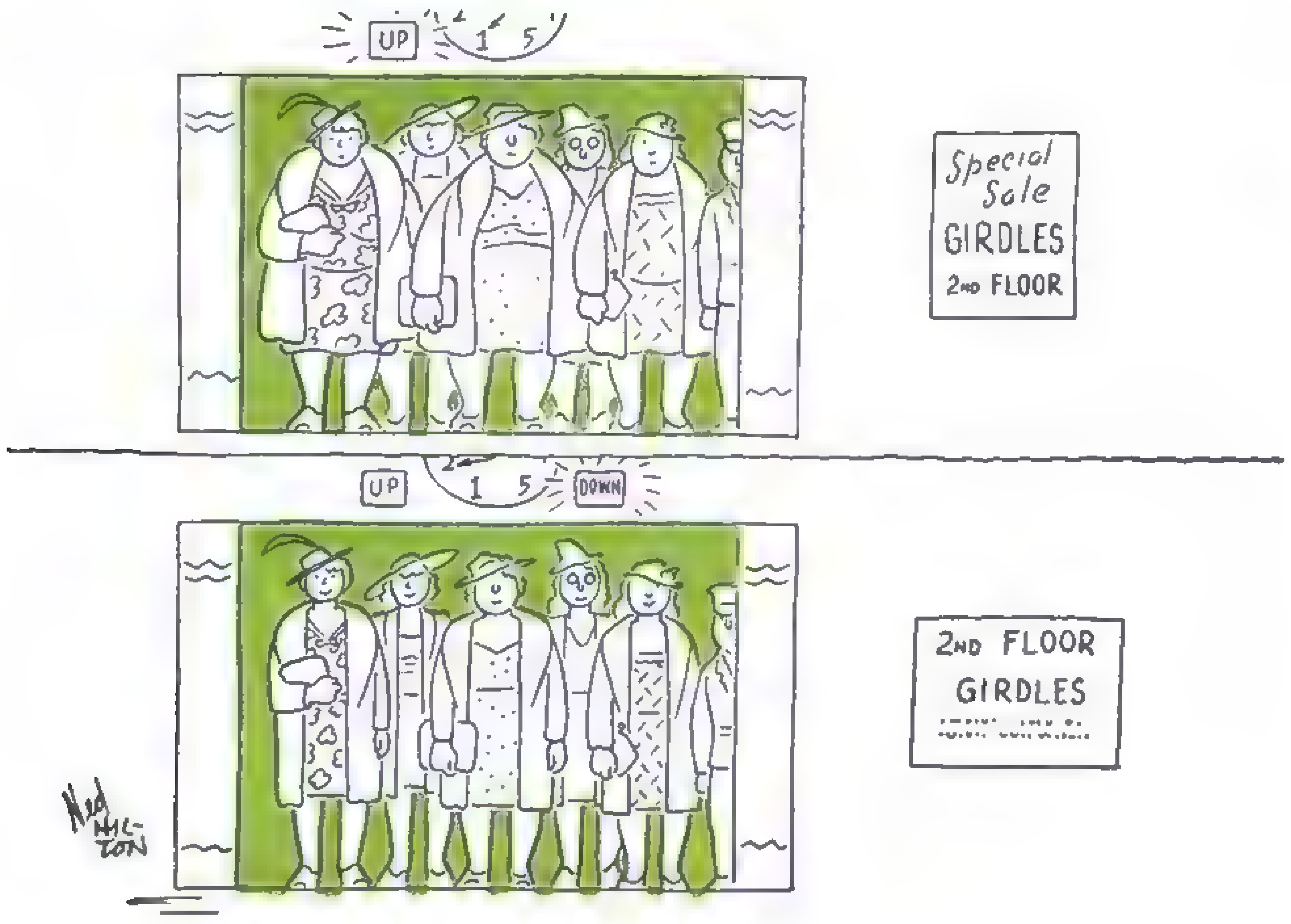
Meanwhile, Nick had stepped into the deckhouse and directed the course to Oh nine Oh. Lieutenant King asked anxiously, "Flanked?"

"That's why they took so long to close with the *Macon*," Nick snapped grimly. "They detached these two tin cans and sent them around the southern flank between us and the mainland. They're very smart boys, Joe. Pray for darkness or an eclipse."

"Better chance on darkness," Lieutenant King said soberly. "Night should fall around eight. If we can stay afloat until then, we may be able to break off. They've opened fire."

They had. Across the still air, cushioned against the sea surface, came the sound of an express train whistling mightily. The *U.S.S. Samson* had gone southeast to meet them head-on, and three hundred yards ahead of her, a straddling shot, two geysers rose magically out of the water. The *Samson* went off on a tangent which allowed her aft turrets to swing around into play, and the last Nick saw of her before she vanished behind the smoke she was still laying, was when the destroyer

Continued on page 148



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A Show for the *Abelard*

Continued from pages 33-147

let go a mighty salvo from all eight guns, the concussion of which heeled her grandly. Nick heard her get off another one after she dissipated in the smoke screen. But of course, he could no longer observe results.

He set the pace due east, with the other two ships following in line of bearing. All their guns were manned and ready, the pointers moving the muzzles along the horizon, while the trainers played with their elevation wheels. Abaft the bridge, in the machine gun nests, the gunners watched the sky with hard sharp eyes for any recon plane which might outflank their smoke screen from the aerial dimension.

Astern, the gunfire grew in intensity when it should have diminished. "That's no good," Nick observed to his gunnery officer. "Looks like you'll have a show, Joe. They're running the *Samson* our way, forcing the fight."

"We'll fight," the gunnery officer said quietly.

"Sure," Nick said. He met the gunnery officer's eye. They had known each other very well these last twelve months at sea. They smiled. They weren't kidding each other. They'd fight, but the chances were they'd wind up on the sea floor with a couple of tin fish imbedded in the boilers. Which was a pity. A real hard pity. The *Abelard*, *Pelisande*, and *Cumberland* were priceless ships. Their cargoes were priceless, in Wellington, New Zealand.

The intercom phone rang. Ensign Hatton reported, tense and breathless, "The *Samson* is sending Dog, sir! The *Samson* reports Dog. She orders us to prepare for action."

"Hell," Nick said. Dog meant, "Out of control. Keep clear of me."

"Stand by, sir," Hatton gasped. "Another—the *Samson* is sending Fox, sir!"

"Fox!" Nick replied. "Go back to her." Fox meant she was disabled and asking for communication. "Go back at once."

There was a bitter silence while he waited. Down in the shack, the radioman was pounding brass as he had never pounded it before. Hatton called again, "*Samson* reports herself badly hit, sir. Seaworthy and rifles firing, but her steering-engine is shot to pieces, and her hand-steering cables were severed. She caught one deep. They're trying to jury-rig, but it's no go. She's running in a circle, rudder jammed up. She's laid smoke around herself. She reports getting three hits forward on one Asasio, none on the other. She orders us to run and wishes us good luck."

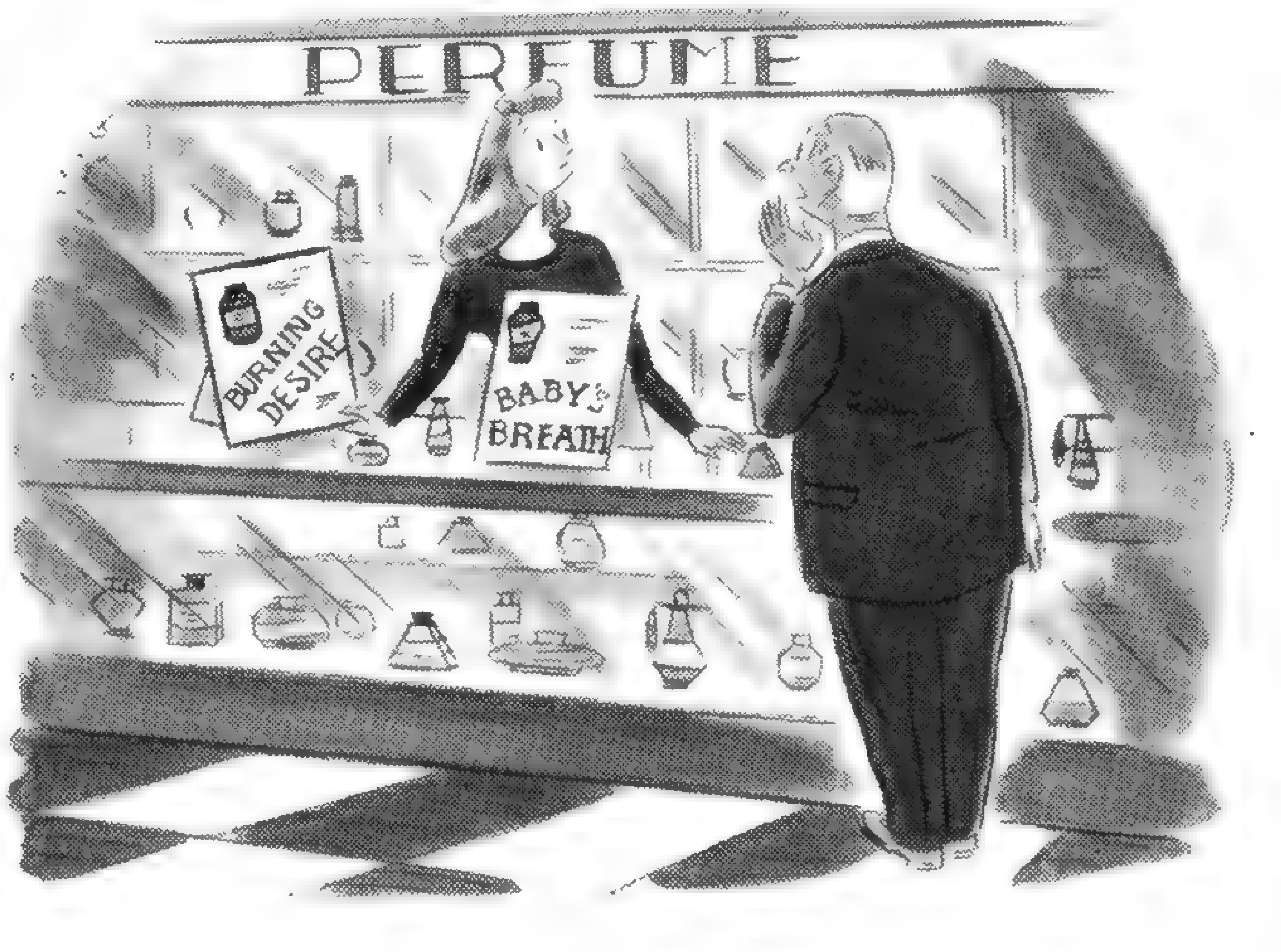
"Hold everything," Nick shouted. He pulled at the signalman. "Blinker the *Pelisande* and *Cumberland* to come about and follow me. Am going in for *Samson*. They are to cover *Samson* and *Abelard* during emergency. Watch torps. Ends."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

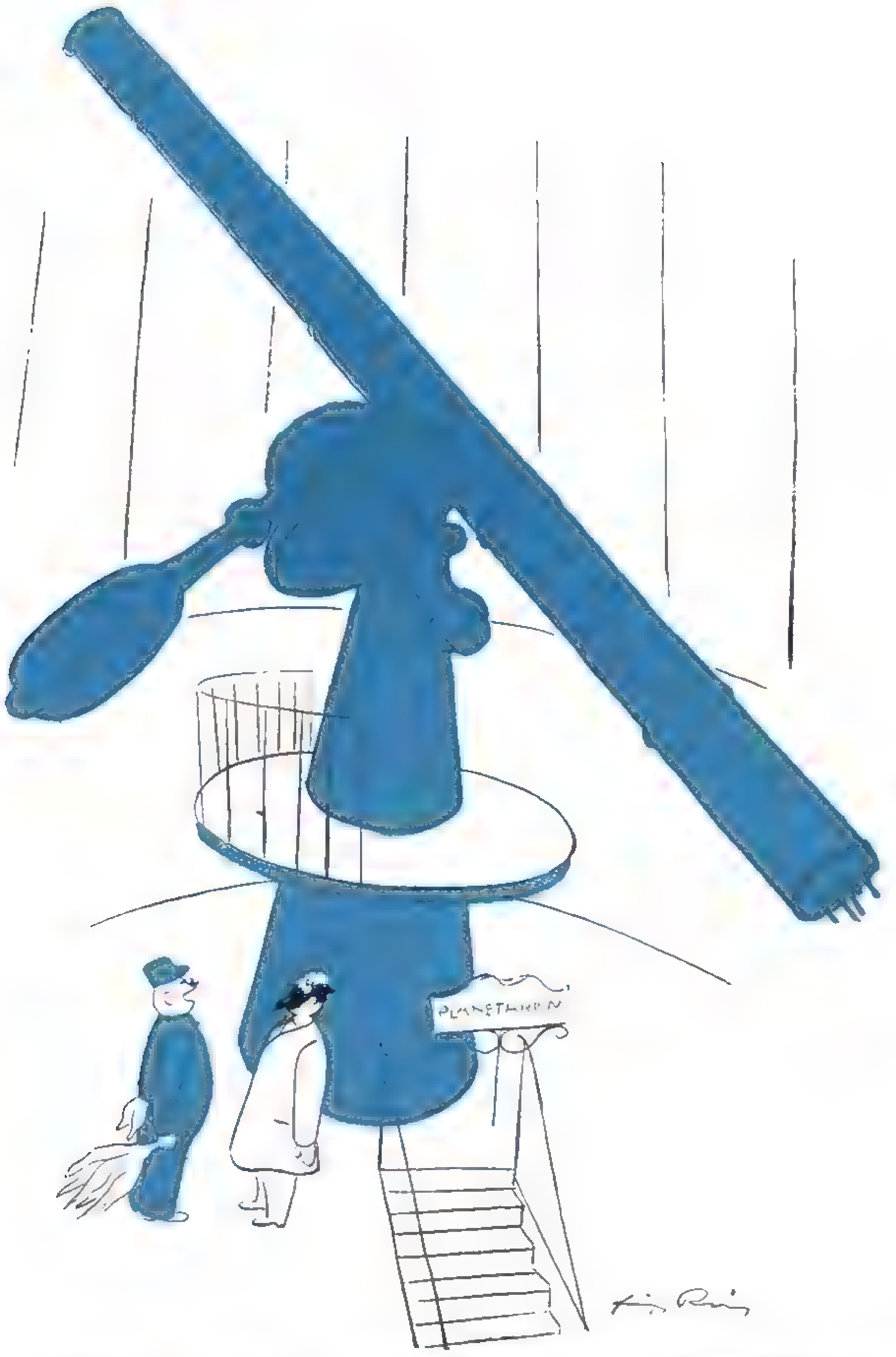
"Hatton! Wireless the *Samson* to give us a steady beep so that we can throw the loop on her. Tell her we're coming into her smoke after her, for emergency repairs under fire. Ends."

"Yes, sir!"

To the helmsman, "Right turn full," Nick said. "Reverse your course. Engines ahead flank speed. Then hold her on. Lieutenant, we're going to follow the *Samson's* radio to her... Without the *Samson* we're licked. We can't out-run Asasios, and they'll get torps into us before we make five miles. If we can pull the *Samson* out of the fire, we've got a fighting chance till sundown. She can't steer. I'm going to put the *Abelard* alongside her, and then lash. We'll fight her guns, using our power and control here while damage crew gets to work." The damage control officer was there by then. "Break out refits for the steering



"I think, Miss Hill, it might be advisable to display those a little farther apart"



"I'd like to speak to you about a raise—keeping the entire Universe clean these days ought to be worth more than $20.00 a week"

engine of the *Samson*," Nick said. "Her hand-steering cables are shot too. See if you can't jury-rig the hand steering so that she can maneuver. Johnson, you've got to work yourself green on this one."

"We'll do our best, sir!"

Ensign Hatton called again, "Captain Sears said you are not to go in, sir. I had the loop thrown on him. The course is two six five true."

"Tell him atmospherics prevent us receiving his orders," Nick said with a grim smile. "I'm on my own anyhow." He hung up and had the quartermaster put the *Abelard* on the course. The horizon of smoke quickly loomed ahead. The destroyer-tender put her bow toward it. Behind him, Nick could see the *Pelisande* and the lumbering *Cumberland.* They both looked businesslike, their guns pointing southwest. Simultaneously, the watch reported, "Enemy destroyer, south southwest, sir, but not making for us! Seems to be in trouble."

"That's the one the *Samson* clipped," Nick growled. "Watch her sharp."

They had seen her astern, too, for the *Pelisande* opened up with her guns in a blithering blast. Behind her the *Cumberland* opened fire. The Jap did not return the fire. The range was extreme.

"The Asasio is down by the head," the watch reported. "I think she is sinking, sir. She is not replying to the fire. All short from the auxies."

The *Abelard* hit the smoke and went in fast. The *Pelisande* and *Cumberland*, scenting a sitting duck, took off toward the south, slowly. That was the last Nick saw of them. He hoped they didn't get too gay. Somewhere on the other side of the screen, was a first-rate Asasio destroyer unhit, and *not* sinking.

When they came through the other side, the *Samson* was churning the sea in a wild circle, keeping herself on the move and trying to steer with her engines.

Nick had the signalman blinker "Prepare to lash to *Abelard* during repair."

The *Samson* responded, and her screws stopped churning. The *Abelard* moved in at her and presently, when the weigh was off the destroyer, the *Abelard* forged alongside boldly. The two ships were lashed fast together. Cargo nets spilled down the side of the *Abelard* and the engineers and their crews spilled down the nets to the destroyer's decks to go after the damage. The crane on the tender's stern had already been prepared. A new steering engine *en toto*, along with crated parts, and rolls of heavy cable were waiting. Nick went out on the port tip with a megaphone and bellowed down at the destroyer's bridge, "Captain Sears!"

Captain Sears appeared on his bridge. "Ahoy!"

"Something wrong with your sardine?" Nick called.

"Listen, Nick, we'll never get away with it! There is an Asasio

Continued on page 150

A CONTENTED MAN

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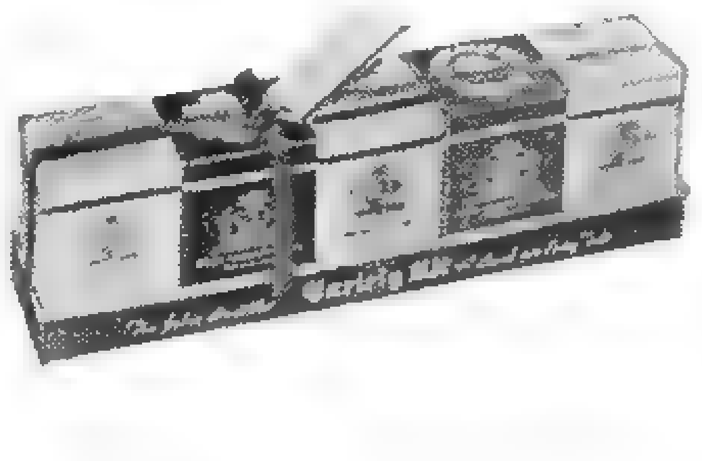

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A Show for the *Abelard*

Continued from pages 33-147-149

somewhere outside this smoke, and he won't stay out. You'll get a pickle in your guts if you hang around!"

"I've got power and control, and you've got guns. The two go together. We're getting under way. Give me all the power you've got and between the two of us, we'll get weigh, but don't snap the lashings! How's your damage?"

"I need a whole new steering engine, and my hand cables are shot to hell. We'll never fix them here!"

"You don't know my boys," Nick bellowed. "Here we go! We've got to beat it out. It's dusking hard now. Maybe thirty minutes—then dark."

"You're crazy!" Captain Sears shouted. "But I'm with you."

"Ahead slow!"

"Ahead slow!"

The *Abelard* and the lashed *Samson* began to move. They gained weigh, heading west into the other side of the circle of smoke.

"Half standard!"

"Half standard!"

Nick felt a thrill in his bones as the ships pulled together and gained speed.

"Standard, if the lashings take it!"

"Standard," Sears bellowed, and they moved away into the wall of smoke.

The *Abelard's* engineers had, meanwhile, gone down into the hull with the damage control crew, and their news was bad. "Steering-engine n.g." came the report. "Better make hand-steering repairs first. Only cable replacement needed."

Back on the stern of the *Abelard*, the big crane raised the coil of bright new cable and swung it down to the deck of the destroyer below.

Nick thought, watching his wake, "I do believe we're going to squeeze ten knots out of this get-up. Maybe we're clear."

The hell you say, he thought as they broke out of the smoke heading west. There was the Asasio sitting out there waiting for the wounded duck in the smoke. The Nips must have been surprised to see the *Samson* come out with that big elephant of an *Abelard* at her side. But what a nice target the Asasio made against the deepening purple of the last light. Broadside silhouette. The *Samson's* forward guns beat the *Abelard* to the punch, but then the gun crews settled down to throwing off salvos together. Nick could see the bright flashes in the dusk where shells burst in the sea, and the sharper licks of flame where Jap guns threw steel eastward.

The Asasio came around, bow on, not much of a target. Her forward turrets flickered.

"Ahoy!" called Sears from the destroyer.

"Can't hear him," Nick said. "Too much gunfire. Put the blinker on that bridge, signalman. Ask what he wants."

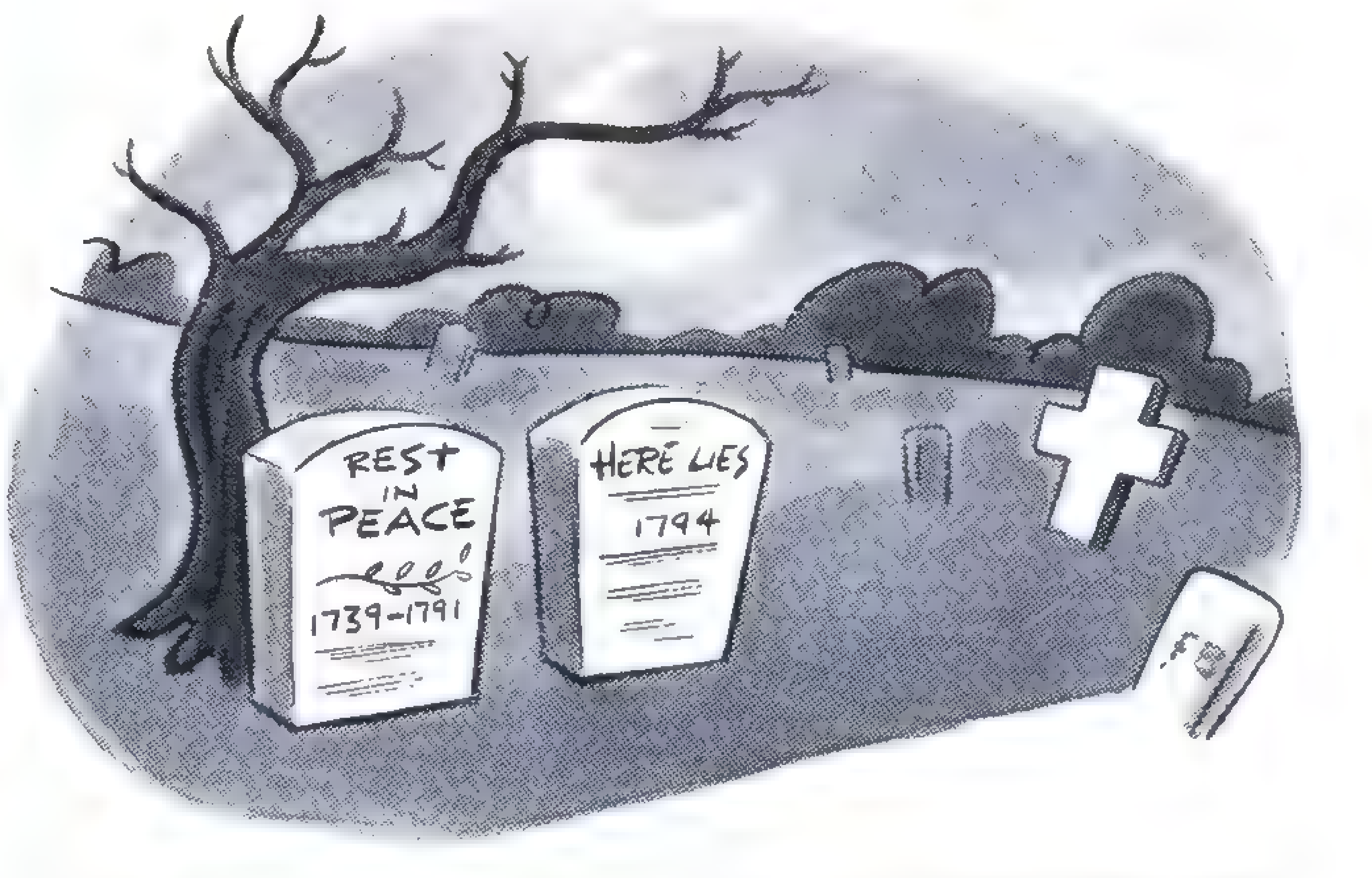
"He wants a broadside position," the signalman said. "He wants to deliver a torpedo attack."

"Right full, course Oh-Oh-Oh," Nick ordered.

As the *Abelard* warped herself and the destroyer northward, presenting their port beams to the enemy, Nick watched the *Samson* deliver her torpedo attack. The range was not extreme. Being of the Benson class, she had triple tubes and she got off six twenty-one inchers while he blinked his eyes. In the air, he heard the rush of whistling air as though an express train were coming. He knew it was going to be good.

The Jap shell burst amidships, high in the *Abelard's* super-structure. When Nick opened his eyes, he was flat on his face on the wing tip. He got up, bawling orders for fire control, but no fire broke out. He leaned over the side. The flash of the *Samson's* guns nearly singed his eyebrows. He asked the signalman to request smoke. The *Samson* opened up and laid a screen astern, while the guns of both ships thundered without let-up.

There was another hit above the waterline astern. Why the flying steel didn't send the *Samson's* ashcans skyward, he never knew.



"Bob Burns used another gag of yours last night, Cy!"

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But that was the last Nagaski steel they took. The Asasio saw the pickle wakes and tried to turn away. There was no turning from a six torpedo broadside. Out on the night's perimeter, there were two explosions. Tremendous explosions, white flame that leapt from the sea seventy feet into the air. Two pickles had gone home to mother. Four had missed. The Asasio broke in half.

After that, Nick turned the *Abelard* to starboard, wheeling her until she was due south. Soon she fell behind the smoke wall the *Samson* had laid while they ploughed north. The darkness soon was complete. At 8:33 P.M., Nick had the astonishment of seeing Charlie Sears of the *Samson* climb over the life-rail by way of a cargo net and stalk to the bridge.

"Damn you, Nick," Captain Sears said, his eyes shining. "Don't you realize that nobody'll ever believe it really happened? You don't fight with depot ships!"

"I always wanted to see," Nick replied, "if these guns they gave me weren't just camouflage. How's your damage?"

"Your boys are just about finished with handsteering repairs. Never mind the steering engine. I'm going to break radio silence and rendezvous the auxies to the south."

"Very good, Charlie."

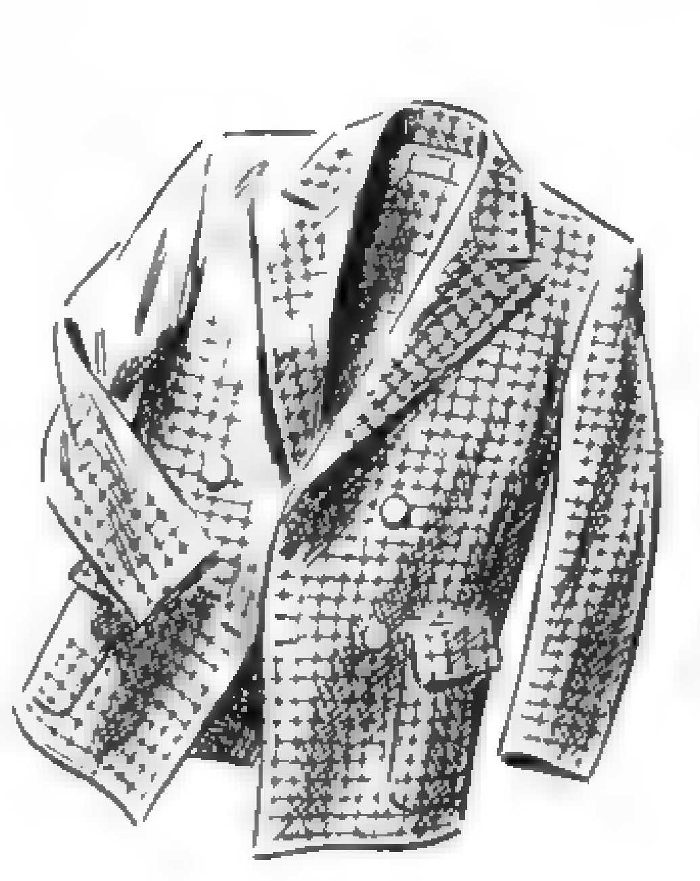
"Nick, I could kiss you."

"Thanks dear, but I'm a married man. It was a small debt I owed you. A very small debt."

Captain Sears returned to his ship. Shortly afterward, the engineers' crew returned to the *Abelard*, reported the *Samson* was jury-rigged for hand-steering which would be quite satisfactory as far as Auckland.

Then the radio spectrum began to beep. The *Macon's* force was rejoining too, having lost only one destroyer. At midnight, when the *Pelisande* and *Cumberland* rendezvoused, Nick ordered, "Secure from general quarters," and left the bridge.

He went to his quarters and ordered something to eat. He found he was more hungry than tired. His taste for battle was fully sated. It had given way to a more urgent taste for ham and eggs. ⫲



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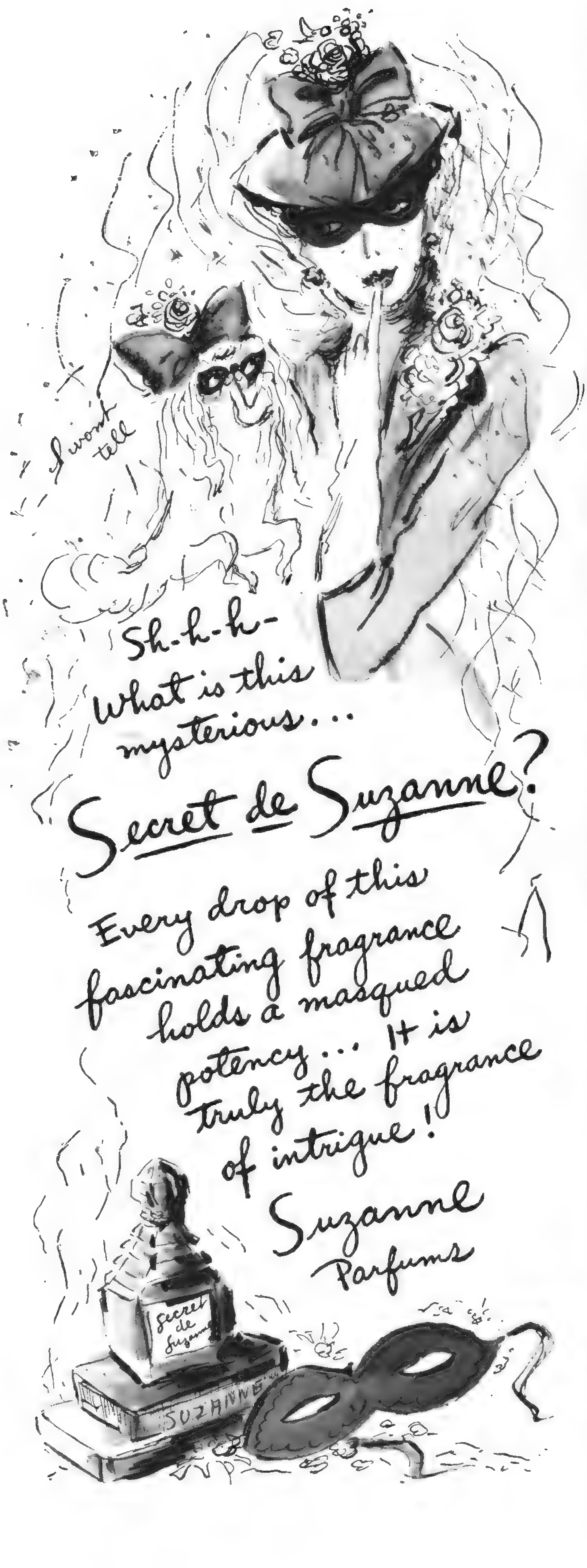

Underpassing the Wolfpack

Continued from page 39

torpedoes into the next convoy that stumbles along.

We've heard a lot about cargo-airplanes as a possible answer to our ocean shipping problem. And there has been no lack of popular public enthusiasm in favor of giving them a try-out, despite the fact that the airplane that can get off the ground with even a 100-ton load is still in the realm of dreams. But I've heard of no similar enthusiasm favoring the time-honored, logical and obvious contention that *submarines can't fight submarines.* There's nothing new about it; the elusive submarine freighter that could carry a cargo of 1,000 tons was here 27 years ago. The Germans tried the idea out in 1916 and demonstrated it to be as much of a success as anything ever was in the pioneering stage of development. Today growing fleets of submersible merchantmen, the product of German and Japanese engineering genius, are in the service of our enemies in their war efforts against us.

The submarine as an ocean freighter was originally the vision of Simon Lake, the now 76-year-old inventor who produced the first demonstratively successful submarine in the early 1890's. Lake never intended that his invention should become a naval weapon. He visualized it as a device for salvaging sunken ships, making oceanographic surveys and as a freighter capable of operating under ice in and out of seaports that are closed to surface shipping by ice for six or more months each year. But Lake had to go to Europe to find a buyer for his boat. He sold his boat to Russia after the United States Navy had rejected it, went to Russia and built five more for the Russian government. It was the Germans who saw in Lake's invention the devastating naval weapon it has since become. They stole his ideas and quickly became the leading nation of the world in submarine development.

In 1916 Germany was starving behind the Allied naval blockade. The United States was then a neutral nation and to big-hearted, imaginative Simon Lake it seemed a crime that women, children, old people, entire civil populations should be starved by the circumstances of war. So he publicly suggested that Germany could free herself of the strangling menace of the Allied naval blockade by building a fleet of diving freighters. Germany was then ready to try anything that offered relief, so she built the *Deutschland,* the first submersible merchantman the world had ever seen. Great was the consternation of the battleship boys on the morning of July 9th, 1916, when the *Deutschland* bobbed up in Chesapeake Bay and docked at Baltimore, Maryland, after a 16-day voyage from Hamburg, Germany, with no adventure more thrilling than a few contemptuous gestures at the British navy.

According to German sources, the *Deutschland* was built in 180 days. She was a craft of 2,000 gross tons. On her first trip to the United States she brought a cargo of 1,000 tons of German chemicals, dyestuffs and other products. Her skipper, Captain Paul König, said most of the trip was made on the surface; he had dived only twice to elude presumably hostile naval ships.

For her return trip to Germany the *Deutschland* loaded 1,000 tons of rubber and other much-needed goods. Then she cruised down Chesapeake Bay and disappeared into the Atlantic. Two weeks later

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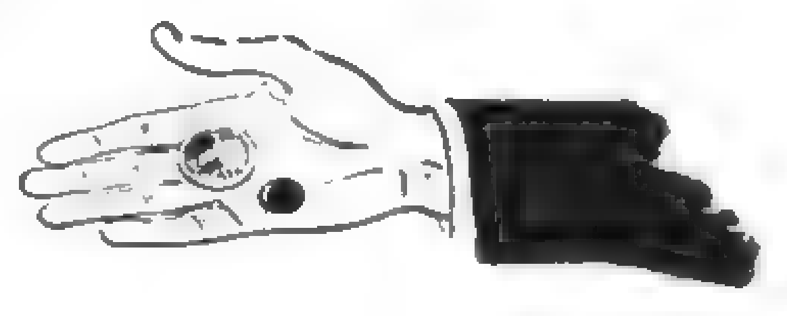

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good for one free drink at the nearest bar

the wager: That your companion can't take off his coat alone.

the payoff: As soon as he begins, you start taking off your coat with him.

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she was back at her dock in Hamburg.

For the next several months the *Deutschland* maintained an ocean freight service between Germany and the United States; she became a familiar visitor in U. S. Atlantic seaports. Meanwhile, the British fleet scurried all over the North Atlantic hurling depth bombs at every sighted whale and blackfish.

While the battleship boys paced the decks in helpless consternation, some more bad news came out of Germany. The *Bremen*, a sister ship of the *Deutschland*, was completed, and Germany began construction of a vast fleet of submersible freighters that promised to free her from the death grip of the Allied naval blockade. The German government had made a contract with Simon Lake.

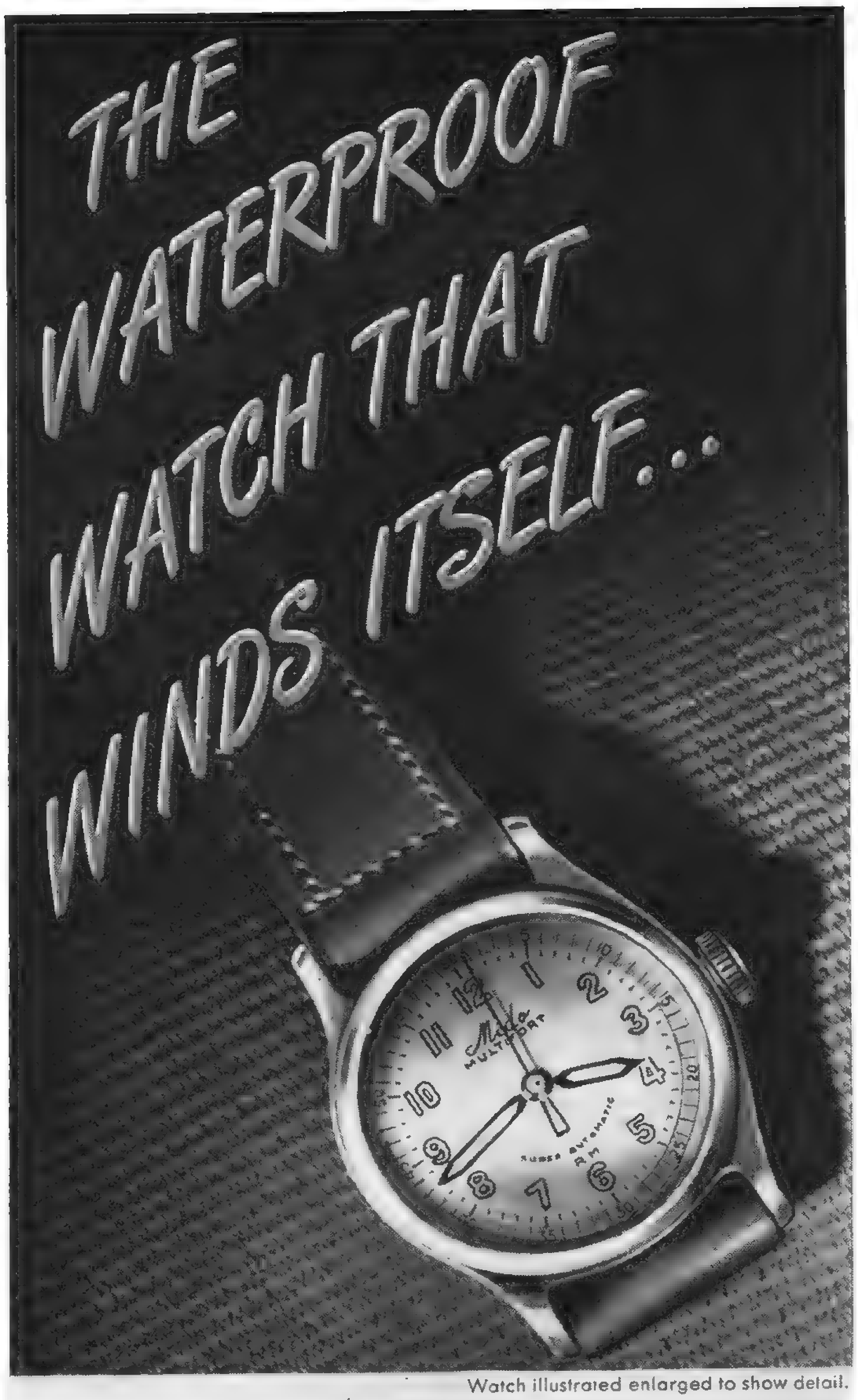
But Lake never went to Germany to carry out his contract. Before he was due to sail, the United States declared war on Germany.

What Germany may have done with the cargo-submarine experience she gained during World War I is now a Nazi naval secret. But when we know that Germany was planning the present war and making every possible preparation for it almost before the ink dried on the Treaty of Versailles, we may rest assured that she didn't throw it away as we once abandoned the dirigible airship. There isn't a single record of German pioneering with any promising military or naval device that was later abandoned. On the other hand, there is almost endless evidence that Germany went right on with her development of the cargo-submarine. And in spite of German attempts to maintain complete naval secrecy there is ample evidence that both Germany and Japan have many such highly-perfected craft in service today and are using them in the performance of war tricks we can no longer afford to ignore.

Shortly after we actuated the Lend-Lease Act, Simon Lake revived and revised the submersible freighter idea he has been expounding for nearly half a century. He advocated the immediate construction of a fleet of 200 cargo-submarines, craft well within the range of U. S. engineering genius. Lake declares he can build such submarines to carry a pay-load of 7,500 tons. He says they can be built for about the cost of an oil tanker of similar size and would be less expensive to operate. But here, again, the U. S. Navy says, the idea of the cargo-submarine is "*not practical,*" which is precisely what it said of his first demonstratively successful submarine back in the early 1890's.

So, while the Axis U-boats go on sinking our ships at an ominously unknown rate, we haven't even one experimental cargo-submarine with which to give Mr. Lake's idea a tryout. Just one experimental cargo-submarine no better than the old *Deutschland* might

Continued on page 154



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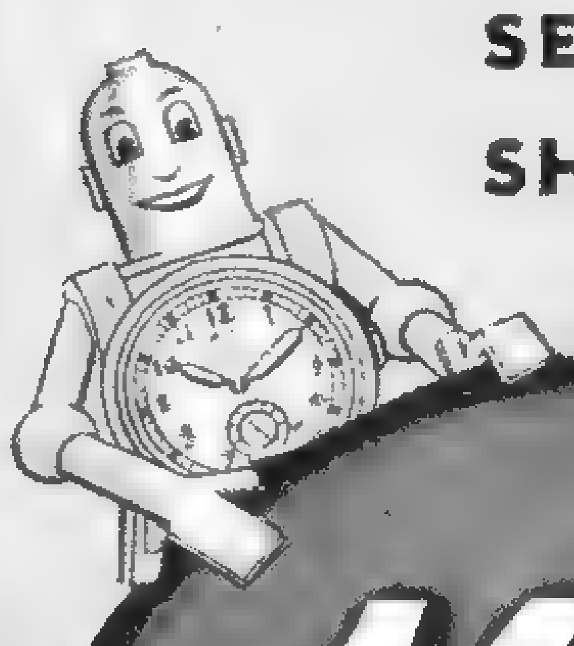

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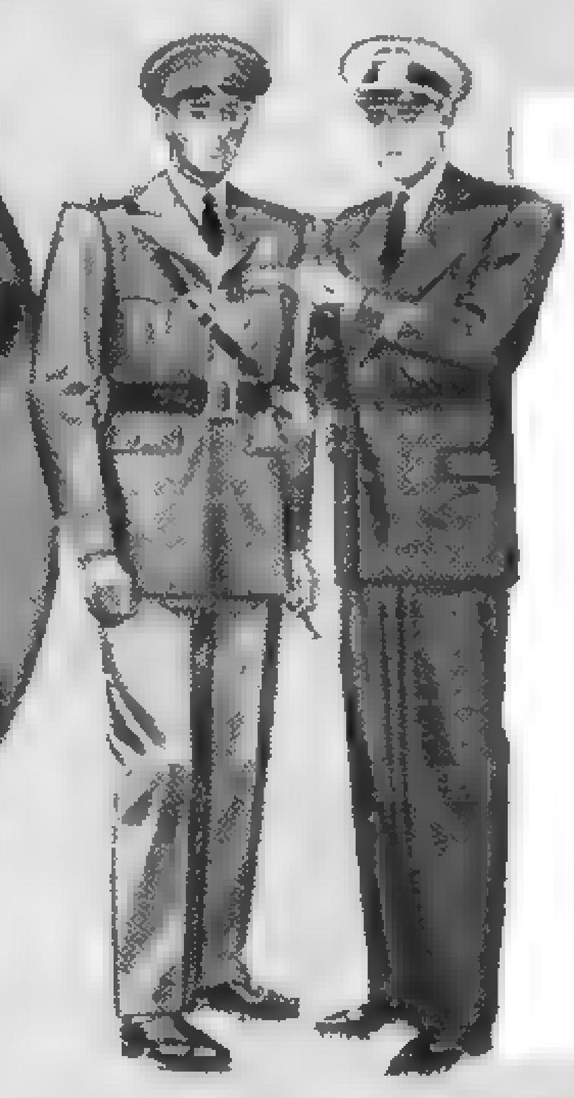

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Underpassing the Wolfpack

Continued from pages 39-153

lead to the solution of our now-desperate ocean shipping problem, save tens of thousands of American lives, and billions of dollars. But for the time being, we cannot undertake such an experiment, and here is the reason:

The right to build, own and operate any kind of submarine is vested by U. S. law exclusively in the United States Navy; and the Navy rejects the cargo-carrying submarine as it rejected the original submarine, as it opposed the airplane, the armored ship, the breech-loading gun.

* * *

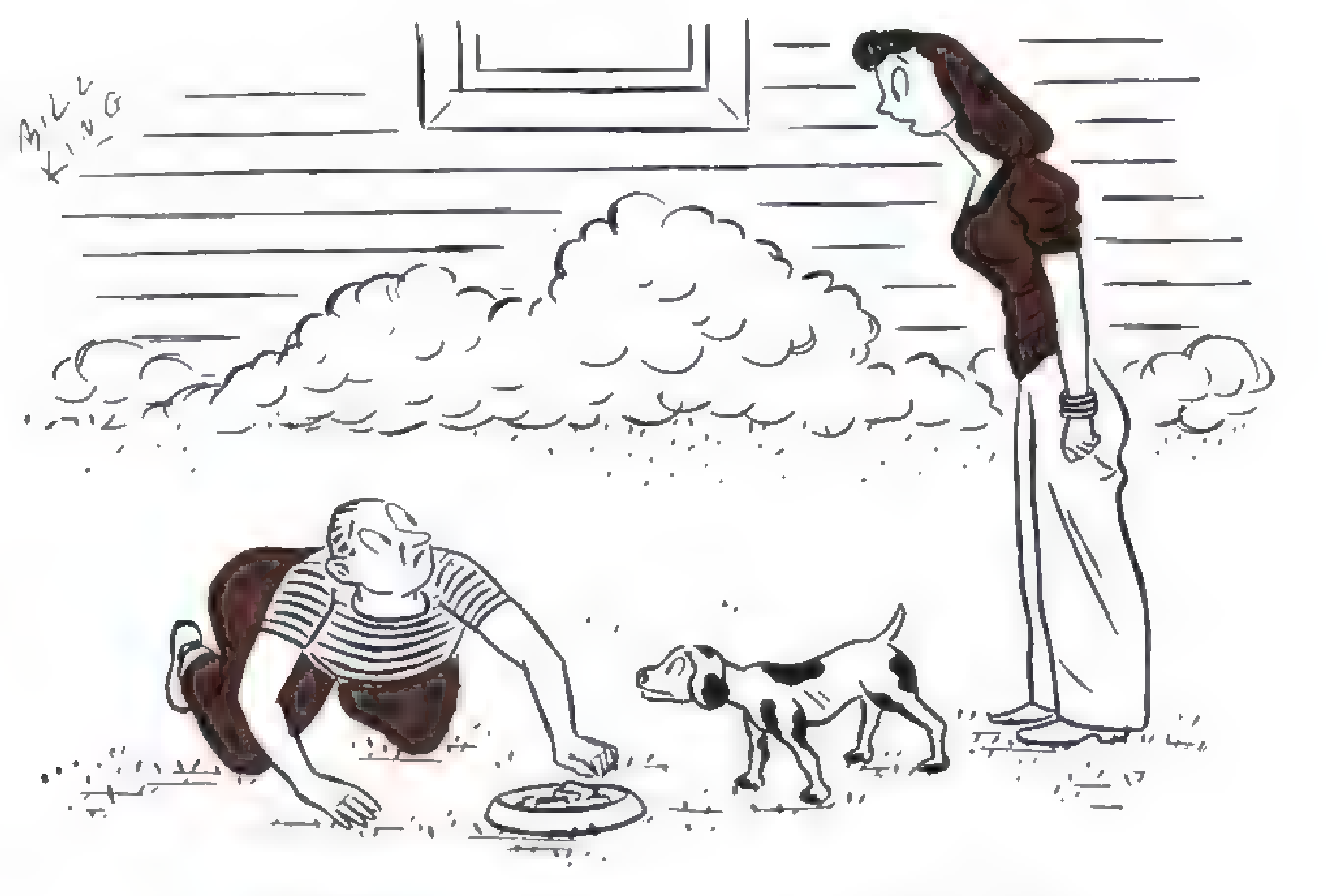
Early in 1940 I saw a German magazine containing a photographically illustrated article describing five newly-completed German submarines. From one of the illustrations it was possible to take measurements of the submarines and this revealed five craft, each approximately 668 feet in length. Conspicuously lacking from these subs were the usual deck guns of fighting submarines. A submarine of this gigantic size would be a craft of approximately 8,000 gross tons; it would be more than twice the size of the largest fighting submersible ever listed in *Jane's Fighting Ships*. There is only one imaginable use for submarines of this enormous size; they are undoubtedly part of a fleet of super-"*Deutschlands*."

Take a look at German Field Marshal Rommel's supply line which lies across the Mediterranean from the Italian peninsula. It has been under constant attack by swarms of land-based aircraft, schools of United Nations submarines and surface sea power. But still this line of supply remains unbroken. We know the *Afrika Korps* has been getting some troop reinforcements and supplies by air. But what about the heavy tanks, big field guns and all the other tens of millions of tons of equipment Rommel's been getting that would have to be shipped by sea? A fleet of large, cargo-carrying submarines is the probable answer.

Some weeks ago a German news release, broadcast and published around the world, told about a riot that occurred on the docks of Hamburg. The trouble started, said the German report, when several hundred coffee-craving Germans ganged up against the stevedores who were unloading a large shipment of coffee. Coffee on the docks of Hamburg? From what coffee-producing country? By what method of shipment through the United Nations naval blockade? No doubt it was Java coffee shipped to Germany in a Japanese cargo-submarine!

In 1940 Japan was said to be experimenting with at least four cargo-carrying submarines of 4,500 gross tons each. The latter were reported to be craft with a cruising range of 20,000 miles, a surface speed of 15 knots and a submerged speed of 10 knots. Such giants could obviously handle a cargo of 2,000 tons of more cargo, that could be troops, guns, tanks or anything else within the weight limit that could be loaded into a surface ship. We received confirmation of the story of Japanese experimentation with the cargo-submarine on March 20th, 1943, when General MacArthur's headquarters announced the destruction of a Jap submarine of about 4,500 tons. Some U. S. aviators bombed it to death after they had caught it in the act of unloading troops and supplies on the beach of a Jap-held South Pacific island.

It would seem, therefore, that Japan has made or is making her plans to maintain her present long lines of sea communication by the use of fleets of large, cargo-submarines. One such craft, so Tokyo reports, recently completed a trial run to Germany and return, making the round trip in 90 days. This announcement may explain the coffee riot on the waterfront at Hamburg. The Japs are a nation of tea drinkers. In Java they now have about 10 per cent of the world's supply of the world's finest coffee. The Germans could make excellent use of that coffee. They could also make good use of the rubber, tin, petroleum and a long



"That's it, dear—now you take a bite, then maybe he will"

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list of other plunder that Japan now has in super-abundance. And the cargo-submarine, an American invention, is undoubtedly the medium of ocean transportation by which Japan and Germany hope to carry on an Axis Lend-Lease deal.

From London during the past several months have come numerous reports of how British submarines are being used to smuggle arms and munitions to the fighting Chetniks of Jugoslavia and to bring certain war refugees out. Our own Navy has told us how U. S. submarines were used to snatch the gold out of the Philippine Treasury at Manila and to evacuate certain civilian and military personnel in advance of the Jap invasion.

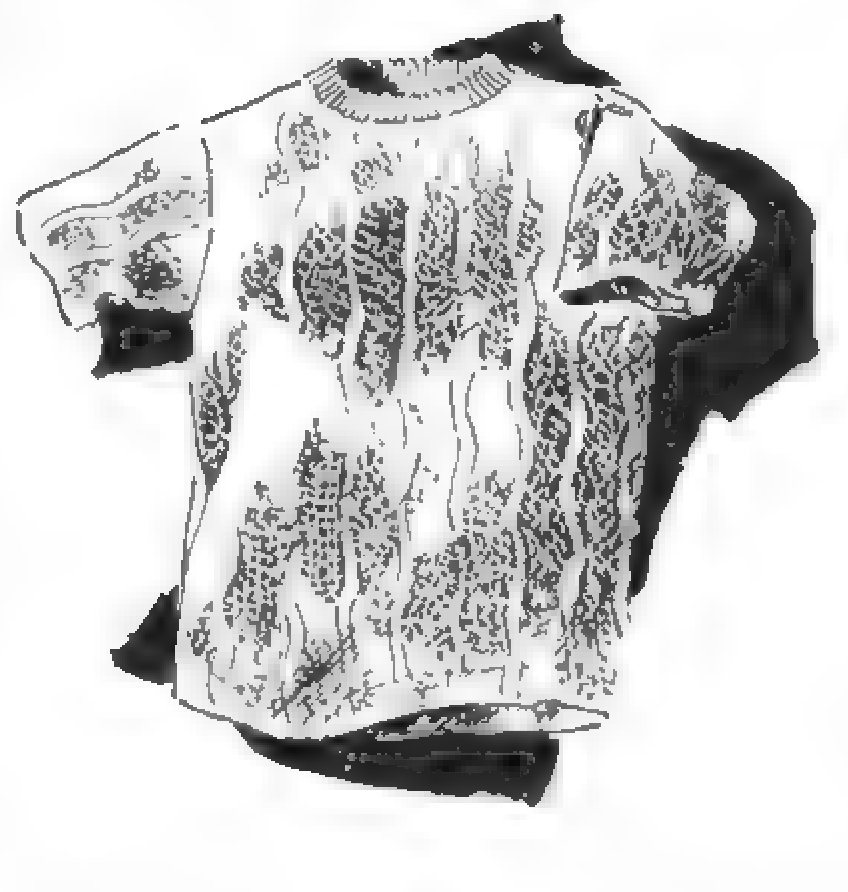
A similar use of U. S. submarines was told around the Bataan peninsula while the fighting there was still red-hot.

In a recent issue of a prominent American newspaper, under a Washington, D.C. dateline, appeared this report: "*It is believed that the Germans are using large cargo-carrying submarines to refuel and supply their smaller, fighting submarines at far distant points at sea.*" Here is the job the giant submersibles do best—acting as "mother ships" for a brood of smaller *wolfpack* subs.

This is hardly an amazing statement. The hardest-headed, pre-war, U. S. isolationist might have suspected it when swarms of German U-boats, little packets of less than 1,000 tons, with cruising ranges of less than 3,000 miles began smashing our shipping within sight of our Atlantic coast beaches, in the Caribbean Sea and from Greenland to Patagonia and the Cape of Good Hope.

Simon Lake may still be the small, weak voice shouting in the wilderness. But the unalterable laws of physics are with him, logic and reason are with him and the good common horse sense of the American people should be with him when he says:

"*Submarines can't fight submarines. The answer to the fighting submarines of our enemies is the submersible merchantmen, diving freighters that can be submerged when danger threatens and brought to the surface again when the danger is past. Build a fleet of them and let's get on with the war!*" ⧺



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The Rows Grow Longer

Continued from page 31

would give me his last penny. Since I couldn't get along with him, I wouldn't take the money. I'd make money someway. Once he told me to make cross ties in his young timber and buy myself some clothes. He didn't believe that I could make twenty-two crossties in one day until he went to look at them. I was making ten and twelve dollars a day until he stopped me—said I was making up all his timber. I had cleared one hundred dollars in two weeks.

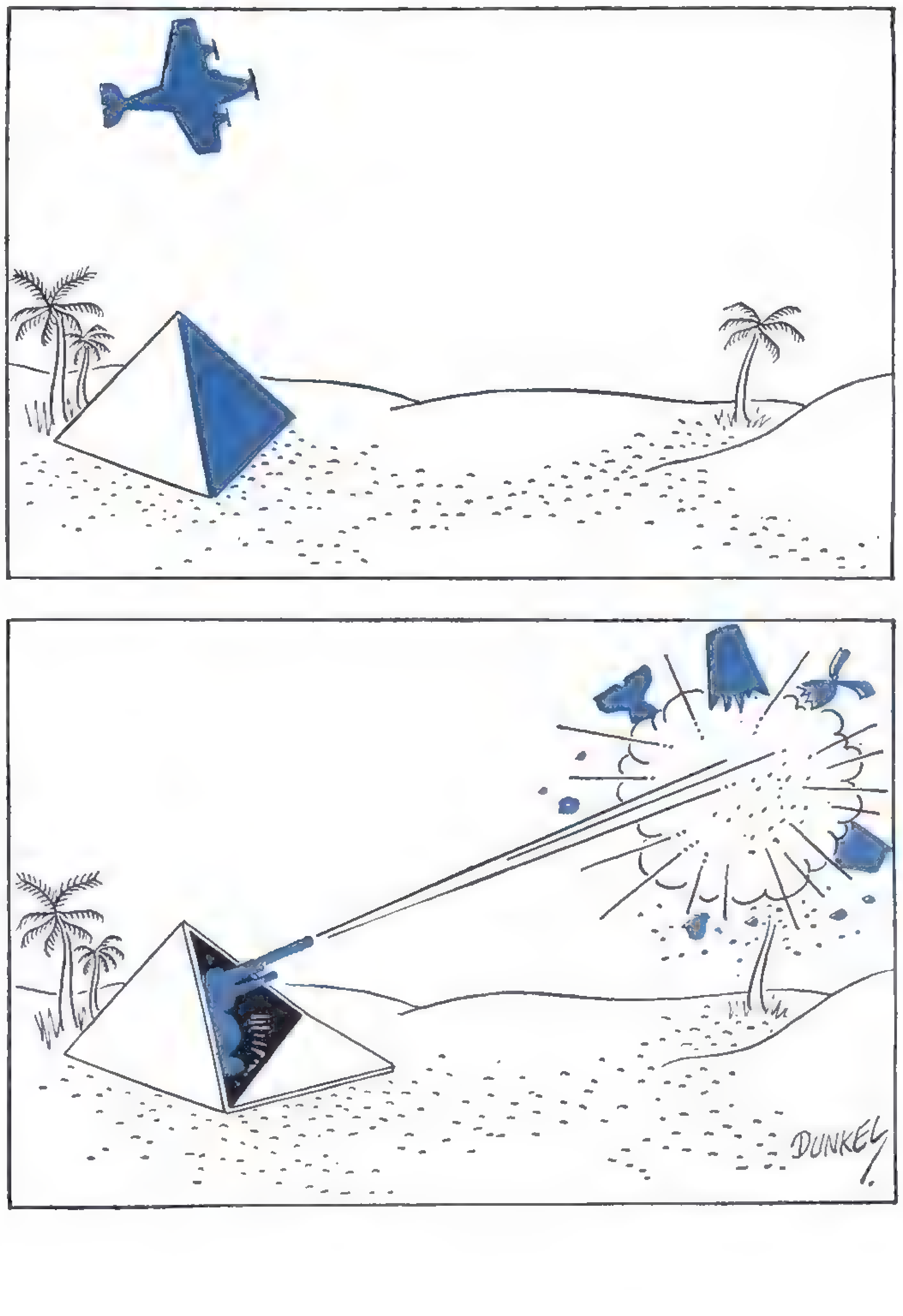
In my junior year of high school I took a teacher's examination, made a second-class certificate and taught a rural school for sixty dollars a month two months before high school started. Ten dollars a month board if I helped Mr. Weber milk seven cows night and morning. So I cleared another hundred dollars. I could always make a little money but I couldn't get along with the father who had encouraged me to go to school. And when I'd finished high school, my father was proud of me—but I wasn't proud of him. I wasn't going to stay at home any longer, so I ran away.

After some time with a street carnival, an army camp, then the steel mills, Pa's words came back to me. I wanted to go to school again. I wanted to go to college. The words he had planted on my brain when I was a child were embedded there. I had learned to be a blacksmith at the mills but this was not enough. So I left the mills, and after trying many colleges on my thirty dollars, I found Lincoln Memorial University willing to take a stranger and try him.

In my three years at L. M. U. I had two one-dollar bills sent me. But I finished in three years and two summers with better than a B average, edited the college paper and found time to make the track team. When I went home my mother told me how proud Pa was that he had a boy who had finished college. He bragged about it on the railroad section.

Then I taught school one year; became principal of the County high school the next year. Pa was the proudest man that ever walked. James and Mary were in high school now; Sophie still was teaching a rural school. There were two teachers and two high school students out of five children, since two of us had died. The seventh child had just entered Plum Grove rural school.

When I went away to do a year of graduate work, my fifteen-year-old brother, James, entered Berea College. Next spring when we met at home again, we started working on the farm. That autumn I was made superintendent of Greenup County schools, and had reached the pinnacle in Pa's estimation. But he couldn't understand the school fight, and how I left the job after one year to take the principalship of McKell high school for four years. He said I had started backwards. And he couldn't understand that when I sat at a typewriter writing I would



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not leave it for my meals and my mother carried them to me. He told my mother that he thought I was losing my mind, and he'd have to depend on James to make a real County schools superintendent.

When my first book was published, he still didn't understand.

When I went to Scotland, the land of his people, on a Guggenheim Fellowship, he had my sisters read him the book, *Man With a Bull-tongue Plow*—the book that had sent me abroad.

When I returned, I went back to work with my father, cutting sprouts from the pasture fields.

"Son, you don't mind work," he said with a smile. "You can still take it."

I had just begun to find out one reason why I hadn't gotten along with him—that we were an awful lot alike. Now I had come to love my father—I was sorry over the way I had quarreled with this man who had regretted all his life that he wasn't an educated man. He did have an education—it was in the soil and the seasons that he had wrestled with all his life. He knew what, when and how to plant in a sterile soil—in a loamy soil. He had something that I had never read in books and couldn't write into a book.

Only yesterday, I stood beside our garden fence and talked to Pa while he worked with a light goose-neck hoe. His licks were much slower, his steps were much slower. He stopped often, rested and wiped sweat from his suntanned, broken face. He complained that the garden rows were long—this man who had once laughed about the short rows around a mountain slope.

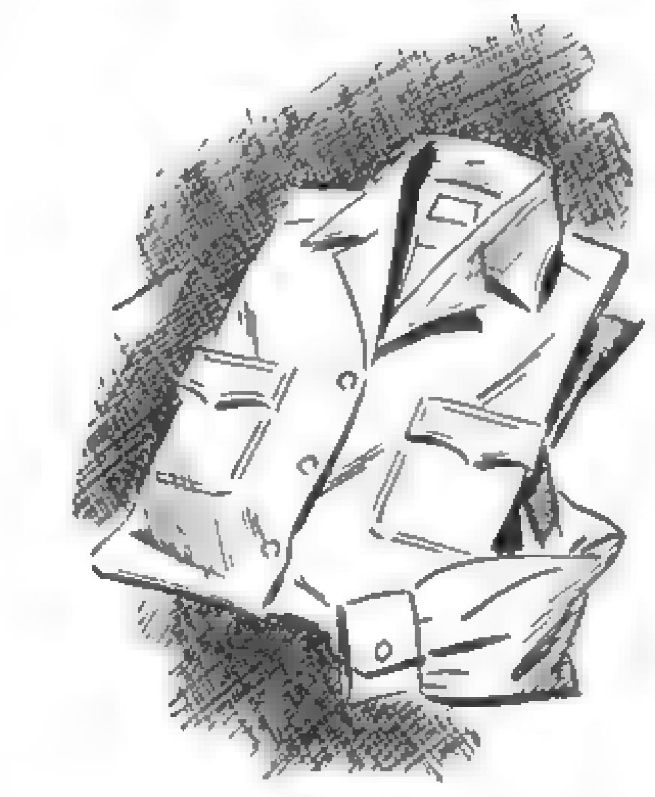
"Jes, there's one thing I want you to do," he said. "I want you to mark off a lot at Plum Grove for our family."

"Where do you want it?" I asked him.

"Put down a marker at each cornerstone where the old Plum Grove schoolhouse used to be," he said. "That's the spot where my children went to school—in the schoolhouse I helped to build. My boys went to college a hundred per cent. My girls didn't do so bad—two out of three have been school teachers. I want to rest on that spot."

"All right," I said. "I'll do it."

Not until now had I really understood my father." ⧺



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Cossacks Defend the Don

Continued from page 53

from the tanks. Then the heavier field guns went into action. He halted the column to calm it. The old men put their hands on their grandsons' thighs. Then they rode on.

Not a shot was fired at them. Not a challenge. The enemy knew that the full force opposed to them was attacking in front. The battle raged high on the left of the mounted troop. Then they saw the tents. Piles of material not five hundred yards away among some trees that hid it from the air. That was the dump of ammunition and gasoline for the invaders' tanks. He did not have to look back. With the sixth sense of a cavalry leader he felt the troop settling itself like a racer for the starting signal.

"Sabers! Trumpeter, blow the charge!"

The trumpeter already had the mouthpiece to his lips. As the call cut the air the blades were out. Each man was leaning forward in his saddle, lying along his horse's mane. Above the pounding of the hooves rose the war cry of the steppes, the Cossack shout. Nose to nose the horses bounded, belly to the ground.

A machine gun began to rattle. Men were springing up but the riders were into them, steel flashing as they cut the gunners down. The boy with the colors reeled. Leaning from his horse, Kropotov caught the flag before it fell. His own saber was red. Point and edge, lunge and slash. The horses reared and plunged, fighting with their hooves in the bloody melee at the gun emplacements. The boys, much faster than the older men, were at the dumps. They knew what they had to do. A gasoline tank exploded. Kropotov's troop was fighting in the light of the flames and continuing explosions. Horses screamed. Men who were dismounted leaped into empty saddles.

They were through them. "Trumpeter. Sound . . . Reform!"

Not a German was left standing around these gun pits. And not many of the horses and men that had gone in were left. Explosions burst from the dump. Shells now whistled overhead.

He looked at his riders. There were about fifty now. Loose horses weaved in and out, refusing to leave the squadron, galloping, terrified.

"Forward!" The shells had come from the rear. They must get back to the tanks, if they could. The charge had been successful. It had been made in the old way, with steel. It was impossible to see how the tank battle was going, it still was raging. But the mission was accomplished. The German tanks without gasoline and oil would be helpless, the men in them a prey to the guerrillas.

A machine gun opened at close range—then another. There must be four, a hornet's nest. The trumpeter was down under his horse's feet. Alexander stood in his stirrups pointing with his saber, "Charge!"

Again the sabers thrust and cut as the riders leaned to the blows. Again the snorting horses trampled the gunners. But old men could not fight like boys. His strength was gone. He was hit. They were through the guns now but only two Cossacks were in the saddle, himself and a boy. He bent forward against the pommel holding his tunic against his stomach. His other hand clutched the lance as his life drained fast out of him.

"Boy," he cried feebly, "boy. Who are you, boy?"

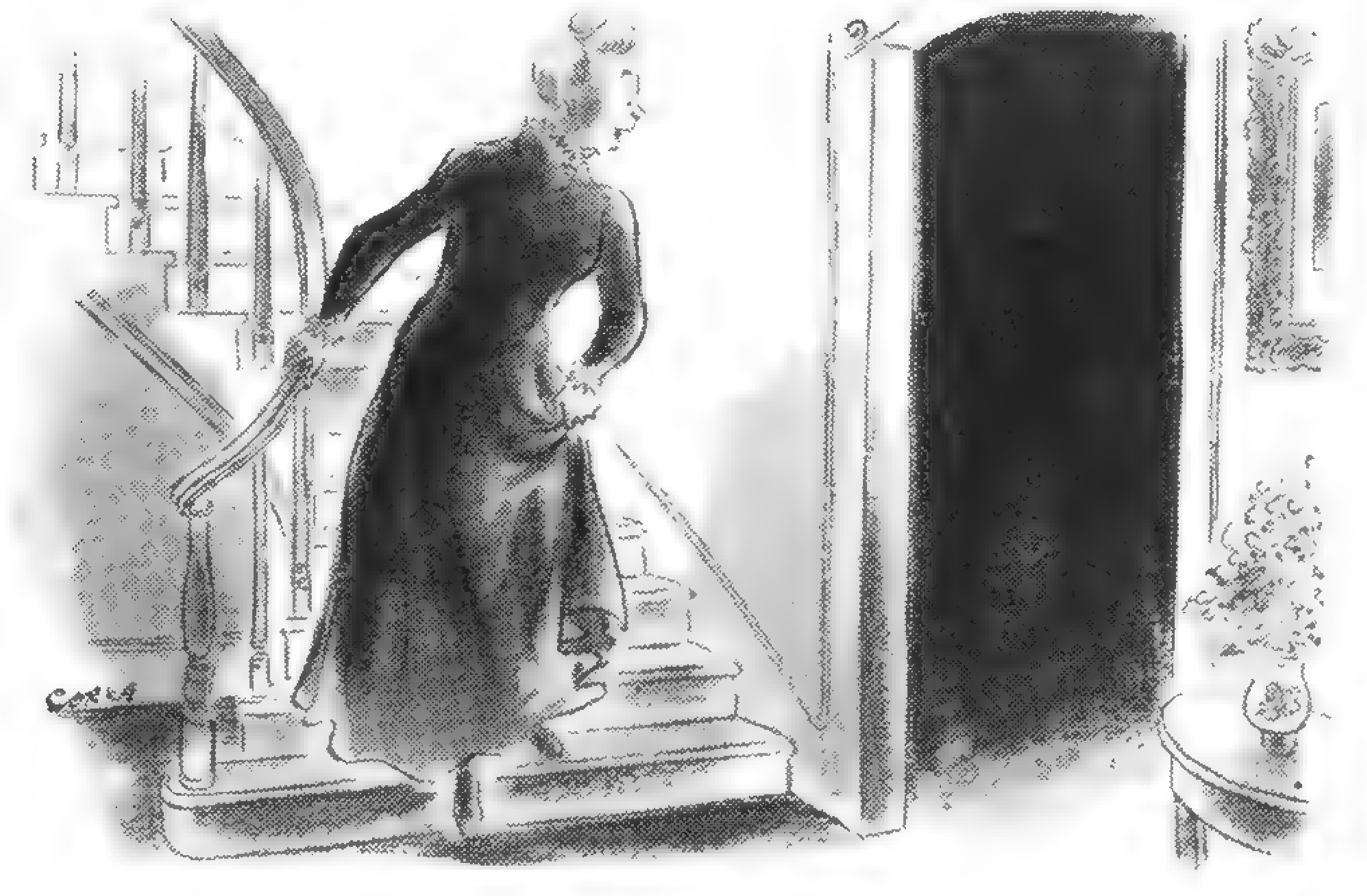
"I am Serge, son of Tagranoff, who is the son of Tagranoff, the cobbler."

"Take this." He handed him the lance. "Tear the flag off. Wrap it around your belly and ride after the women."

"Excellence, let me help you."

"Take them the colors. They will know what to do with them. Save yourself to go on fighting. It is an order. Go."

As the boy galloped away, Alexander Kropotov bowed forward on his horse's neck and slid down to the ground. ++



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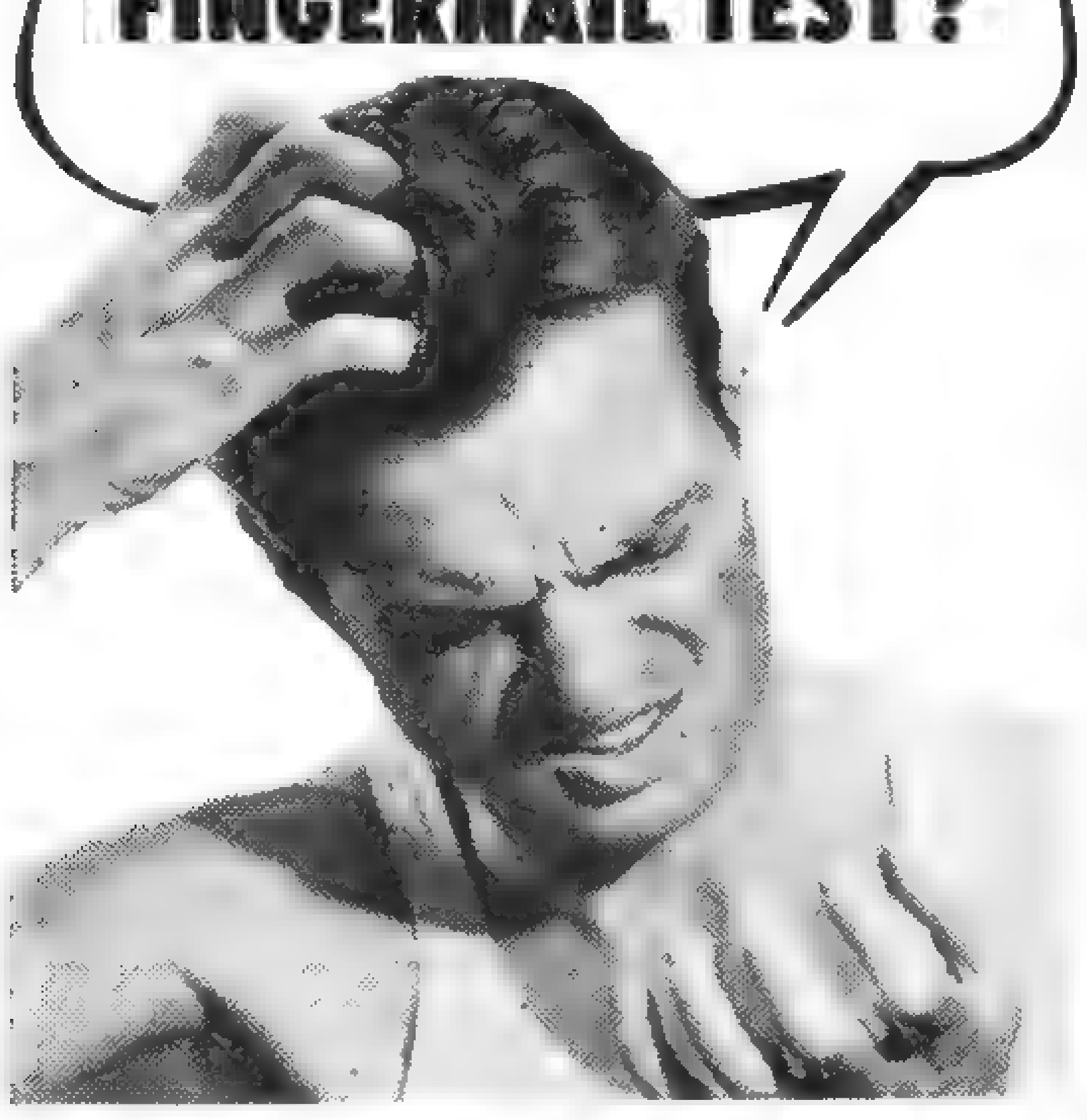

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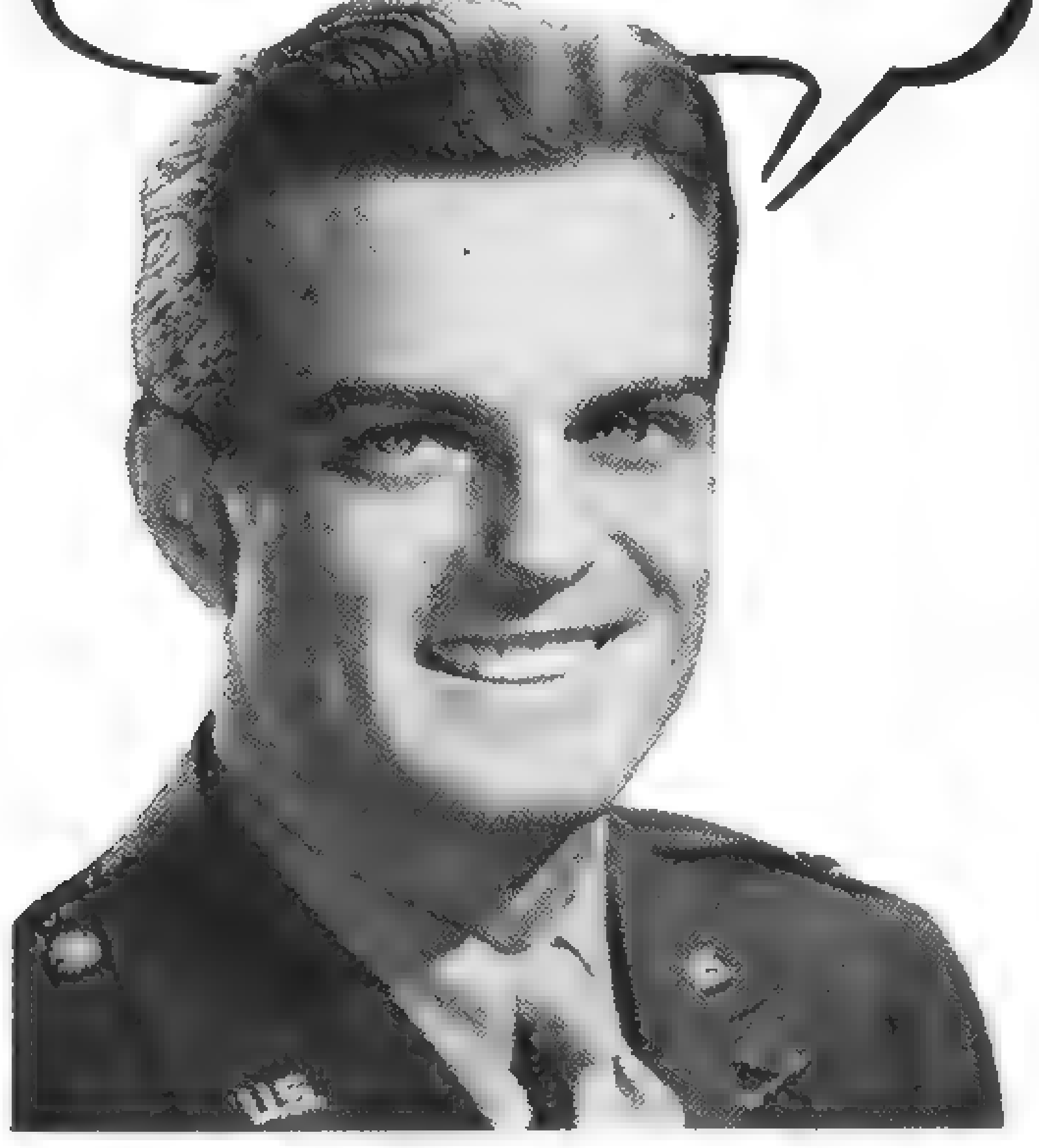

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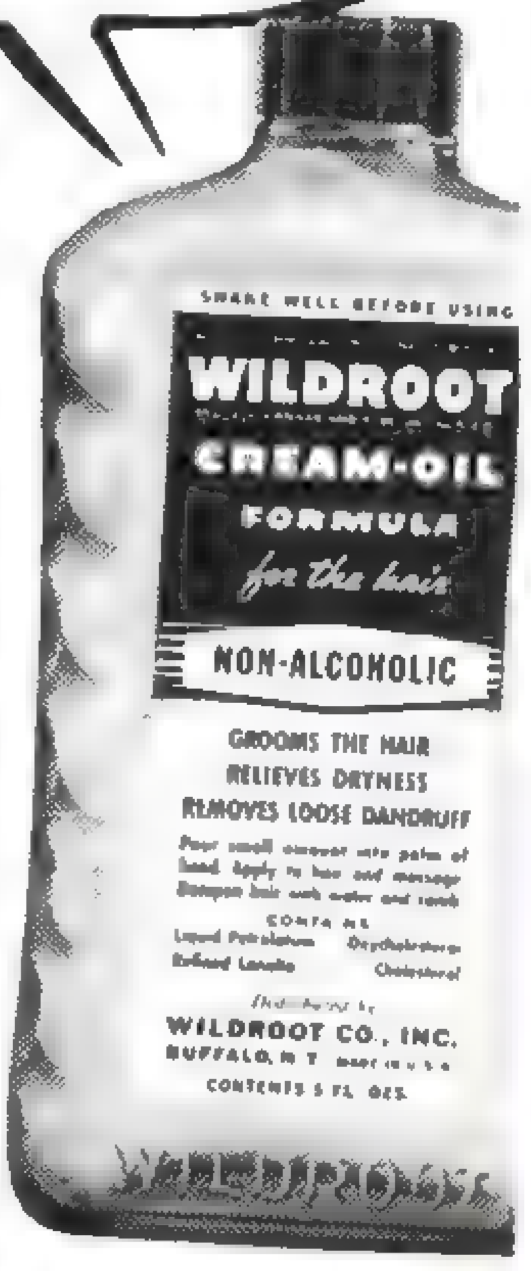

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NON-ALCOHOLIC FORMULA

Myself and the Movies

Continued from page 50

at which time, at Mr. Robin's suggestion, I demanded and received 55,000 dollars for the talking rights of the four years delayed *Tragedy*.

My fourth meeting with Mr. Lasky was in a Beverly Hills garden where an afternoon tea was being held, and where, reasonably enough, we got along most pleasantly—not a trace of resentment or ill feeling on either side. All old bets seemed off and there we were, smiling and enjoying the sunshine, the tea, the this and that. And not a mention of any one of our previous meetings. Not a mention!

Social courtesy is certainly a great thing.

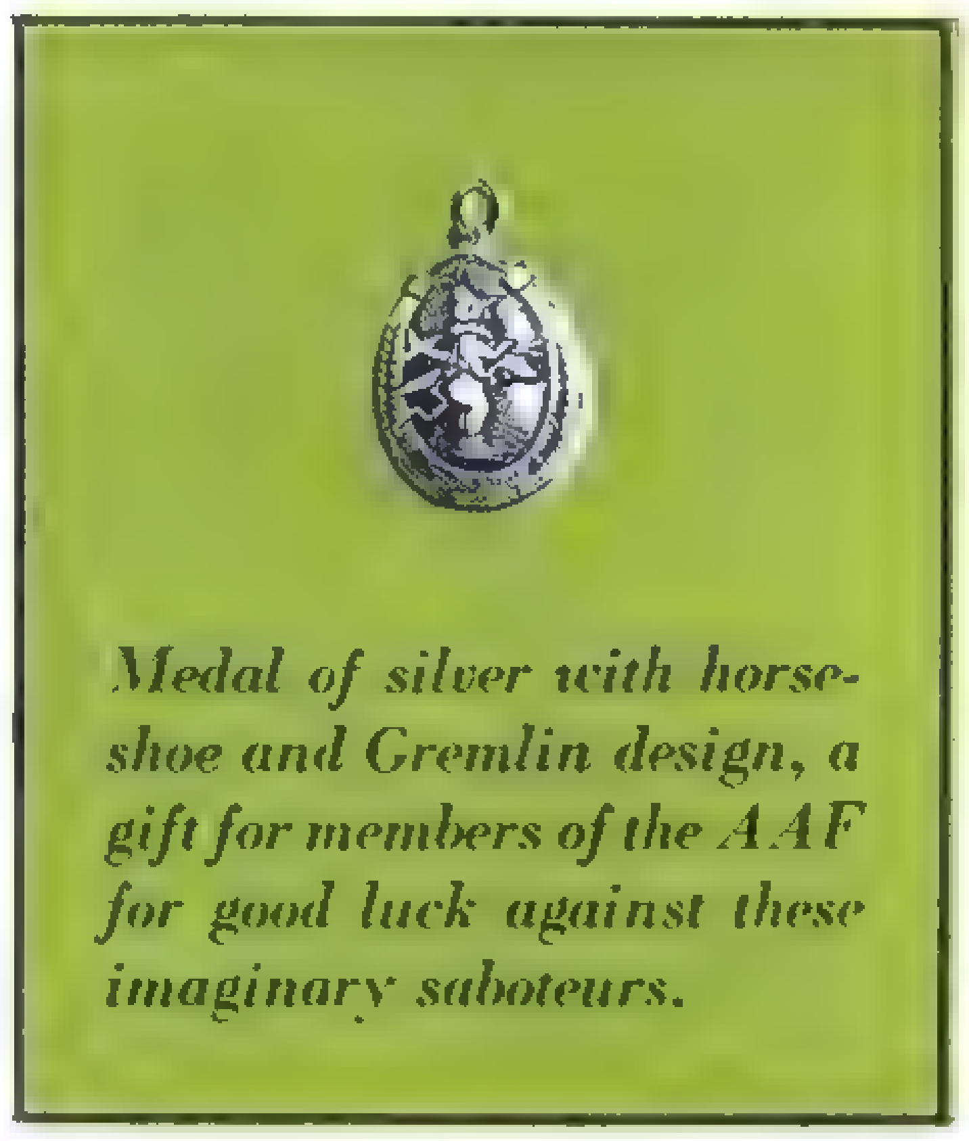
But now as to other so-called Hollywood ills or "hatreds" (that last makes me laugh) if there were any, I have recovered from the same. The moving picture industry has changed greatly. It has grown enormously and in consequence new blood has come into it—so much so that one feels today a fresher and more sensitive attitude to what must truly be said is not only the American but the world scene. I am thinking of such pictures as *Little Women, Good-Bye Mr. Chips, How Green Was My Valley, Ladies in Retirement, Sullivan's Travels, The Great McGinty, Grapes of Wrath, Now Voyager* and many others which were quite taboo when I first sold *An American Tragedy*.

It is not at all as it was twenty or even ten years ago. The entire industry is more friendly and more courteous, to me at least—only I hear others say the same thing.

Of course there are charges now by this person and that—they have been black-listed, for instance; that without rhyme or reason their contracts have been broken; that they are dealing with creatures who do not understand the first letter of the word art.

Well, it may be so. Some of my early experiences were certainly disagreeable. Nonetheless I insist that I feel new blood, better and fresher American understanding, new courtesy and a lot of other things that make me feel that the Hollywood of 1943 is by no means the Hollywood of 1920-21-22-23 and later. And so I cannot possibly hate it or the industry.

In truth, I never have. ⁂



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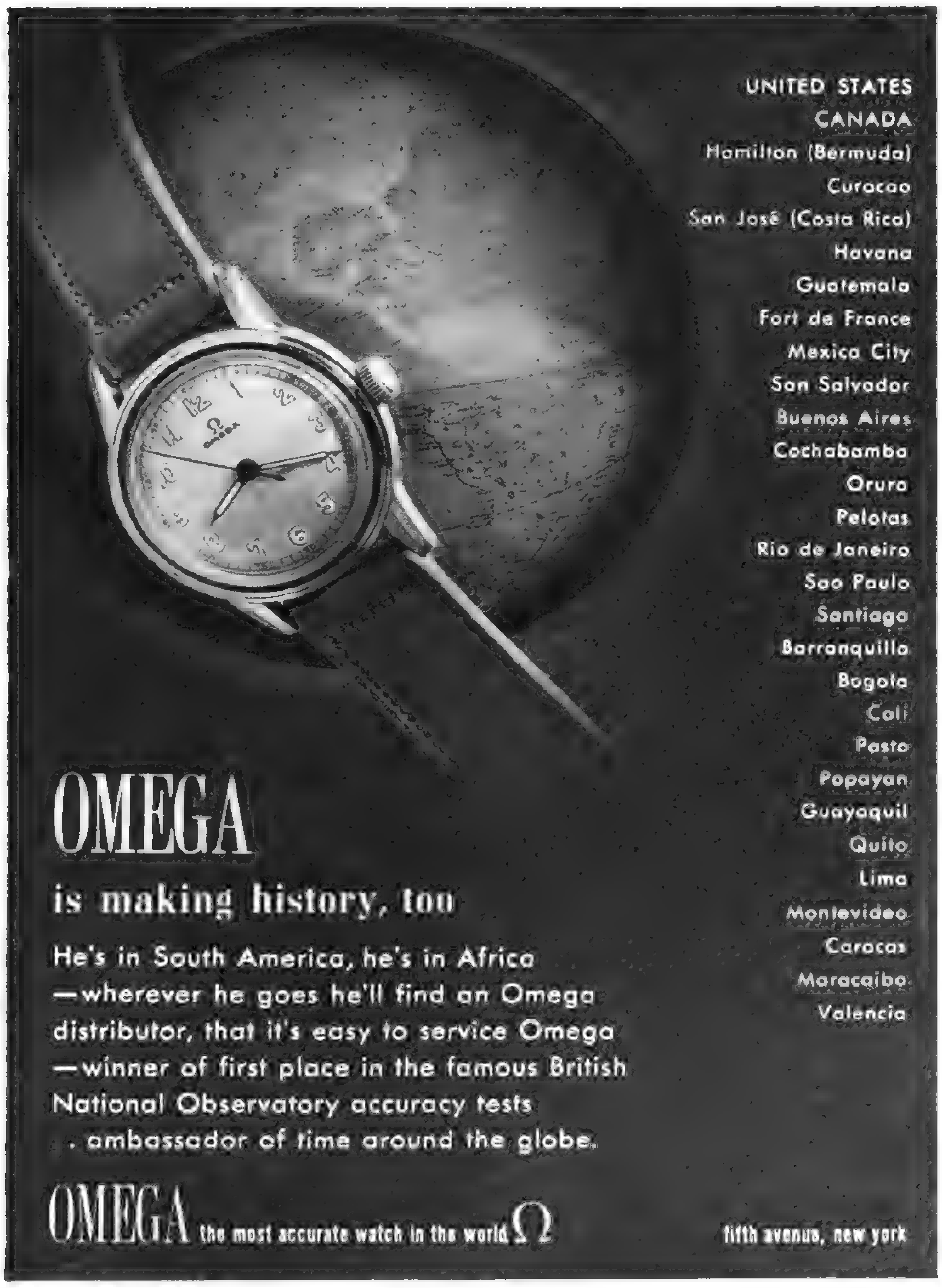

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Storm Over Shangri-La

Continued from page 63

was confined to Tibet, his spiritual power ranged from Sinkiang down to Burma, and from Siberia and Mongolia down a chain of temples to Peiping. He declared drinking a vice and smoking a major crime. He himself practiced rigid celibacy. He often left the gold kitchen utensils and white satin bed of his Potala Palace for his villa outside the city. He had a half billion dollars worth of jewels but he dressed like an ordinary monk.

His only extravagance was a 20,000-dollar Rolls-Royce. This car was driven by a Chinese chauffeur and when the Dalai Lama wanted to "drive" across roadless countryside it was carried on the shoulders of coolies.

It was the Dalai Lama who offered Great Britain 1,000 trained soldiers in the World War, and who gave Lieut. D. F. McIntyre and two companions permission to fly over Mount Everest, provided they flew high enough so as not to disturb the home of the Gods!

It was he, who, as "Buddha of Mercy," introduced as early as 1922 a national telegraph system, a hydroelectric plant for his palace, and an up-to-date telephone service. Just before his death in 1933 (some people believe it was as unnatural as it was sudden) he was completing plans for an airplane service between Lhasa and Shanghai, to be handled by the American-owned China National Aviation Corporation.

Tibet's weight in international affairs may be small, but it's located in a spot that counts. Whether it is thrown in for the Allies, or for the Japs, depends almost entirely on the two divine Lamas—yet they are chosen by means you could never explain to a jury. The late Panchen Lama, the son of a woodcutter, was selected for his high post because he was born with a full set of teeth and because he could utter the word "Buddha" at the age of two. It's no wonder that during the four-year interregnum between the death of the old Dalai Lama and the election of the child-Lama, interested nations (especially Japan and Great Britain) watched Tibet with anxiety. Mexico and Canada might watch our presidential elections with the same feelings if we chose our Chief Executive by similar methods.

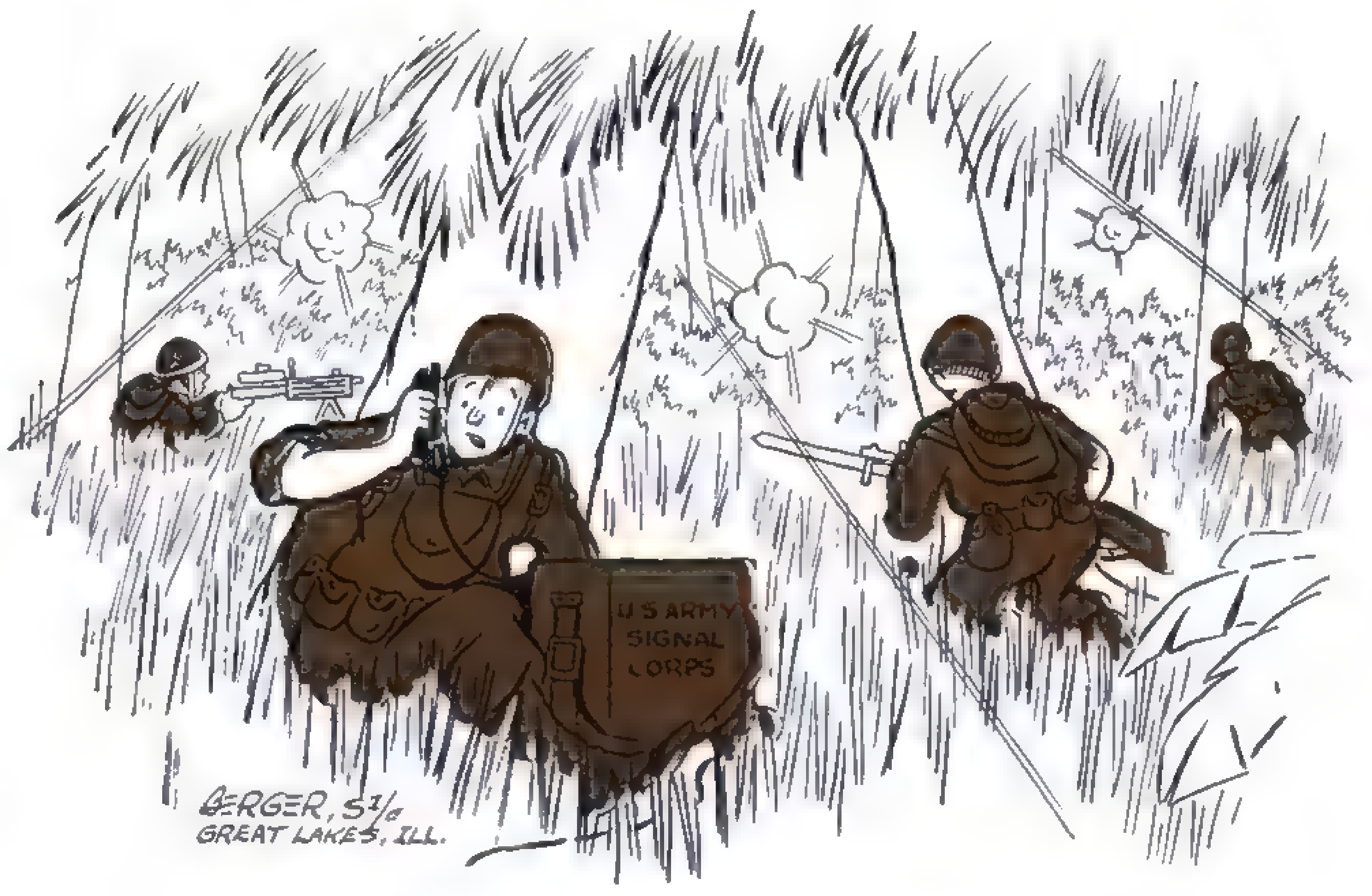
The man-hunt for the present Dalai Lama lasted three years. At his death in December, 1933, the soul of the late Dalai Lama was supposedly reincarnated in some infant conceived at just that moment somewhere in vast Tibet. After waiting nine months for the birth of the holy child—plus 149 days, the time a soul spends in purgatory—priests appealed to their oracles, received instructions, and began their search.

That search ended in November, 1937, when a black-hooded Regent looked into a lake and saw a vision of a mother and her baby. In the desolate village of Chun Kor Gyal the Regent found the baby of his vision, and that boy is today not only a powerful ruler but literally a god as well. He will remain in the Monastery of Potala until 1951. Then, at eighteen years of age, he will rule a land nine times as large as England.

The Head Lama of the Reting Lamasery—also chairman of the Regency Council—recently ordered a second man-hunt, this time for a Panchen Lama. Priests are being instructed by their oracles to watch for "signs"—a mountain demon, a dead tree come to life, an eclipse, a cloudburst, a cripple strangely healed. In the vicinity of such signs, a future Pontiff suckles at his mother's breast. Three infants will be chosen, their names placed in a golden vase, one withdrawn. That will be the next Panchen Lama.

With one "god" in training for active duty, a second about to be chosen, Tibet stands at the crossroads. For some years Great Britain has been represented in Lhasa by a small diplomatic mission. Now, to combat Japan's increasingly popular propaganda, Britain has rushed an ambassador extraordinary to Tibet.

He will have to talk fast. ⧺



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Artist from Spain

Continued from page 91

its long-absent son returned to fortify himself in his land and in its art, chiefly Goya and El Greco. The Cugats visited every city and town and village between Barcelona and Seville in which there was a painting by either master. Later, during the Spanish Civil War, he exerted himself on behalf of the Loyalists, raising funds, working on the committee of foster-parents for Spanish children and engaging also in propaganda activity.

Coradal-Cugat's most ambitious single work, completed several years ago, has a Spanish inspiration, being based on an epic poem by one of the greatest Catalan poets, Jacinto Verdaguer. Entitled *L'Atlantida*, it is an imaginative treatment of the legend of the lost continent of Atlantis. For the library of a Spanish gentleman living in Buenos Aires Cugat did twelve panels, each measuring six by nine feet—some private library!—depicting some episodes of the poem.

This sketch has refrained from giving too close a clue to the artist's exact age because his physical appearance denies his birthday by something like fifteen years. Having watched him walking hatless on the bitterest of winter days, his thick shock of black hair a sufficient covering, I marvelled at the man years before I discovered that he was a painter.

He is lean in body and springy in step. His teeth are perfect and he wears no glasses. His skin has few, if any, of those creases that are on the face of the average man of his age. One inch short of six feet, he weighs only 145 pounds. He works hard and systematically and can maintain a schedule that would tire younger men. Fifteen years ago he became a vegetarian.

However, he is both Spaniard and artist in the warmth and coloring of his paintings, in which he has carried over something of his vision of tropic lands. In his work *The Cabaret* and *This, Our City*, he shows a flair for the creation of what might be called symphonic syntheses in paint, suggesting his subject matter and his emphasis on it through realistic devices which are not surrealist. In *This, Our City*, for example, the center of his canvas is occupied by a Junoesque nude standing against a skyscraper—for him the dominant note of the metropolis. He is also an excellent watercolorist. In oil paints he works exclusively with the palette knife. Tempera and fresco are other media which he has mastered.

He serves sincerely as an air raid warden, being one of the steadiest and most reliable in his sector. Gasoline rationing and speed limits have combined to curb Cugat's inclination to drive like a fiend, the only respect in which he might be called immoderate. Otherwise he exemplifies the Grecian qualities of measure and moderation. ᚐ

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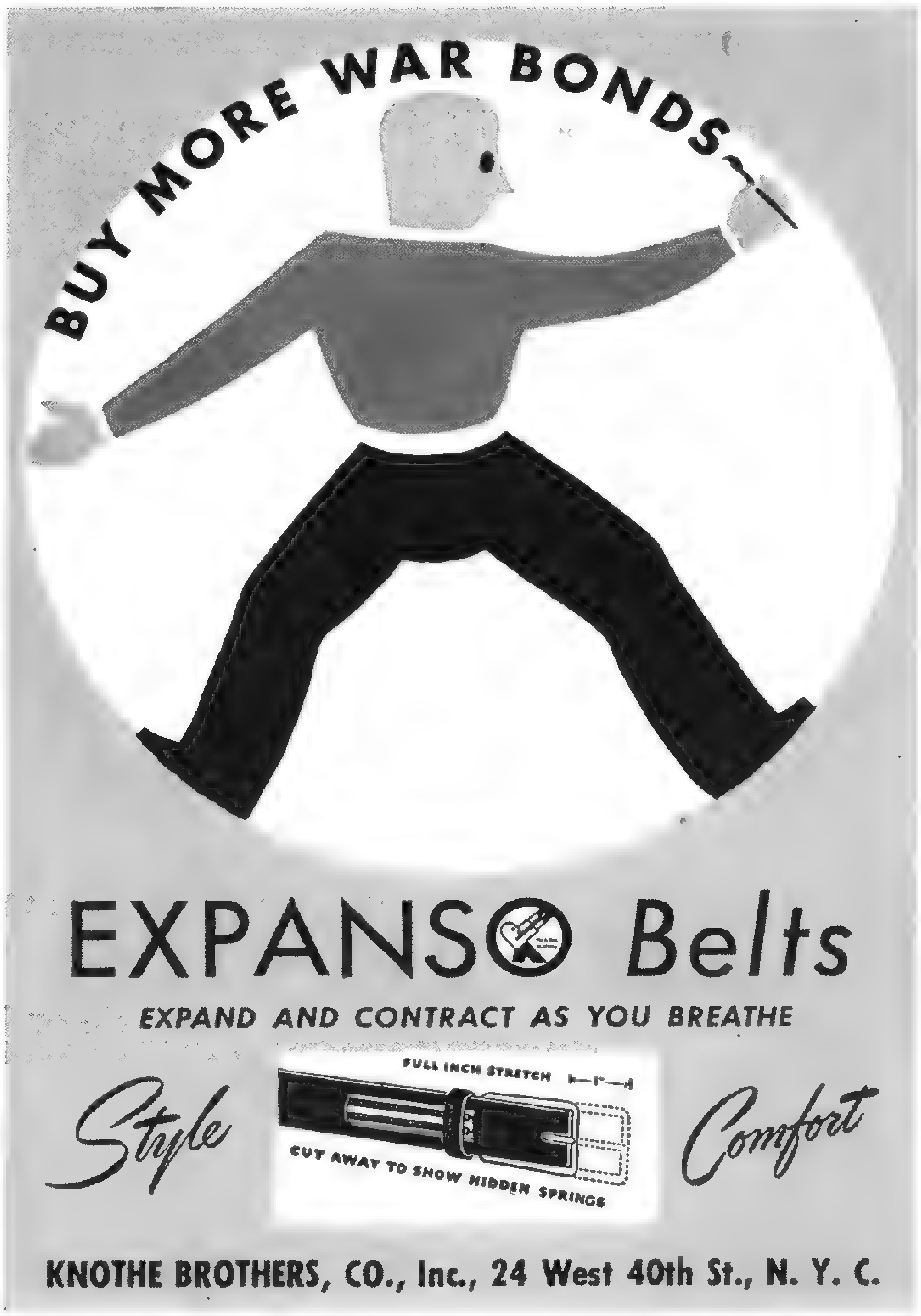

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Charity Is the Winner

Continued from page 61

raw rookie but I did get a chance at Syracuse a few days later.

"The first trip to the plate I struck out on a sharp breaking curve ball but my other appearance was good for a single to center. I played six innings and managed to handle five chances in the field without an error.

"When we arrived back in Chicago, the Sox offered me a chance to stay with them, but I refused in order to enter a seminary in Baltimore, where I spent my next two years before going on to become ordained at Catholic University in Washington, D. C."

Before he left for the seminary, though, he made one final gesture which later proved a decided asset to his beloved Sox. One afternoon he led a slender young fellow, who had been playing center field on the same Alma Mater team, into White Sox park and introduced him to Rowland. A contract was produced and signed, and although he spent the next year with Milwaukee while the Sox were winning the pennant, he returned to become the regular center fielder in 1919 following the Black Sox scandal, and lead the club to another flag.

His name was Johnny Mostil and he was to go down in history as the greatest outfielder in the history of the White Sox. He's still associated with the Comiskey organization and this year probably will inherit some of the duties formerly handled by the late Billy Webb. Prior to his death of a heart attack a few months ago, Webb had been director of the Sox farm system.

"Most every one of the Black Sox were on the roster during my eastern swing," the monsignor recalls. "Also Joe Benz, the Butcher Boy, they called him then, was one of the best Sox pitchers. He's now an engineer at St. Killian's, and I see him quite often. Benz and Eddie Cicotte were the comedians of the club and used to keep the bench in an uproar.

"Rowland's biggest problem was to get pep worked up, and I think that was one reason he wanted me to stay in baseball."

Looking at the issue in the same tolerant manner which is his life's philosophy, the monsignor insists the Black Sox, as a team, were not crooks, the blunt word usually applied to them today.

"They were all nice fellows," he says. "They were rather easily influenced and were just misled by one or two stronger-willed individuals, who were not with the team in 1916. There was nothing but friendliness in their attitude toward rookies and they were always willing to hand out helpful tips to improve your game.

"Eddie Collins was especially helpful in giving pointers. He taught me how to get the jump on a ball, instead of letting the ball play me. That's a very common problem for a shortstop, and he

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had me up on my toes at all times instead of resting back on my heels when the ball was hit."

The monsignor, now in the fifteenth year of his present position, still keeps up his interest in baseball, "But not as much as I would like to," he admits. He also is a member of the Old Past-Timers organization which meets about once a month for a luncheon to honor some old-time ball player.

He still gets out to Comiskey park when he can. "Times have changed a bit," he recalls. "But Harry Grabiner, racing about, never being able to sit still and watch the game, is just the same. It's also quite a sight to see the young Comiskey on the field before the game in a Sox uniform. Mr. Comiskey mentioned him to me the last time I saw him in Mercy hospital shortly before he passed away.

"Yes, I'm still a Sox fan," he chuckles. "Once a South sider, always a South sider. There has only been one major league team in Chicago to us. And that still holds true.

"Those were great days, when the Cubs were on the West side beside the County hospital. Then the patients could watch the games from the hospital beds.

"Just take that 1906 world series between the Sox and Cubs, for example. That was the time the crowd outside the park grew so large it broke down the fence. That was one day we didn't have to shinny over the wall, we just marched right into the park with the crowd. Some of the fellows wanted to sell peanuts to get into the game, but I was too busy watching every move of the game to want to be bothered.

"The Sox won, of course. George Rohe, a rookie third baseman, stepped in and hit two triples in the pinches with the bases loaded. Big Ed Walsh and Nick Altrock, who still was using his strong left arm to get him by rather than an assortment of jokes, pitched the Sox to the title in that series."

He attended Nativity school near the old Sox park, St. Ignatius High School and then St. Ignatius College, which since has been moved to the North side and renamed Loyola University.

He played football, basketball and baseball in both high school and college and spent his summers on Chicago amateur and semi-pro baseball teams. He performed in the old City league with the Maganates and Ragens with a group of former major league players.

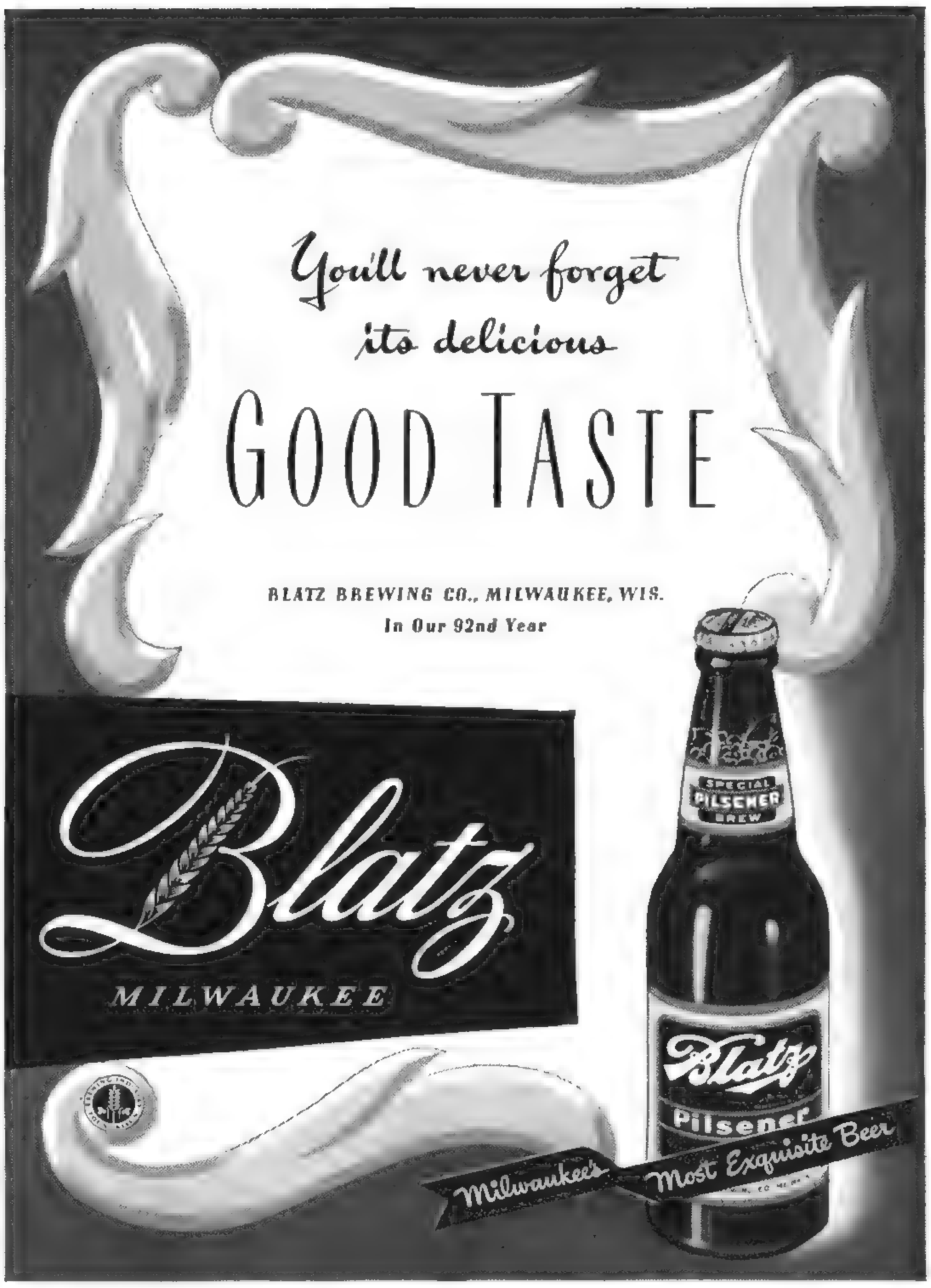
"Football in those days was quite a game," he continues. "We had to buy our own headguards and the equipment was almost as meager as the coaching. Basketball was different though. Equipment and playing facilities were not so essential and our St. Ignatius team finished second in the Central States A. A. U. tournament to the Illinois Athletic Club, which was the national champ that same 1915 season. Later we organized the famous old K. C. league and I played on one of the original teams in the circuit.

"However, football as it is played today is something else. Right now I have to admit I like it better than baseball," and that's saying a lot, coming from the monsignor. Notre Dame is his favorite team and he rarely misses a game the Irish play either at home or on the road. The wide open style of football of the present era has made the sport supreme in his estimation.

Who does he consider the greatest coach? "There was only one coach," he replies without hesitancy, "that was 'Rock'!" And for the outstanding team of all time—"The Four Horsemen!" Then he points out "You must realize what these men could have done with the present style of football. Their accomplishments would have been endless."

Msgr. Cunningham talks freely about sport but if you want to learn about him you must search elsewhere. The *Osservatore Romano*, a pre-war newspaper in Rome, paid him one of his finest compliments when it printed the fact that many features of the Chicago parochial school system he developed are models for Catholic schools throughout the world.

But it didn't mention the fact that the city championship football game, with charity the perennial benefactor, already had spread to several leading cities in the nation. It will be interesting to note how long it will take this innovation to spread around the world after the armistice is signed, for it's a sure winner. ⵌ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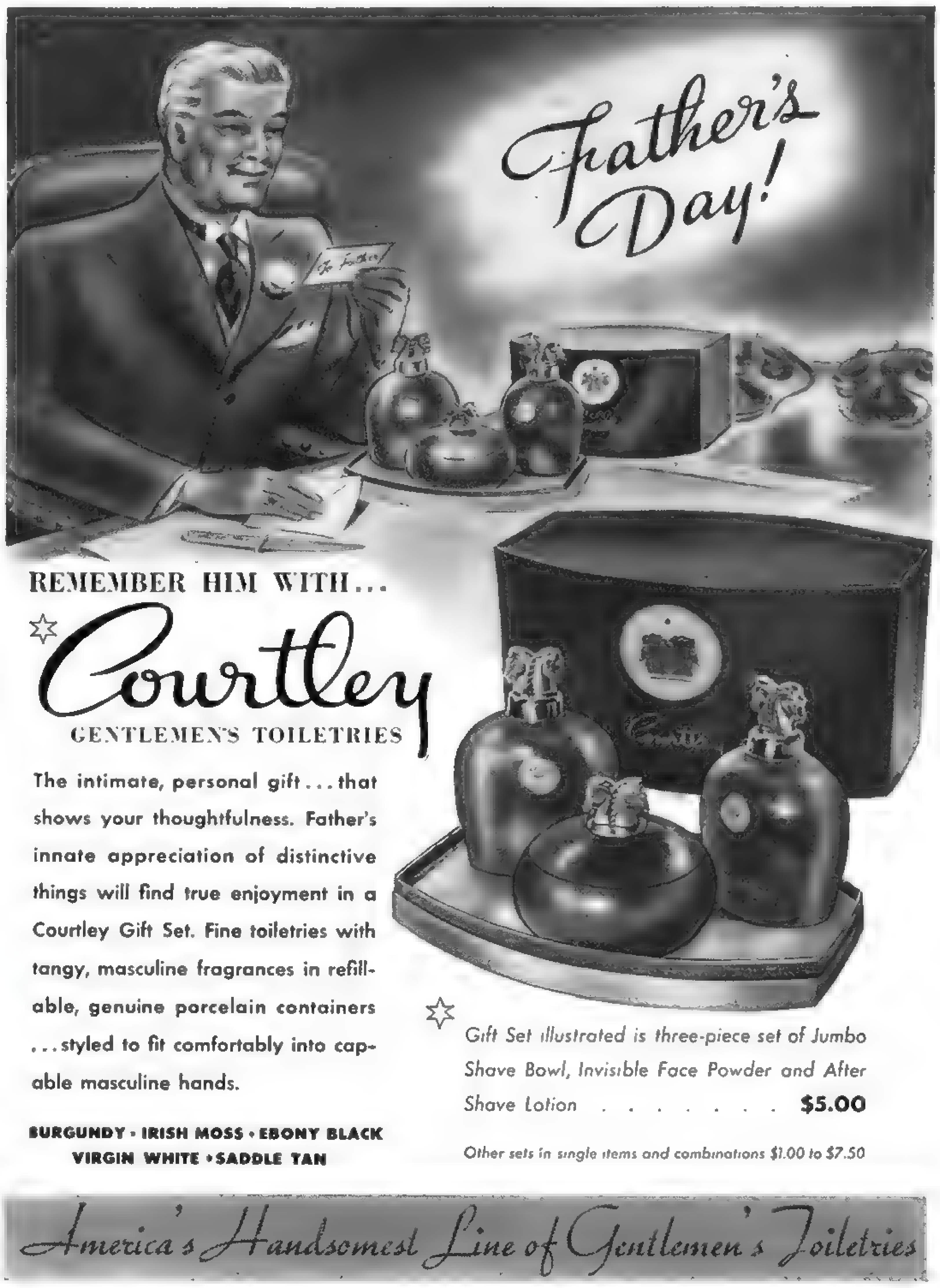
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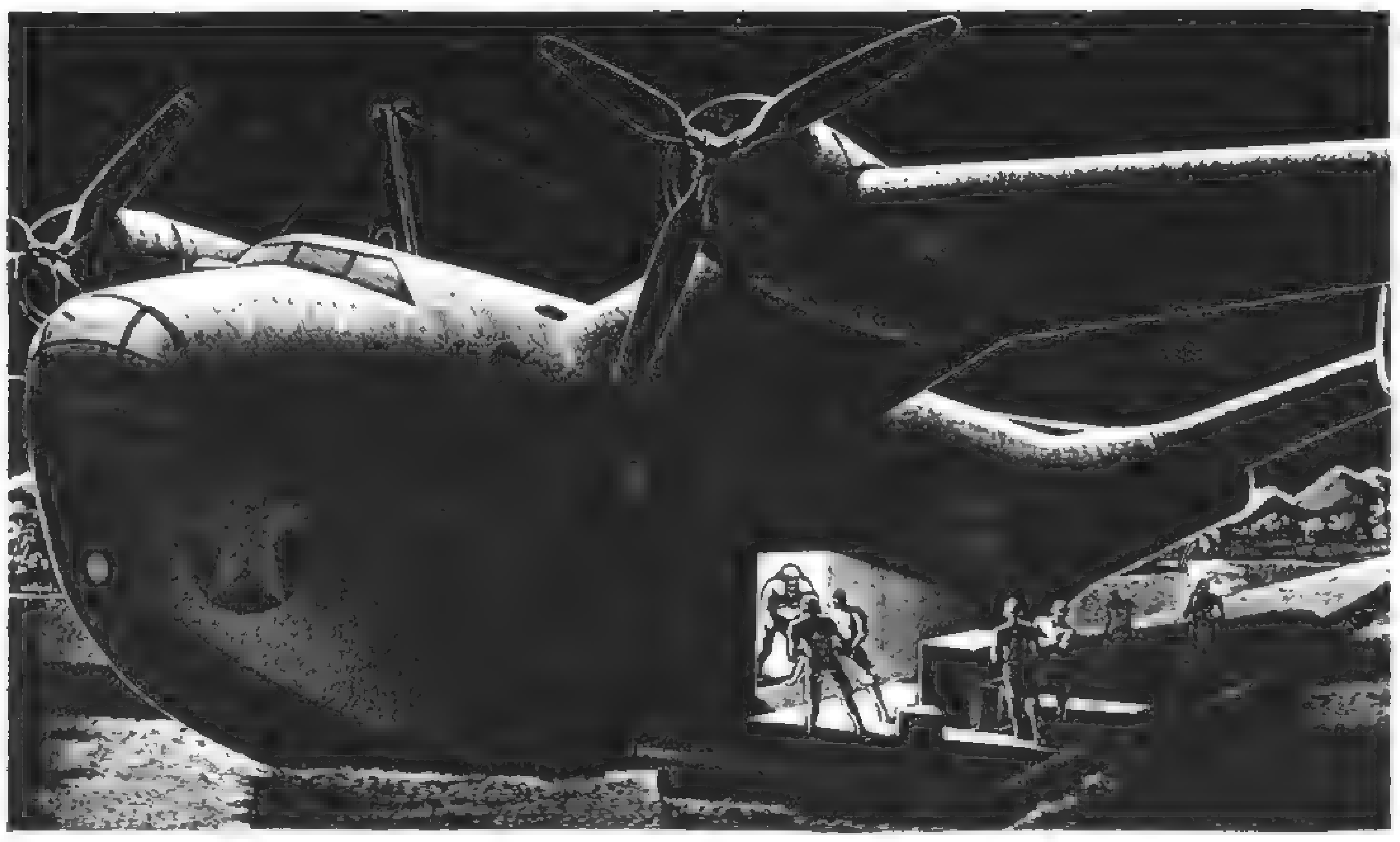

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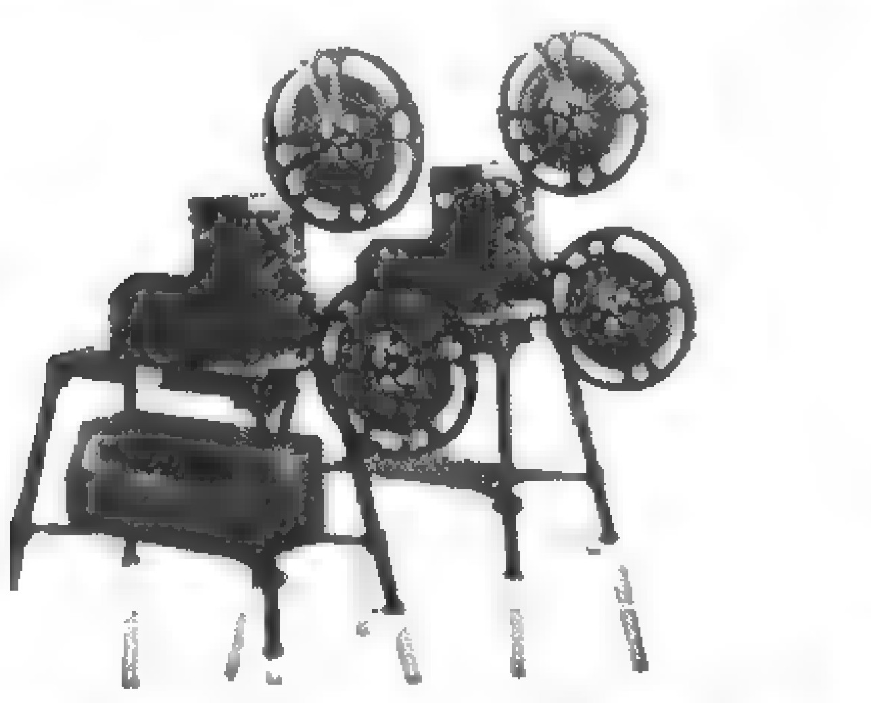

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Precision-honed for keenness and durability

Gold-steel finish for rust-resistance

Result: Cleaner, smoother, faster shaving!

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 88

actors which are always indulged in by the same kind of critic who goes in for the aforesaid plot-narration swindle.

You can therefore see that if I am to keep you from turning even more quickly to the picture of that blonde in the diaphanous didie it will behoove your old friend to get something of a move on. So your old friend resorts to various critical end-around and Statue of Liberty trick plays like the following.

I start off by announcing that the author of *Kiss and Tell* is a Hollywood scenario writer who writes this same species of papoose stuff for the screen and the radio. You now, knowing what I think of Hollywood and radio writers, will naturally anticipate that I will take the pants off him by saying that, save for those humorous moments noted, his play is just what you would expect—and, anticipating, will start for that blonde. But I fool you by observing that he isn't so bad as you might think, that some of his dialogue is shrewdly caught, and that he seems in his life to have seen children other than Shirley Temple, Roddy McDowall and Mickey Rooney. I thus win you by my charming lack of prejudice at the risk of seeming self-contradiction, which is poison to any critic.

Having read this department for some time, you know its long concurrence in Mencken's old theory that child actors ought to be painted on the scenery and be let go at that, since they usually inspire thoughts of mugging. But there are some in *Kiss and Tell* that are good, notably the fat little boy named Tommy Lewis. What is more, Joan Caulfield, the trouble-making little heroine (I here allude to such a household-wrecking flapper as a chicken-pox, thus maybe inducing in you a small grin en route), seems to have in her the makings of an attractive actress. And there is also a kid named Robert White, along with an older one named Judith Parrish, whom it would be a pity merely to paint on the scenery.

I now have you in a sweet mood, so I can register a few sober qualifications. While amusing enough, the exhibit is, critically, diluted Tarkington. While some of the humor is acceptable, some of it takes such depressing forms as the little heroine's distressed avowal that she thinks she will enter a monastery and as the attempt to brew comedy from calling a dog Marmaduke. And while the comic melodrama culled from the little heroine's artless admission that she is with child (the hypothetical high note of the proceedings) is momentarily entertaining, it misses by virtue of blacksmith writing the considerably more sustained entertainment negotiated in a fundamentally similar consternation situation by André Birabeau in his *Dame Nature*, shown hereabout several seasons back.

III.

Plays like the foregoing twain are, however, ducksoup in comparison with Shakespeare. After writing criticism of the Shakespearean drama for more years than he cares to remember, the reviewer who can think up something relatively new and refreshing to say is a rarity. (Worse, even the rarity sometimes finds to his embarrassment that one of his readers has got hold of a forgotten book in which someone has said exactly the same thing and doesn't overlook the opportunity to write a letter to the reviewer's boss, pretty damned emphatically pointing it out.) Accordingly, the circumstance that only one Shakespearean production was offered this season was the single lucky break the critic enjoyed.

His chances of tiring his customers were therefore materially reduced.

The production was *Richard III;* the star, George Coulouris. I spare you a learned treatise on the play itself, since if you are in the mood for one, which it is safe to assume you aren't, now that summer has come in the meantime, you can either dig up the past files of this department or go around to the library and fill up on at least a dozen even more learned ones by the illustrious critical deceased. I earn my pay, and doubtless your even more princely thanks, by simply and lightly recalling to you that the play contains enough murders to have constituted it the *Brooklyn, U.S.A.* of the Elizabethan period and by informing you that on this occasion Coulouris and Co. augmented them by still another, to wit, that of the play itself.

Coulouris, who has given some highly satisfactory performances in other plays, acted Richard with all the shade of the Sahara and all the explosiveness of Vesuvius, and a number of the other members of his company, taking a cue from him, so growled and screeched their lines that the stage frequently took on the sound of a zoo. It was, in short, so entirely ham an exhibition that it was surprising they collected theatre tickets at the door rather than ration stamps. ##

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At better stores everywhere

John Hudson Moore Inc., 663 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Simplicity's Godchild

Continued from page 85

have his boat incorporated into the Annapolis fleet. His letter to Secretary of the Navy Curtis Wilbur was intercepted by his division officer who stamped a curt "NO" on the missive.

Pranks such as these earned Bill 148 demerits, two short of the 150 allowed before expulsion, but he showed his duality by rowing on both plebe and varsity crews and establishing a reputation as a whiz in shop practices and engineering. Classmates knew him as the student who would stay up all night on a problem that interested him and resort to sleep as preparation for an exam that bored him. Amazed by Bill's radio experiments, a friend once said that Eddy "could bend a short wave around a lamp post."

When Bill was graduated in June of 1926 and commissioned an ensign in the regular Navy, newsreel cameramen photographed him, a six-foot-six giant, kissing his diminutive mother. Four months later Miss Woolridge, a University of Michigan Nursing School graduate working her way around the world, saw the newsreel in Panama. The following February they met in Hawaii through a mutual friend, and in July she traveled to China to marry him while he was on leave from cruiser duty on the Yangtse River near Hankow.

The only available parson, Bill discovered, was the Reverend Erik Sovik, a Swedish missionary who had never performed a wedding. Pleased as punch over finally being able to marry someone after fifty years in the Chinese backwoods, the Reverend Mr. Sovik celebrated by giving a full reading of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. When he started reading the Epistles to the Corinthians, Bill, who had been holding Chris' hand for ninety minutes, nudged the missionary and said with a wink, "Don't you think it's time we were married?" Stony-eyed, the missionary replied, "Not so fast, young man." Finally—after a two-hour ceremony, he pronounced them man and wife, fed them fruit salad, and let them go forth "united in the world." There is no record that the Reverend Mr. Sovik was ever asked to perform another wedding.

After the marriage the Eddys made their home in the frontier-like wastes outside of Tsingtao, and miles from the customary Navy officers' cantonment. When Bill was ordered to duty aboard the Cruiser *U. S. S. Cincinnati*, Chris got a job teaching school but later became an advertising representative for the Hongkong *Free Press*. This latter position enabled her to travel over the countryside and she could frequently be with Bill no matter where his ship docked. While in this position she sold advertising for the first Hongkong roadside

Continued on page 166

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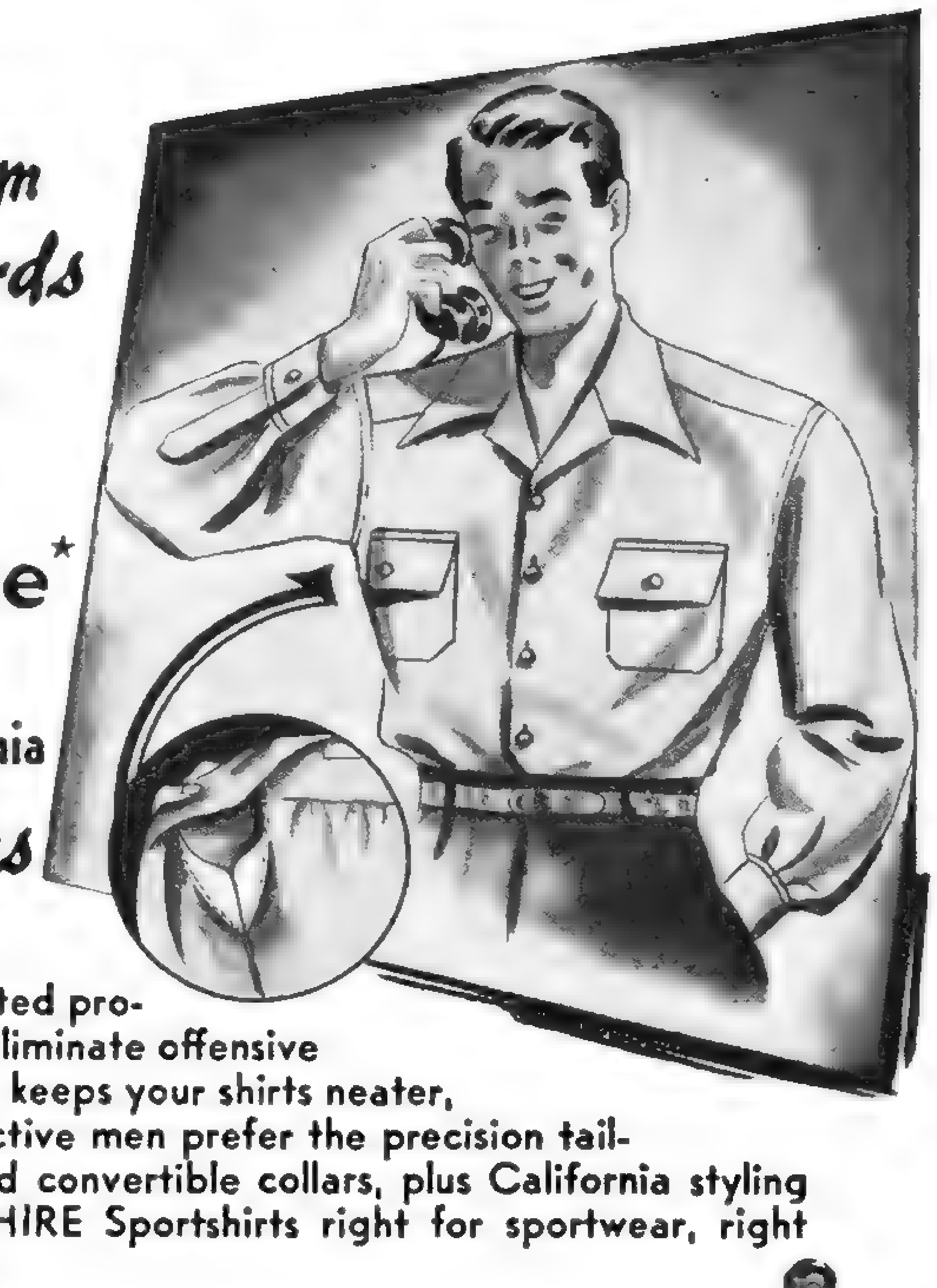

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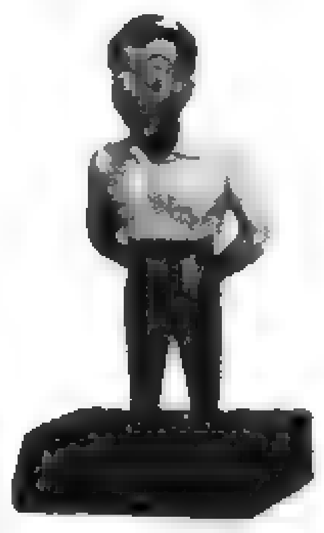

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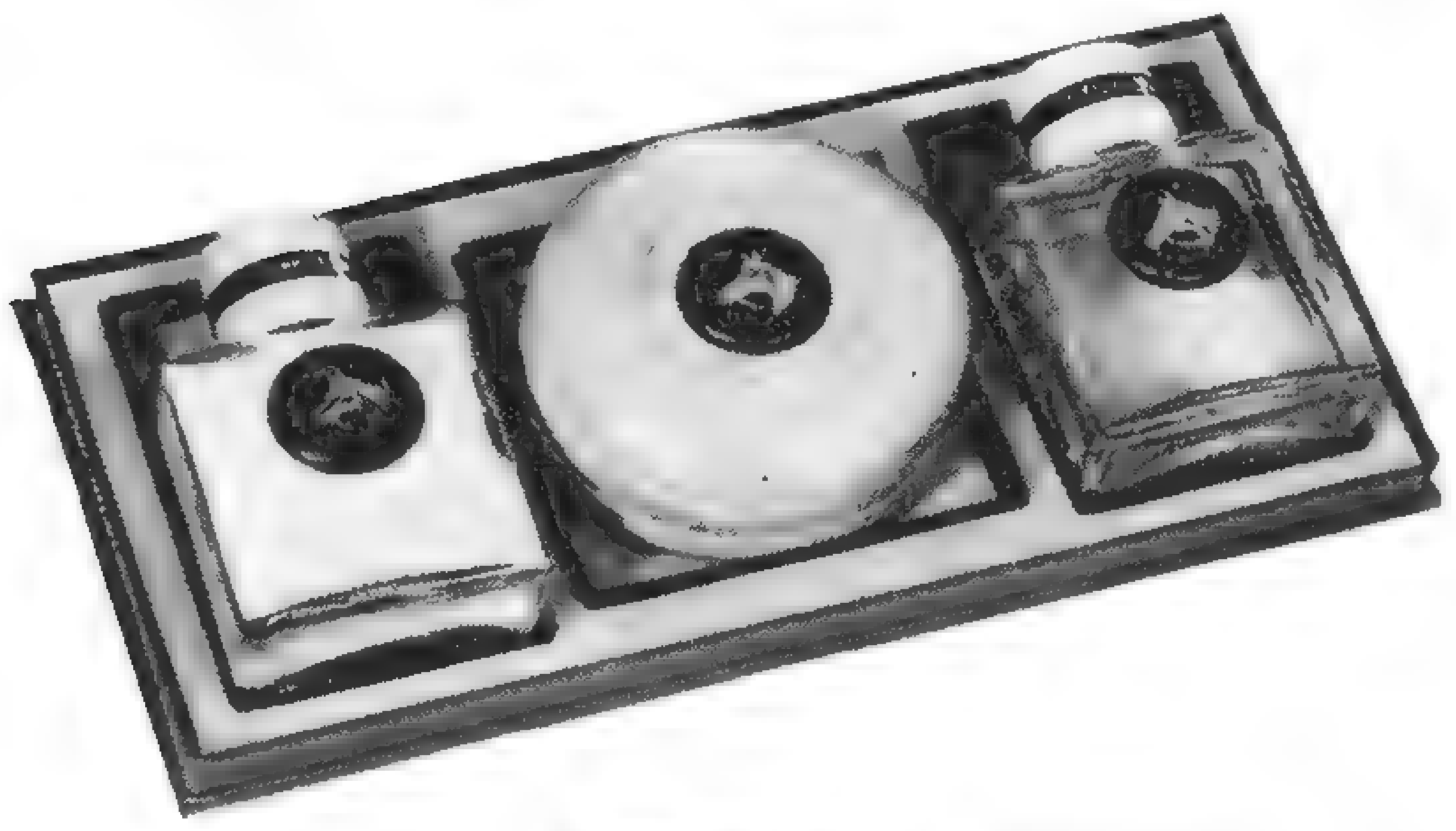
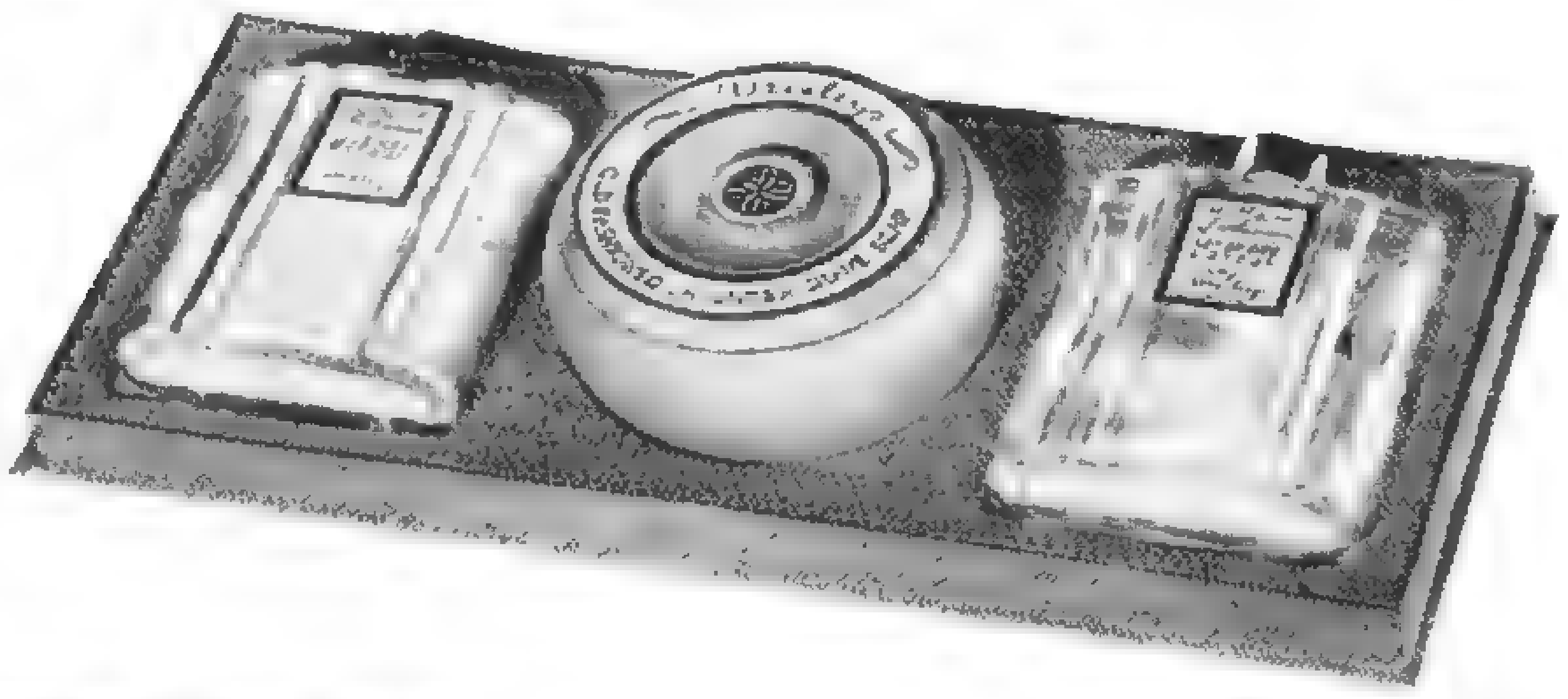
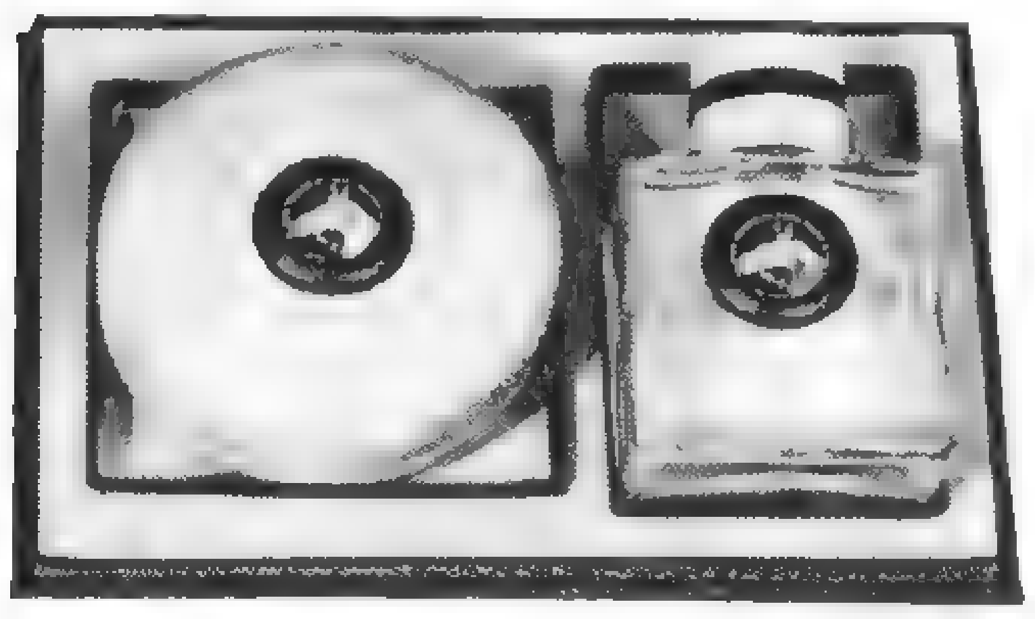


saddle club
lotion
shaving soap
talc
2.50

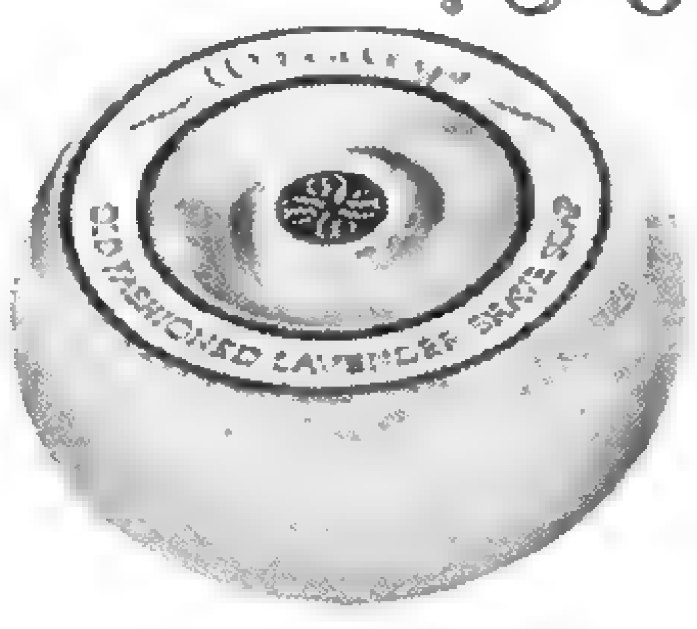


old fashioned lavender
lotion, talc
shave-soap
1.50



saddle club
lotion
shaving soap
1.75

old fashioned lavender
shaving bowl
.50



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Simplicity's Godchild

Continued from pages 85-165

billboard, an occasion marked by an Englishman with the words, "Ah, the vulgarity of it all."

When Bill was transferred to the submarine fleet and became the youngest naval officer ever qualified to command an undersea craft without having attended the regular submarine school, the Eddys lived in a Philippine base in the winter and in a North China zone in the summer. Their Philippine residence was on the street of 13 virgins, a most ineptly named thoroughfare, as the Eddys soon discovered. The Eddys ventured into public life on few occasions but were obliged to attend admirals' receptions. Although Bill was one of the Navy's shrewdest specialists in gunnery, naval radio and sound detection work, he frequently upset the equilibrium of these gatherings by referring to admirals as captains and contriving to spill tea on himself. This was the prearranged signal for him and Chris to leave immediately on another tour of the native section, a form of enjoyment more pleasing to them.

Christmas day of 1929 is an example of how the Eddys spent their time together. Instead of remaining at home around a festive tree they chartered a native canoe and sailed among the numerous Philippine islands. Eddy, creator of a cartoon character dubbed "Imby," took along his oil paints and painted the famous foothills of Bataan, where a later generation of Americans was to fight and die. This canvas still hangs in their Michigan City, Indiana home. Bill, a music lover, serenaded Chris on another occasion by bringing a full orchestra into their living room to play for her. When he heard that a shipmate had shot a wild boar and then evacuated five baby pigs in a Caesarean operation, Bill got one of the animals. After nursing it with an infant's feeding formula, he trained a neighbor's monkey to pick fleas from it.

In 1930, while living in a North China house that opened directly onto the China Sea, Chris was surprised when Japanese sailors landed on her beach and began doing calisthenics. Chris, who wanted no men wearing only steel helmets and G-strings exercising in her front yard, attempted to shoo them away, but the commanding officer only laughed. In calculating rage, she took her only available weapon, an insecticide sprayer, and doused the officer in a wave of medicated vapor. He sneezed so hard his helmet fell off. The sailors went back to their boat. Later, other Japanese tethered their horses in her yard. She grabbed a stick and pummeled the animals' rumps until they went flying along the shore. She hopes the Japs never found them.

The Eddys came back to the United States in 1932, when Bill

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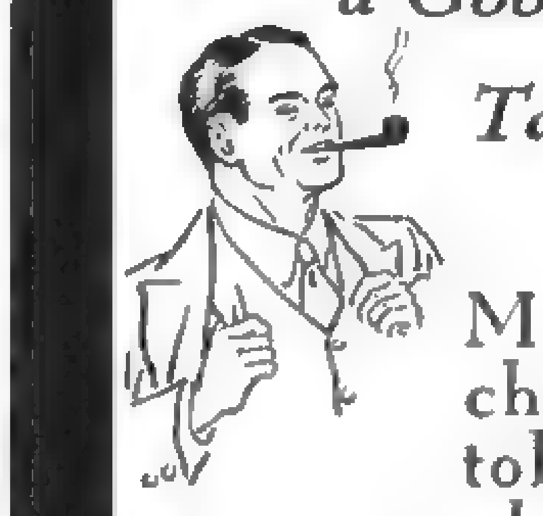

The Pipe that makes a Good Tobacco Taste Better
Men who choose their tobacco with care make Royalton their pipe preference. For they know that good tobacco *and* this superb pipe complement each other to afford the utmost in smoking satisfaction.
Royalton Silver Crown $5.00 Choice Grains
Wherever Better Pipes are Sold
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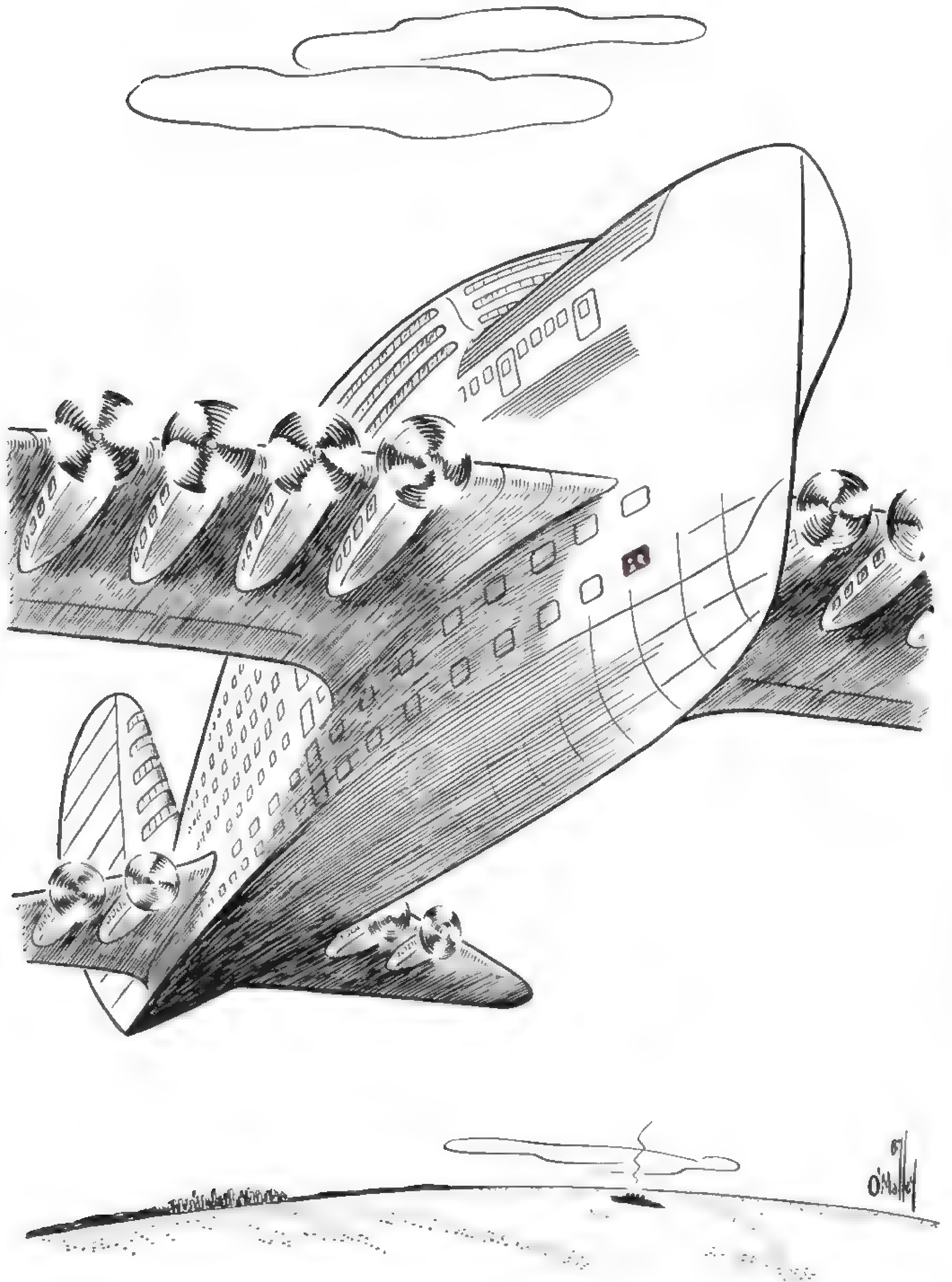
was assigned to the Navy's submarine school at New London, Connecticut. In the next two years Bill fattened his reputation as an electrical wizard by inventing devices still in use but hidden in the maze of Naval secrecy. Their family was increased from one girl to one boy and two girls. These children, incidentally, have been raised with the philosophy that they can do housework chores only if they are good. "We don't care when you're bad," Bill tells them, "because then Chris and I get the pleasure of doing all the nice things around the home." The children, Tinky, Corky and Nancy, respond eagerly to this method. Rewarding exemplary behavior, Bill gave them a duplicating machine to publish a newspaper for the family. A recent issue of the "Eddy Press" explained that when Bill was sick but still wanted to get to work Chris kept him home by hiding his pants. "Who stole the pants and locked the closet door?" was the challenging headline.

Bill credits his wife's cooperation with much of his success in television after deafness forced him to retire from the Navy in 1934 and resort to a bone-oscillator hearing device. He calls her "very, very savvy," and talks everything over with her in nightly "hash-out" sessions. When he left the Navy she cheerfully moved their family from their beloved New London home to a Philadelphia farm house so that he could take a job with the Farnsworth Television Laboratory. And when he switched to the Radio Corporation of America she moved the family to a Port Washington, New York home. Three years later she hauled the Eddy chattels across the country after he became director of Television Station W9XBK in Chicago.

In Bill's present job as chief radio matériel screening officer for the Navy—he was reinstated as a full lieutenant after devising a recruiting system for radio technicians—he never gets home before eleven o'clock at night. Chris is always up waiting for him and has hot coffee ready. "Just like a shot of type four blood," he says.

A friend once called Eddy "Simplicity's Godchild," because of Bill's basic inability to do things the hard way, but the best comment on him comes from the elevator man in the building where Eddy works now. "You know," said the operator, "that guy Eddy makes you feel good. You don't ever think that we can lose the war as long as that guy is in there pitching with the Navy."

And if, as Mrs. Eddy says, Bill is just like every other man-jack in the Navy, then there really is only one question left to ask: How can we lose? #



"New York to Europe, Europe to New York—a fellow gets in a rut on these freighters!"

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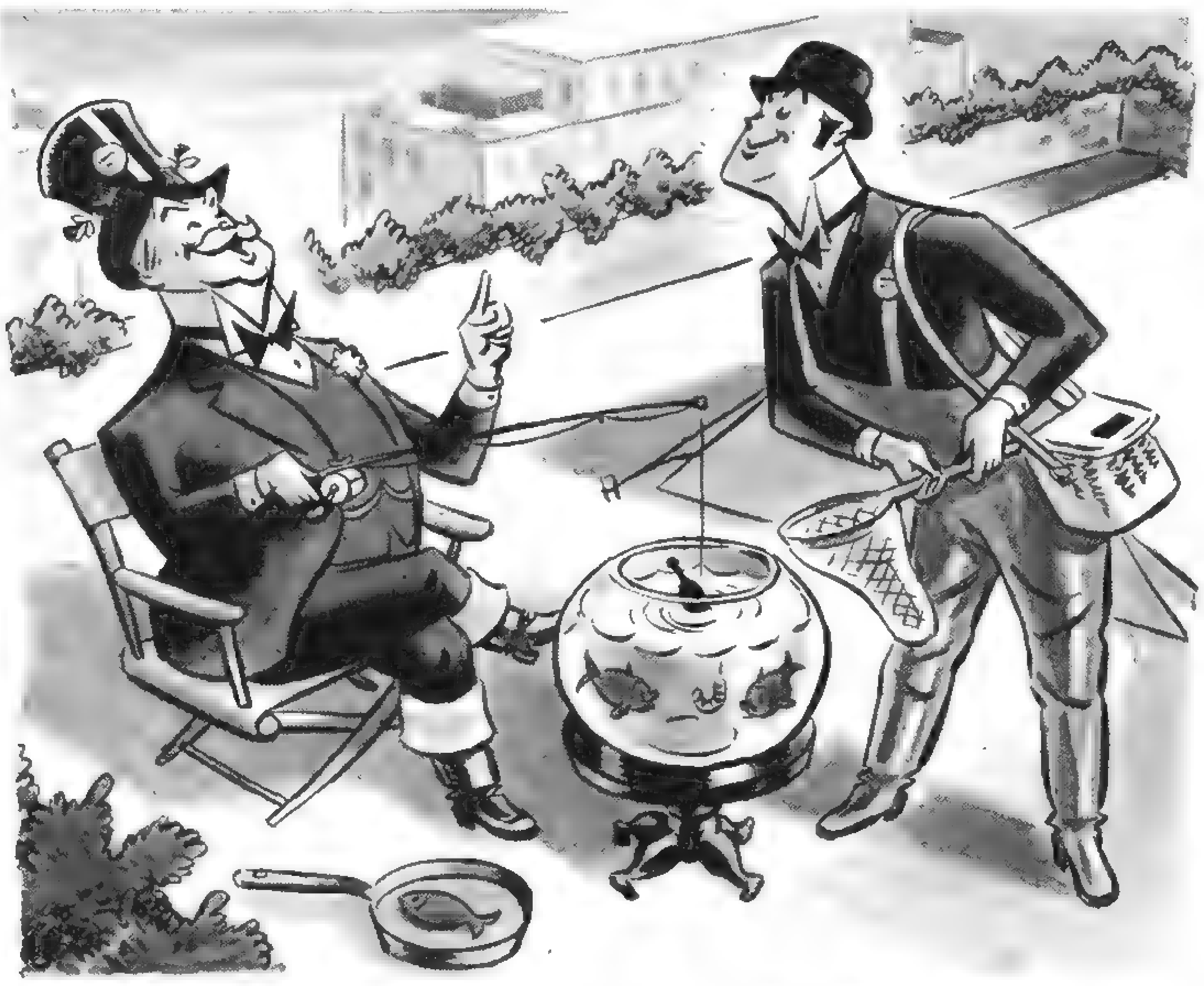

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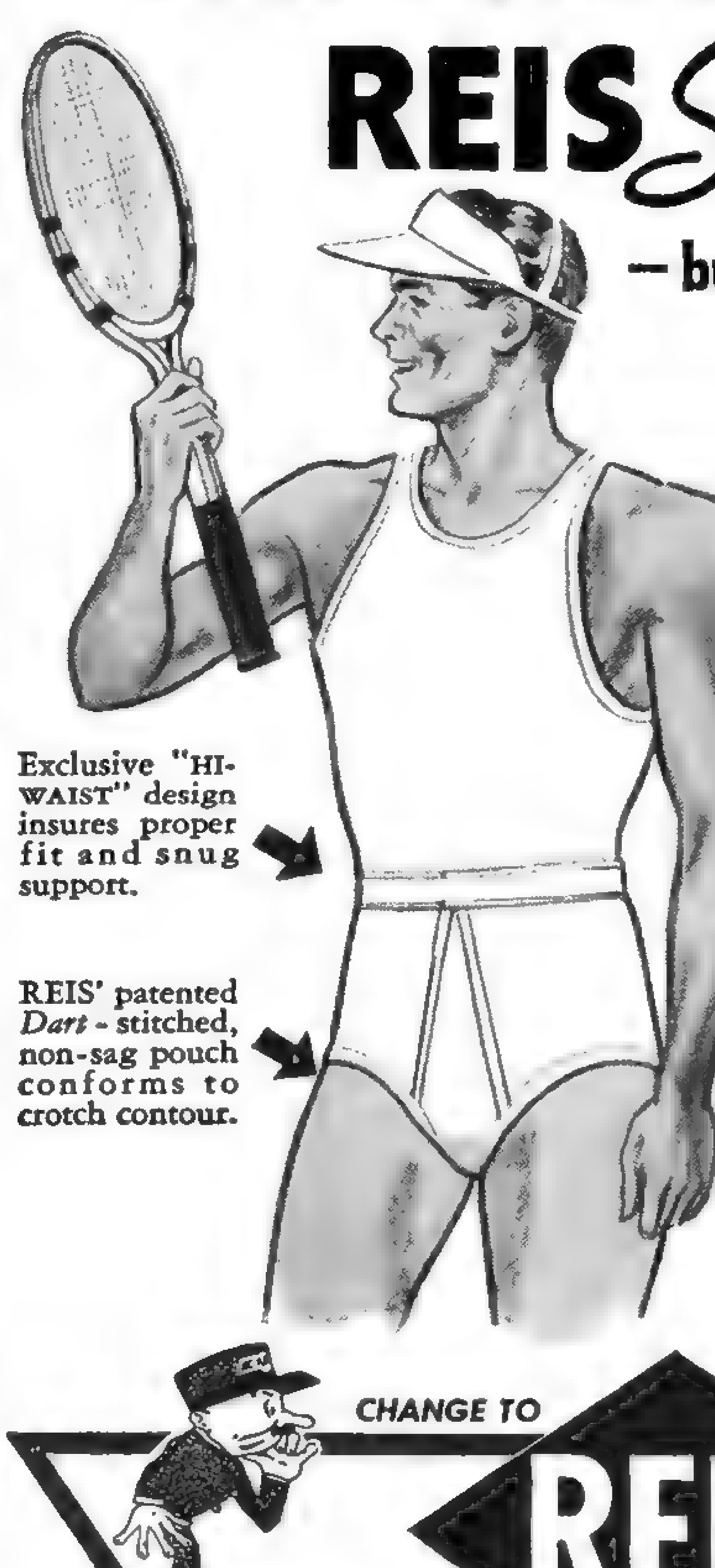

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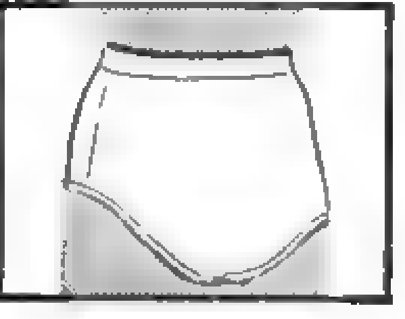

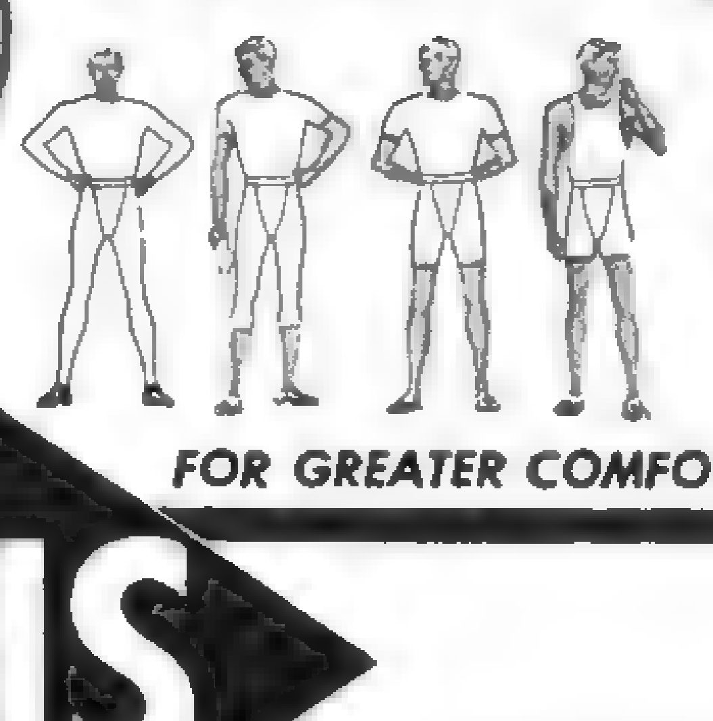

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

JULY 1943

Abels, Robert 18
Adler Shoes for Men 16
Allen, W. G. 16
Allen Edmonds 169
Alligator Co., The 155
American Distilling Co., Inc., The (Carta Blanca) 153
American Wine Co. (Cook's) 154
Ampro Corp., The 164
Ancient Age (Stagg-Finch Dist.) 28A
Angostura-Wuppermann Corp. 28
Arch Preserver Shoes (E. T. Wright & Co., Inc.) 103
Arlington Mills 155
Arrid 95
Arrow (Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.) 89
Bancroft (Worcester Cap Co.) 147
Barclay & Co., Ltd., Jas. (Corby's) 134
Bardinet (R. C. Williams & Co., Inc.) 92
Bass & Co., G. H. (Weejuns) 159
Beau Brummel Ties, Inc. 128
Bielzoff Prods. Co., D. J. (Chevalier Brandy) 26
Blatz Brewing Co. 163
Block, H. & L. 136
Botany Worsted Mills 113
Bristol-Myers Co. (Mum) 155
Broom & Newman (Sandy MacDonald) 138
Brown-Forman Distillery Co., Inc. (Old Forester) 114
Buchsbaum & Co., S. 107
Calvert Distillers Corp. 157, 160, 167
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc:
  Johnnie Walker 137
  Water 22
Carta Blanca (The American Dist. Co., Inc.) 153
Chicago Daily News, The 6
Chris-Craft Corp. 23
Claristine (Leroux & Co., Inc.) 170
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. (Arrow) 89
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc. 28
Cook's (American Wine Co.) 154
Coopers, Inc. (Jockey) 91
Corby's (Jas. Barclay & Co., Ltd.) 134
Coronet Brandy (Schenley Dist.) 24
Courtley Toiletries 163
Crawford Watch Co. 14
Cresta Blanca Wine Co., Inc. (Schenley Import Corp.) 151
Crompton-Richmond Co., Inc. 162
Delapenha & Co., Inc., R. U. (Myers's Rum) 26
Detective Book Club 9
Dewar's (Schenley Import Corp.) 140
Divan Parisien 26
Dobbs Hats 93
Dr. Grabow (M. Linkman & Co.) 25
Dubonnet (Schenley Import Corp.) 117
Electric Auto-Lite Co., The 27
Expanso (Knothe Bros. Co., Inc.) 161
Farrar & Rinehart 14
Fat Men's Shop, Inc. 16
Fieldclub (Galey & Lord, Inc.) 159
Flagg Bros. 18
Frank & Meyer Neckwear Co. (Regal) 162
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc:
  Four Roses 11
  Paul Jones 109
Frenchee Chemical Co. 8
Galey & Lord, Inc. (Fieldclub) 159
Gilbey's Gin (Natl. Dist.) 30
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc. (Kentucky Tavern) 102
Glover's 18
Goebel Bantam Beer 165
Goodall (Palm Beach Suits) 122
Graves & Sons Co., C. H. 148
Hamilton Watch Co. 129
Harris Mfg. Co., B. W. (Zero-King) 18
Hartmann Trunk Co. 161
Helbros Watch Co. 127
Henry, Leonard & Thomas, Inc. (Royalton Pipes) 166
Hickok 98
House of Gifts 16
Hull Mfg. Co. 16
Interwoven Stocking Co. III Cover
Jacobson & Sons, Inc., F. (Jayson) 105
Jensen, Inc., Georg 18
Jockey (Coopers, Inc.) 91
Jones, Paul (Frankfort Dist., Inc.) 109
Kahn, Inc., David (Zenith) 161
Kelly's, Jimmy 28
Kentucky Tavern (Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc.) 102
Knickerbocker Pub. Co. 16
Knothe Bros. Co., Inc. (Expanso) 161
La Playa (The Marlboro Shirt Co.) 101
Lanman & Kemp-Barclay & Co., Inc. 8
Leon & Eddie's 26
Leroux & Co., Inc. (Claristine) 170
Lexol 8
Linkman & Co., M. (Dr. Grabow) 25
Literary Guild of America, Inc. 7
Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc. 168
MacDonald, Sandy (Broom & Newman) 138
Marlboro Cigarettes (Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc.) 96
Marlboro Shirt Co., Inc., The (La Playa) 101
McKelvy Co., A. D. (Seaforth) 135
Middleton, Inc., John:
  Aromix 18
  Walnut Tobacco 149
Mido Watch Co. of America, Inc. 153
Military Service Pub. Co. 156
Moore, Inc., John Hudson (Sportsman Toiletries) 165
Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., Philip:
  Country Doctor 8
  Marlboro Cigarettes 96
  Philip Morris 116
Mothersill's 14
Moyer Mfg. Co. (Wovenstripe Slacks) 16
Mum (Bristol-Myers Co.) 155
National Distillers Prods. Corp:
  Gilbey's Gin 30
  Old Angus 168
  Old Crow 142
  Old Taylor 99
National Magic Co. 16
National Premium Beer 8
New Ocean House 26
North American Aviation, Inc. 29
Northern Furniture Co. 166
Old Angus (Natl. Dist.) 168
Old Crow (Natl. Dist.) 142
Old Forester (Brown-Forman) 114
Old Spice (Shulton, Inc.) 115
Old Taylor (Natl. Dist.) 99
Omega 160
Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer IV Cover
Palm Beach Suits (Goodall) 122
Park & Tilford Distillers, Inc:
  Booth's House of Lords 28
  Private Stock 123
  Reserve 97
  Vat 69 126
Parker Pen Co., The II Cover
Peper Tobacco Co., Christian (London Dock) 28
Pepsodent 3
Personna Blade Co., Inc. 150
Piedmont Shirt Co. (Wings) 108
Pioneer Suspender Co. 110
Plaza, The 28
Plymouth Mfg. Co. 151
Prince Gardner 139
Prince Matchabelli 19
Private Stock (Park & Tilford) 123
Professional Blades 164
Rabsons 8, 14
Regal (Frank & Meyer Neckwear Co.) 162
Reis & Co., Robert (Scandals) 167
Rolex Watch Co. 157
Rolfs Leather Accessories 130
Ronrico Corp. 166
Rough Rider 162
Royalton Pipes (Henry, Leonard & Thomas, Inc.) 166
Scandals (Robt. Reis & Co.) 167
Schenley Royal Reserve (Schenley Dist. Corp.) 131
Schieffelin & Co. (Teacher's) 106
Schlitz Brewing Co., Jos. 119
Seaforth (A. D. McKelvy Co.) 135
Seagram-Distillers Corp. (7 Crown) 21
Shulton, Inc. (Old Spice) 115
Skinner & Sons, Wm. 141
Smith Shoe Co., J. P. 157
Sportsman Toiletries (John Hudson Moore, Inc.) 165
Stone Tarlow Co., Inc. 14
Sugar Mfrs.' Assn. (of Jamaica), Ltd., The 26
Suzanne Parfums 152
Swank:
  Jewelry 118
  Wallets 124
Teacher's (Schieffelin & Co.) 106
TexTan 104
TWA 4
Union Pacific Railroad 15
Vat 69 (Park & Tilford) 126
Vermouth by Dubonnet 94
Walker, Johnnie (Canada Dry) 137
Walnut Tobacco (John Middleton, Inc.) 149
Webster Cigars 125
Weejuns (G. H. Bass & Co.) 159
Wembley, Inc. 12
Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co. 170
Whittemore's Shoe Polish 14
Wildroot Co., Inc. 159
Williams & Co., Inc., R. C., (Bardinet) 92
Wilshire Shirts 165
Wilson Bros. 111
Wilson Sporting Goods Co. 17
Wings (Piedmont Shirt Co.) 108
Worcester Cap Co. (Bancroft) 147
Wright & Co., Inc., E. T. (Arch Preserver Shoes) 103
Wrisley Toiletries 166
Zenith (David Kahn, Inc.) 161

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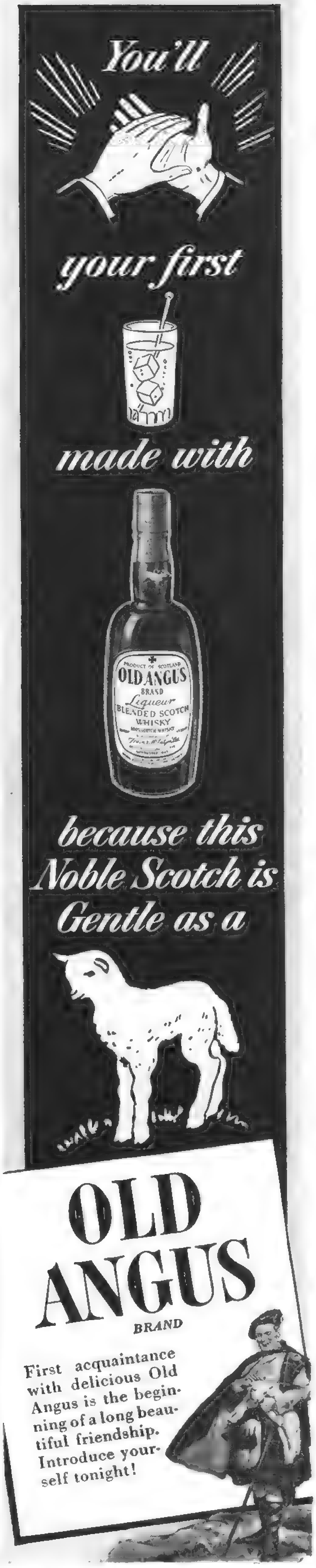
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Pugs Never Die of Old Age

Continued from page 77

front. A sideward blow seldom produces unconsciousness, even though it may break the lower jaw.

The precise mechanism of chin knockouts was explained in 1920 by Flint, who found that the mandible, jerked backwards, came in contact with the carotid arteries, momentarily interrupting blood circulation long enough for the brain to black out.

Laboratory experiments seem to show that the hinder parts of the brain are more susceptible to boxing injury than the massive brain cortex. Soccer players often "head" a ball travelling with great force without being knocked out, yet a blow of equal magnitude coming from the opposite direction might prove to be fatal.

To explain the directional effect of certain boxing blows, Munro in 1938 elaborated Guttman's *Contra Coup* theory. In every chin knockout, Munro claims, the K.O.-ee cooperates with the K.O.-er. He steps into the very punch which sends him spinning to the canvas. If he'd been on his bicycle backpedalling furiously, the stiffener would have had little effect. Here's the good doctor's reasoning:

"With skull and brain both in motion in the same direction, the brain lags slightly behind the skull because of a difference in inertia. When the skull is struck and its motion arrested, the force of the blow is transmitted throughout the bone. The flattest arch of the skull leading from the point of impact is mechanically the weakest. Its apex will either bend outward or break and allow the distal extremity to move inward in the direction of the center of the head. The lag in the forward progress of the brain within the skull places it *momentarily* where the inward shift of the bone collides with and, as it were, slaps its surface. The kind of damage done will depend upon the inertia of the brain, the weakness of the bony arch, and the abruptness with which the motion is arrested."

What happens when a brain is beaten like a big bass drum has always interested physiologists. Experimenters in Vienna tried to throw light on boxing fatalities by delivering a carefully measured mechanical "punch" to anesthetized laboratory animals. The technique was diabolically ingenious. It consisted of inserting glass needles filled with dye in various parts of the brain. After the blow had been delivered the areas of greatest concussion showed the greatest number of broken needles. Experiments such as these did far more than deplete the dog, cat, and guinea pig population of Vienna. They proved that repeated hammering on the head involves permanent pathological consequences.

What does a knockout punch do to the human organism?

Those who've gone through it can tell us in their own dazed way. Said King Levinsky after being flattened by Joe Louis, "It don't feel like nuttin." Another well known professional recalled several chin knockouts as quite pleasant sensations. A mild depersonalization was felt—a feeling of detachment from the body and its activities.

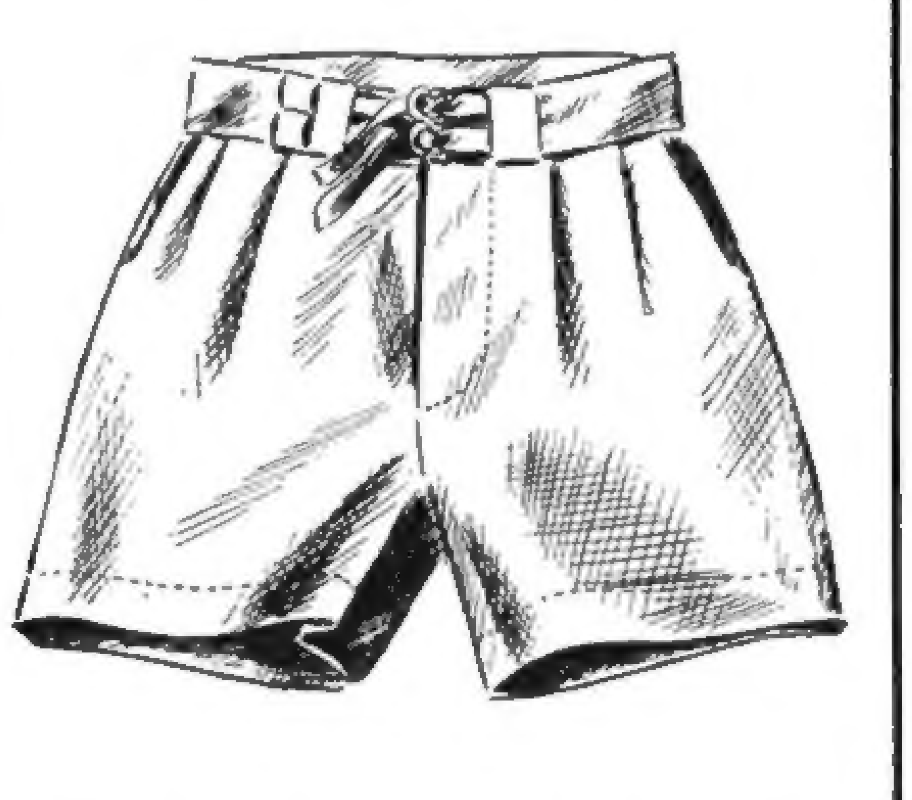
The solar plexus K.O. is the one that fighters fear, for it is a painful and depressing experience, hard to forget. There is severe local pain. The boxer has an embarrassing feeling of suffocation and loss of muscular power. He drops to the ground unable to keep his legs from buckling. He hears the referee counting him out but can do nothing about it. Often he thinks he is perfectly fit and is angry at his defeat.

Although after-effects of the solar plexus K.O. are generally less serious than the effects of punches to the head, major intra-abdominal injuries can occur. Boxing blows have caused traumatic perforation of pyloric ulcer; rupture of duodenum; pancreatic fistula; fat necrosis of pancreas; traumatic rupture of spleen. The kidney may be lacerated extensively through perfectly legal boxing blows. Prompt surgical treatment involves suturing the rent and using fat pads as tampons to control bleeding.

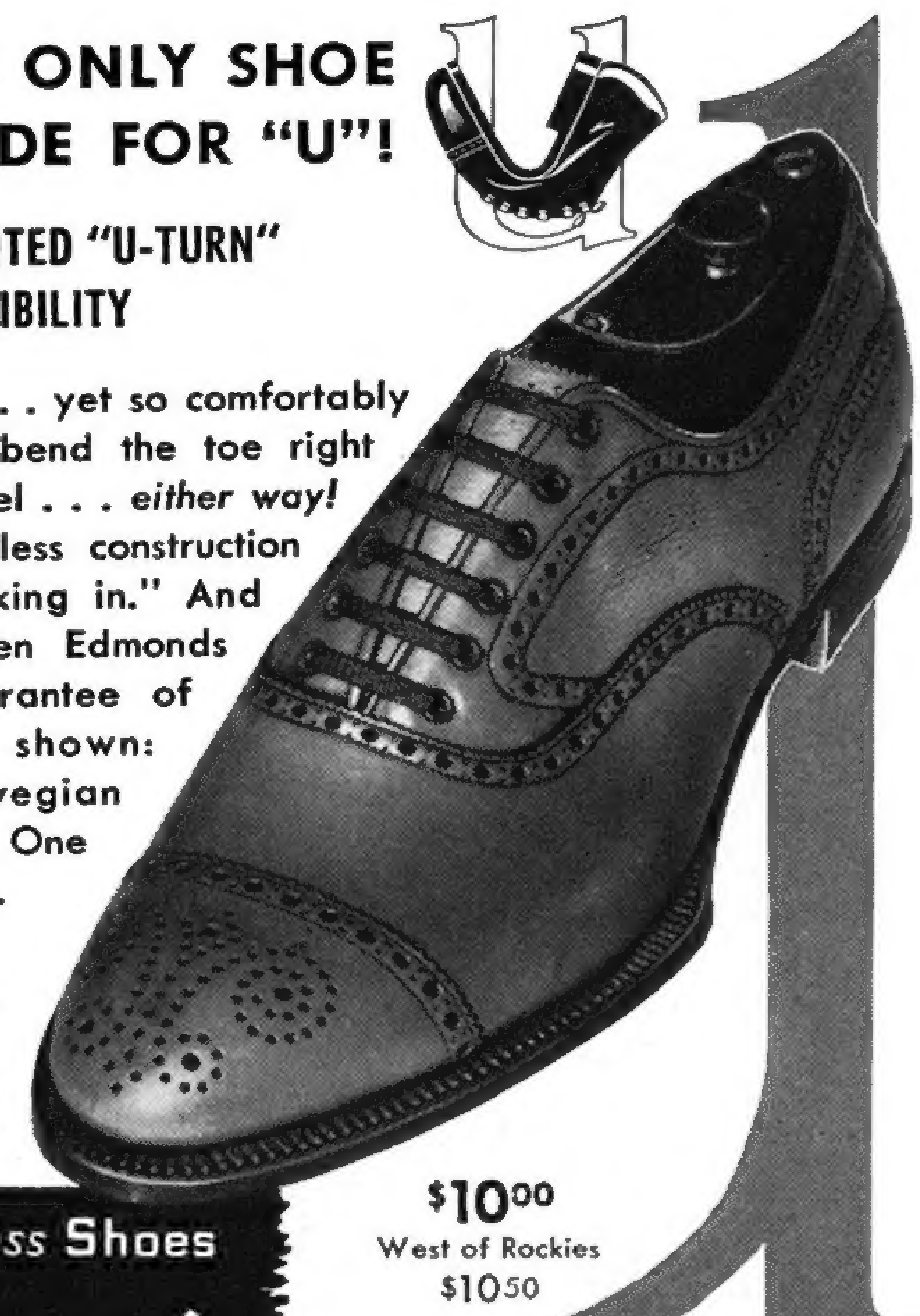
The Electrocardiograph has been an aid in studying the heart knockout. Schlomka (1933) using anesthetized rabbits, subjected them to blows with a wooden mallet against the chest wall. He found the heart rhythm became suspended and a series of pathological contractions and dilations set in. Under the X-ray the heart of a stricken animal was seen to increase in size up to 250% within a few seconds. Nine out of ten of the animals which recovered showed no anatomical changes in the organ—yet so far no human guinea pig has come forward to take a heart knockout in the interest of science.

Although the heart K.O., like the solar plexus K.O., is usually less serious in after effect than the head K.O., thoracic injuries in boxers are more common than is

Continued on page 170



Shorts, patterned after the model worn by Anzac soldiers, are seen on civilians during off hours.



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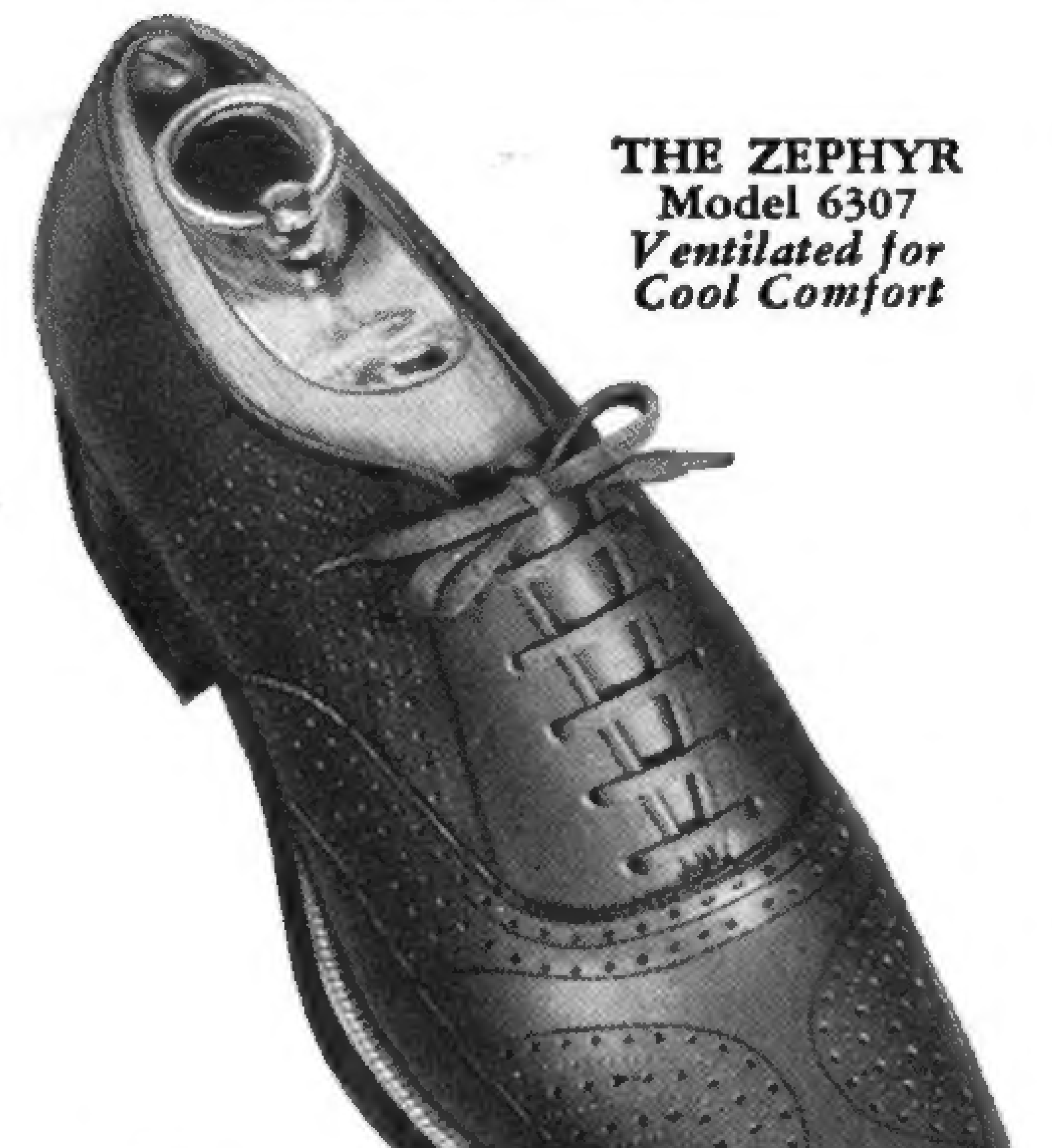

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Pugs Never Die of Old Age

Continued from pages 77-169

generally thought. Warburg (1938) showed that cardiac symptoms due to chest injuries in boxers may be wrongly described as neurotic, especially if long periods have passed between injury and onset of symptoms.

Anderson (1940) emphasizes that the bony cage of the ribs does not protect the heart, since resilience of the ribs allows sufficient distortion for major heart injuries without the fracture of a single bone.

A case was reported in the Weiner Archives of Medicine, in 1928: A young middleweight champion, who had undergone strenuous training before the fight, was medically examined and declared fit to go into the ring. During the third round he received a hook to the region of the apex of the heart, fell to the canvas, was counted out, and was discovered to be dead. Professor Werksgartner of the Medico-Legal Institute performed the autopsy and reported that the death had been due to paralysis of the heart. Kulbs, Rosenson, Warburg, and Jankovitch have reported similar cases.

The illegal punches of boxing cause only minor havoc. True, a rabbit punch forces the posterior portion of the brain into the occipital opening of the skull with inevitably serious results. Contrary to general belief, however, permanent injury caused by below-the-belt blows is rare. Punches to the testes are exceedingly painful and may lead to loss of consciousness and a general feeling of depression lasting several days. One boxer so struck declared that he would never again enter a ring—a statement later conveniently forgotten. Unless the blow is hard enough to burst the bladder or tear the vena-cava, as in cases cited by Spicer (1939) and Wachsmuth and Wolk (1935), the foul blow may be disregarded as a crippler or corpse producer. Perfectly legal punches are to blame.

What can be done to minimize the risks of boxing? Dr. Ernst Jokl, who has made a life study of medical aspects of pugilism, has four recommendations: (1) the ring floor should be more heavily padded. (2) the platform should extend further beyond the ropes to prevent the boxer falling. (3) further reduction in the size of boxing gloves must be opposed. (4) medical officers should have special sports training. A boxer pronounced O.K. at noon has died of heart attack at ten p.m. before entering the ring.

In Soviet Russia, they tried to draw the teeth of boxing by stopping all fights as soon as bleeding occurred. This is obviously ineffective. Internal injuries and cerebral concussion are rarely accompanied by bleeding.

Equally unsuitable is the suggestion that head pads be worn during matches. They actually increase danger by lulling a fighter into a false sense of security.

Obviously, no head pad will prevent fatalities caused by a relaxed muscular tonus with resultant possible extreme flexion, extension, and rotation of the brain stem.

Attempts have been made to persuade boxers "not to hit too hard." The university sports managers who sponsored this scheme could find no boxers who would practice it. To be successful, a fighter must hit quickly and a fast punch can never be anything but a hard one. Under ring excitement, no boxer reasonably can be expected to slow up when his opponent shows signs of being hurt.

Like all proposals to debrutalize boxing, the scheme for compulsory pulled-punches is impractical. Boxing would degenerate into a sort of tag-played-in-a-ring, and gate receipts, depending on sadistic satisfaction of the cash customers, would plummet.

Should we abolish boxing? Yes, say the medicos almost unanimously.

Proponents of the sport are horrified at the suggestion. Eddie Eagen, the sparring mate whom Tunney whaled to a bloody pulp in 1928 went on the record, "One must be ready to accept bruises in payment for a fistic education. . . ."

To which, to this unvalorous scribe, there is only one reply: Nertz! #

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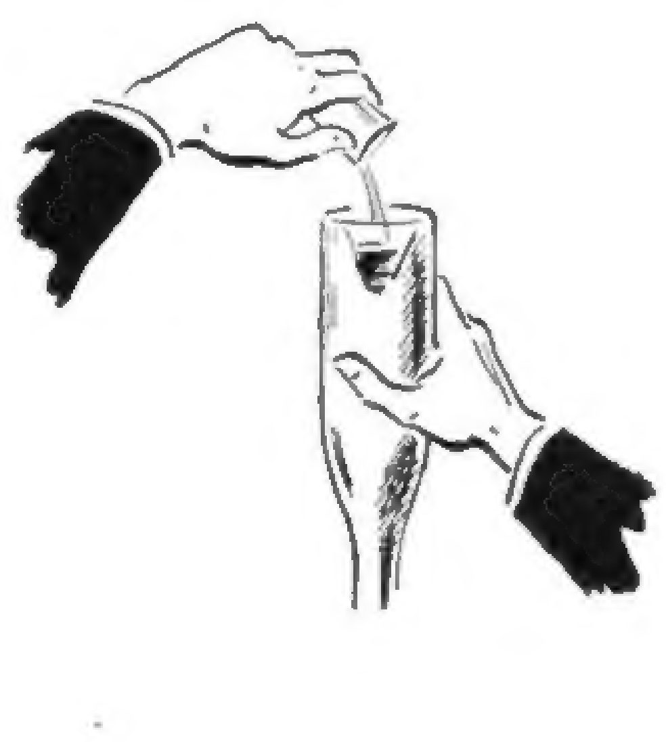

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